

## Chris Smither "Get A Better One"

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Lemme tell ya 'bout Linda Lou,  
She had a big head,  
She slept with her hat on,  
She had a big butt too,  
She kept me whole with a big heart,  
She went away, I fell apart,  
I'm all alone,  
Yeah, I'm on my own.

Lemme tell ya 'bout Betty Jean,  
She had a filthy mind,  
She worked at the car wash,  
But she could not come clean,  
Long as I live I'm gonna love her to death,  
She said she'd be back, I don't hold my breath,  
I'm all alone,  
Yeah, I'm on my own.

### CHORUS

I don't know why,  
They get a look in their eye,  
And they leave me,  
They think I don't know  
What's goin' on,  
But believe me, I know they're gone.

Lemme tell ya 'bout Billie Ray,  
She told me she needed a man,  
Money's nothin',  
But that's all she'd say.  
I couldn't get her to say I do,  
Now she's gone, the money too,  
I'm all alone.  
Yeah I'm on my own.

I'm gonna get me a better one,  
One with one name,  
Who comes when I call her,  
We'll have a lot of fun,  
Be glad to see me when I get home,  
Wag her tail when I bring her bones,  
I ain't alone,

Never on my own.

CHORUS

We'll sit together, in the evenin',  
We'll stick together,  
We'll never think about leavin'

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