

Jamie O'Hara

"My Little Lady (Ain't My Little Lady No More)"

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She got a pawn shop pistol underneath her seat.
She got snakeskin boots upon her feet.
She got the radio up, she got her hair let down.
She got the Pontiac rumblin' out of town.
She got a rag-top two-tone '74.
My little lady ain't my little lady no more.

She got the honky-tonk fever, got the skin tight jeans.
She got the long neck beer, got the Jim Beam.
She got the jukebox pumpin' all through the night.
She got the pool balls clickin' in the neon light.
She got the two-step shakin' on the sawdust floor.
My little lady ain't my little lady no more.

My little lady ain't my little lady no more,
I ain't ever seen her do this kind of thing before.
I've never been the one who had to walk the floor,
I used to be the one that she was livin' for!

She got the headlights burnin' through the mornin'
mist.

She got the Marlboro hangin' from her ruby lips.
She got the Ray Bans coverin' up her eyes.
She got the cowboy drifter by the road side.
They're gonna ride through sweet freedom's door.
My little lady ain't my little lady no more.

My little lady ain't my little lady no more,
I ain't ever seen her do this kind of thing before.
I've never been the one who had to walk the floor,
I used to be the one that she was livin' for!

She go the Pontiac speedin' through the southern rain.
She got the Cuervo Gold killin' all the pain.
She got 45 miles to the Texas line.
She got the Louisiana cop car right behind.
She got the pedal pressed right down to the floor.
My little lady ain't my little lady no more.

She's gonna ride through sweet freedom's door.
My little lady ain't my little lady no more.

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