

Lyle Lovett

"My Baby Don't Tolerate"

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A friend of mine, he said to me
"A skinny girl is a misery"
I shook my head because I knew he couldn't be right
But that's when I thought back to just last night

When I got home, it was maybe a little late
There was ne'er a crumb or ne'er a plate
There was no martini, no glass of grape
But it was then I sought to contemplate

Some things, my baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate from me

I said, "Hello honey, how have you been?"
She said, "What could you possibly
Have been doin' until half past ten?"
And not bein' completely unsensitive
I could tell my ship had run aground
'Cause when I puckered up, you know she puckered
down

Some things, my baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate from me

Now a small, more ordinary man might not appreciate
Guidance of a good woman who truly loves him
He might drift in despair during the ignorant
Dumbness doings of his dirty daily existence

That's not me, no, yes siree
I'm proof that true love will set you free

Some things, my baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate from me

My baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate, no
My baby don't tolerate from me

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