

Two Sides To Every Woman

Carlene Carter

It's right on the tips of her fingertips
Trapped in the part between her lips
She takes her time, delivers her line
She never says she's sorry
She only asks for forgiveness

Two sides, two sides to every woman
Two sides, two sides to every woman

She's the leader, she follows the crowd
She's the silent type, she talks too loud
It's a day's work, she's a night clerk
She loves to have that drink
But she hates the taste of alcohol

She's got no visible means of support
(That's) no reason to call her a whore
She buttons her lip, slips out of her slip
She's lost her pride
But she's too proud to admit it