

## The McClymonts "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  
Being in 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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