

Rory Block

"My Baby, Sure"

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Break them!
Get down, y'all!
Y'all come back now ya hear? Alright.
Okay that the way they talk?
Bye Chester!
Take that hairy hippie out of the dressing room!
Scoop that muck off your boots,
Before you come in the house, son.
Okay.
Your mouth's full now?
Right, we' ll begin, ok....

One two three four!

Well, my baby,
Sure got me lovesick.
That I guess it's plain to see,
She sure knows her way around.
'Cause her daddy owns the whole damn town,
And he don't give a damn for me.

Well, my baby's,
Always got an answer.
Every time she can't be found,
Well, she'll be stepping out around.
And she calls up,
And she says she's mine.
And I am crazy one more time.

I' m gonna write myself a letter.
I'm gonna send it in the mail.
I've got to sort me out.
'Cause if I don't somehow,
I' ll never be the same again.

Woo hah!

I' m gonna write myself a letter.
I'm gonna send it through the mail.
I've got to sort me out.
'Cause if I don't somehow,

I'll never be the same again.

Well, my baby,
Sure stays out late nights.
Till it begins to tire me down.
Well if I live in gold,
Well, I don't feel better anyway,
And I drive back to town.

There's a red light on the wall,
And that means you're coming home.

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