

# Did Anybody Get The Licence Number

Buck Owens

She was fire and she was ice  
She was naughty but she was nice  
She was something like these eyes cannot remember  
She was silver and she was gold  
She ran hot and she ran cold

Did anybody get the license number?

She was sweet as apple pie  
She was blue Montana skies  
She was pure as the driven snow of winter  
Like an Oklahoma wind  
Where she's going is where she's been

Did anybody get the license number?

I've tried trains and I've tried planes  
I've tried new places  
I've tried far off distant plans  
I've tried new faces with no traces  
It's so hard to forget  
When you've had a wreck like that

Did anybody get the license number?

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When you've had a wreck like that  
Did anybody get the license number?