

Mayfield Four

"Cannonball"

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Momma had two girls, pretty little angels
Bows & dresses and sunday school
Along came the baby, oh lord save me
Must've been born 'neath an angry moon
Oh momma cried 'what did I do?'
She didn't like playin with baby dolls
She didn't play nice with the other girls
She grew lean, she grew tall
Racin round the town like a cannonball
Oh daddy yelled 'girl, get back to school'
Many hearts will fall
She'll take your number but never call
And when she flies she's beautiful
Cause you can't hold onto a cannonball
She don't drink tea, no, with the ladies
She's down at the creek where the boys go wild
Raisin hell and drivin them crazy
Beingin love just ain't her style
Oh the preacher cried 'lord how I've tried'
Many hearts will fall
She'll take your number but never call
And when she flies she's beautiful
Cause you can't hold onto a cannonball
When the rooster starts to crow
Shell be up, she'll be gone
You've been told and you've been warned
You can't hold onto a cannonball
Any hearts will fall
She'll take your number but never call
When she flies she's beautiful
Cos you can't hold onto a cannonball
Can't hold on
Can't hold onto a cannonball

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