

# Grapevine

Mickey Gilley

I got it through the grapevine that you were through with me  
And now the town is talking they're waiting just to see  
If I believe the grapevine and I let you go away  
Or make you face me baby and I doubt you're here to stay

You're moving out (moving out) way out (way out) way out from me

I'm a-losing out (losing out) way out (way out) way out I'd be  
Well, I hate that doggone grapevine I'm gonna take my pocketknife

Gonna cut those doggone tangles that's twisted up my life

If you had dodged that grapevine and told me what was what  
I wouldn't have my heart stings all tied up in a knot

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