

Yeah

Oh, I've just got to let her go
Because this little girl is runnin' wild
I said I got to let her go
Because this little girl is runnin' wild

You know she whupped this whole game on me
And now she won't even apologize

Oh girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
You take all the happiness out of my live
Hey girl, girl, girl, girl, ah
You takes all, all the happiness out of my lives

You go to 7-11 on me
Just like a gambler with a crooked dice
Look-a-here
Yeah

Mr. Johnny Johnson

Mother said, 'Son you've got to let her go
Can't you see this woman got her game up tight?
Oh, son you've got to let her go
Can't you see this a woman got her game up tight?'

She said, 'Son get your hat and get your coat
Or she will never treat you right'

Well, ooh, got to get my hat and coat
This ain't right

She'd go to 7-11 on me
Oh, like a man with a loaded dice