

The Cheatin'

Edwin McCain

Fourth time at the altar
I guess the third time wasn't the charm
Seventy-five with a gleam in his eye
Little sweet thing on his arm
The best man leaned in and asked him
Are you sure you wanna go through with this
He said son I got my reasons
But there's one that tops my list

I miss the cheatin'
I miss the running around
I miss the late night rendezvous
Making out parking lot in the wrong side of town
I missed the twinkle
In a bad girl's eye
I missed the cheatin'
I missed the cheatin'
And that ain't no lie

The preacher overheard 'em
Stopped 'em in the middle and pulled the bride aside
He said, "This oath, I protect and
I really must object, you know I married this fool three times"
She shrugged her shoulders, said
"I like 'em older, richer, and none the wise
You know, padre, I ain't no Pollyanna
And this may be a surprise"

I missed the cheatin'
I missed the running around
I missed the late night rendezvous
Making out parking lot in the wrong side of town
I missed the danger
In a bad boy's eye
I miss the cheatin'
I miss the cheatin'
And that ain't no lie

All you glass house dwellers with the stones in your hands
And judgement on your minds
You said there's no truth to it, that you didn't do it
But we all know you're lying

You miss the cheatin'
You miss the running around
Running around
You miss the late night rendezvous
Making out parking lot on the wrong side of town
You miss the danger
In a new lover's eye
You miss the cheatin'
You miss the cheatin'
And you can't deny

You miss the cheatin'
You miss the cheatin'
And that ain't no lie, ooh