

# You Can't Read My Mind

Tommy McClennan

Ernestine, my good lookin' woman  
Prob'ly she lives upon that hill  
'Tutwiler, cheap boozier'  
Ernestine, my good lookin' woman  
Prob'ly she lives upon that hill  
She been tryin' a-quit po' Tommy  
Whoa, Lord but I love her still

She walks the street late at night  
She won't treat nobody right  
She walk the streets ev'ry night  
She sure don't treat nobody right  
Whoa, she drinks her moonshine whiskey  
But me an her make ev'rything alright

Ernestine if you quit Mr. Butler  
We will make ev'rything alright  
Ernestine, if you quit Mr. Butler  
We'll make ev'rthing alright  
If I can't see ya today  
We may get together tomorrow night

You can read my letter  
Oh, but you can't read my mind  
Ennestine, you can read my letter, now-now  
But I swear you can't read my mind  
Sometime you think I'm crazy 'bout ya  
I'm liable to be quitin' you all the time

Now that's alright, baby  
What you did last Sunday night  
I said, it's all right, Ernestine  
What you did one Sunday night  
If I hadn't a been in my whiskey, too  
I had liable to 'cause a fuss an a fight.

'Play the boss now some'

(guitar to end)

Yeah!