

Cold Hard Facts

Del McCoury

Don't run to me when he's not around
Don't come slippin' 'round my door
I tried not to see how you're using me
We played that little game before
You call me up when he's out of town
The next day you treat me like I'm just some hand me down
Is that any way for a good girl to act
I guess I'll have to face the cold hard facts
Day after day of livin' this a-way
Will take a toll on a man
And night after night, lie after lie
Stringin' me along must be your plan
Well, fools like me they never see
That empty feelin' that's in store
When the bitter truth sneaks up on you
She's headin' home cut out your door