

Jacket On

Mike Ryan

Ring on my phone, a knock on my door
A kiss on a wine glass, a dress on the floor
Her lips on my lips and my hands on her waist
Blonde hair falling on my pillowcase

She ain't the kind of girl who'd tell a lie
And she meant for good when she told me goodbye
She said hell would freeze over 'fore she ever came home
I guess the devil's got his jacket on

Maybe she got lonely, maybe she got drunk
Maybe she got tired of missing what she thought she could give
up
Well it couldn't get much hotter up here in this bed tonight
While the man downstairs is watchin' all this fire turn to ice

She ain't the kind of girl who'd tell a lie
And she meant for good when she told me goodbye
She said hell would freeze over 'fore she ever came home
I guess the devil's got his jacket on

Yeah she's the kind of girl who won't waste her breath
She says what she means, she means what she said
She said hell would freeze over 'fore she ever came home
I guess the devil's got his jacket on

She said hell would freeze over 'fore she ever came home
I guess the devil's got his jacket on