

That Ain't Right Baby

Buck Owens

Well, now yonder come my baby
A-walking down the street
Yeah, yonder come my baby
And oh, she looks sweet

That ain't right, momma
No, that ain't right no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no
I'm gonna pack my things
This old town I'ma gone up alone

Well, my momma she in a cubic
That she don't got enough
My momma found another man
Said, he got lots of stuff

Well, that ain't right, momma
No, that ain't right no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no
I'm gonna pack my things
And this old town I'ma gone up alone

Well, I'll love her back now, momma
I'll get a lot of grip
If you come home, I'll buy you things
Like you ain't never seen

That ain't right, momma
No, that ain't right, no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no

If you don't come home
This ol' town I'ma go alone