

## 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