

The Little Black Book

Jimmy Dean

Well, my pretty baby just left me this mornin'
Said she didn't wanna see me no more
Told me not to call her on the telephone
And never come a-knockin' on her door
Well, I fumed and I fussed, and I might have cried a little
My head went a-spinnin' around
But with a little bit of luck, and my little black book
I'll have another'n before the sun goes down

What my baby didn't know was the same thing happened
Not once, but a half a dozen times
And she didn't realize that with a telephone call
I'd have another fickle chicken on the line
But every time I leave I do my best to play the part
Of the lovesick, heartbroke clown
But with a little bit of luck, and my little black book
I'll have another'n before the sun goes down

Now I haven't got a thing against a pretty little woman
Like her walk and her talk and her smile
I've been likin' pretty girls since I found they wasn't boys
And let me tell ya buddy, that's been quite a while
I like the huggin' and the squeezin' and the kissin' and the te
asin'
But don't you let 'em push me around
'Cause with a little bit of luck, and my little black book
I'll have another'n before the sun goes down