

Stay There Till I Get There

Lynn Anderson

The telephone's ringin' and it's three AM
And I know just who's callin' from the same old spot
And you're about half shot
Almost to the point of crawlin'

Why is it every time we have a little fuss
You take your wounded pride
And you head right straight for a bar and a bottle
And try your best to crawl inside?

Please stay there 'til I get there
And we'll work it out together
We'll take a little walk and have a little talk
And you'll feel a whole lot better

Just when I wonder if you're really worth the trouble
That you put me through
Then you roll them baby blue eyes at me
And jump like a kangaroo

Stay there 'til I get there

Well, I thought about leavin' you many times
And I've even packed my bags a few
Then the telephone rings and I can't do
A thing but run right straight to you

Baby, stay there 'til I get there
Please stay there 'til I get there