

Jesse Graham**"When He Turns his Love on Me"**

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I hate that twelve-point buck yeah
He mounted on my wall
And I hate that flat screen TV
'Cause I lose him on Sundays in the fall
And I hate that old Firebird
Ridin' up on blocks out in the rain yeah
But I love everything about him when he turns his love
on me

When he lifts me in his arms
And throws me on the couch
This country girl goes crazy
When he takes me way down south
I'm as much a woman as a woman can be
When he turns his love on me

Well I hate his ex-girlfriend
And her drunken doll routine
And I hate when he drinks Cuervo
He's insane with just champagne
And I hate that rusty passport
And those bathroom Playboy magazines
But I love everything about him when he turns his love
on me

When he lifts me in his arms
And throws me on the couch
This country girl goes crazy
When he takes me way down south
I'm as much a woman as a woman can be
When he turns his love on me yeah
I'm as much a woman as a woman can be
When he turns his love on me yeah
When he turns his love on me

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