

Hoyt Axton

"Better Lovin' Man"

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You talk about your woman:
I got women too.
As a matter of fact, boy, I had yours,
A long time before you.

Let me tell you somethin':
Daddy, you may not understand, oh no.
You laugh at me, I grin at you,
But, Lord, I'm still the better lovin' man.
Better lovin' man.

You say that I look funny,
The way I talk an' dress.
You drive around in your big Rolls Royce,
An' think that I'm impressed.

But let me lay it on you, friend,
Somethin' you may not understand, oh no.
You laugh at me, I grin at you,
But, Lord, I'm still the better lovin' man.
Better lovin' man.

You're lookin' down your big blue nose,
With you great big fish eyes.
You act like you're a Holy man,
An' you will never die.

Let me lay it on you, friend,
Somethin' you may not understand, oh yeah, yeah.
You laugh at me, I grin at you,
But, Lord, I'm still the better lovin' man.
Better lovin' man.

Here we go.

Instrumental break.

So go on about your business.
Stop messin' with my life.
Don't you try to play with my mind, boy,
I'll let you keep your wife.

Let me tell you somethin',
You may not understand, oh yeah, yeah.
You laugh at me, I grin at you,
But, Lord, I'm still the better lovin' man.
Better lovin' man.
That's what I am.
Oh, yeah.

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