

# Yodelayheewho

Willow Avalon

I ain't your mama  
And you ain't my man  
So you aren't my problem  
Won't be again  
But you keep knockin'  
Like I'd forget  
When you start talkin'  
It just smells like shit

So yodelayhee yodelayhee yodelayhee  
Who do you think you are?  
With your too tight jeans and your broke down car  
So yodel-ay, yodel-ay, yodel-ay, why would I care  
That your little band's playing bars and no one's there

And you ain't a big man by any means  
The only thing that's big on you is your dreams  
And if I'm honest, Lord knows I am  
You were a momentary laps of judgement I'll never understand

So yodelayhee yodelayhee yodelayhee  
Who do you think you are?  
With your too tight jeans and your broke down car  
So yodel-ay, yodel-ay, yodel-ay, why would I care  
That your little band's playing bars and no one's there

You can try your best but you'll never leave  
That little town riding on my sleeves  
You can tell them all that you broke my heart  
But yodelayhee yodelayhee yodelayhee  
Who do you think you are?

Who the hell do you think you are?  
Hell if I know [\*giggles\*]  
Bless his little heart [\*giggles\*]

You can try your best but you'll never leave  
That little town riding on my sleeves  
You can tell them all that you broke my heart  
But yodel-ay, yodel-ay, yodel-ay  
Who do you think you are?