

Glen Campbell "Ann"

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I know, I'll never meet another hunk or woman like my
Ann
She makes me feel like a great big man
I'm gonna go tell her mama what I think about her
Say, thank you ma'am for giving me your daughter Ann

She sure is stacked from her toes to the birdie little
nape of her neck
She's packed like a seed in a grape, she's smooth as
marble skin
When I see her I believe, I'm a real young guy
And every time I go to work, I think I might die if I can't
hurry home again

If the good Lord worked all night at makin' me a female
plan
I'd say, no thanks Lord, I'll just keep Ann

How could I ever look at any other woman when I've got
Ann
I feel so good when she takes my hand, yeah
I'm gonna go tell her daddy what I think about her
Say, thank you man, for giving me your daughter Ann

When I come home and I feel like I've been run over by
a ten-ton truck
She can rub my shoulder and ease my aches and pains
If I lose my job and I'm down to a silver dollar and I feel
like
A dried up gourd in a holler, she soothes my brow like
summer rain

If the good Lord worked a hundred years at makin' me
a female plan
I'd say, no, thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann

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