

MonteNero**"She Don't Tell Me To"**

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Every now an' then, on my way home,
I stop at a spot where the wild flowers grow, an' I pick a few,
'cause she don't tell me to.
I go out with my boys all right,
But most of the time I call it a night before they do,
'cause she don't tell me to.
Sunday mornin', I'm in church,
An' my butt an' my back an' my necktie hurts, but I'm in the pew,
She don't tell me to.

Any other woman I know would have tried,
To control me and it would be over.
Blame it on my goin' my own way attitude.
All of that stubbornness melts away,
When I wake with her head on my shoulder,
An' I know I've got to love her,
Until my life is through,
'cause she don't tell me to.

Well, I got demons and I've got pride,
But when I'm wrong, I apologize like she's mine to lose,
'cause she don't tell me to.
Well, I got dreams in this heart of mine,
But nothin' that I wouldn't lay aside if she asked me to.
'cause she don't tell me to.
An' she don't even know,
That she keeps me lookin' for the next right thing to do,
'cause she don't tell me to.
Yeah, yeah.

Any other woman I know would have tried,
To control me and it would be over.
Blame it on my goin' my own way attitude.
And all of that stubbornness melts away,
When I wake with her head on my shoulder,
An' I know I've got to love her,
Until my life is through,
What else can I do?
What else can I do?

Whoa, I love her,
But she don't tell me to.
She don't tell me to.

Every now an' then, on my home,
I stop at a spot where the wild flowers grow, an' I pick a
few,
Yes I do.

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