Sure Ain’t Mine

You can’t do like I can

Get real drunk on rock ’n roll

Though honey you can always try

You can’t write tunes like I can

Play around with a Nashville sound and a Texan accent

Just like mine

You got a pay check, a six a.m. alarm, and a lease car

That sure has its charm

A pension and kids that make a lot of noise

Well that’s your choice

But it sure ain’t mine

You can’t do like I can

Smile in the camera in an outfit in size 2

Though you can always try

You wish you had a voice

Long black hair and six inch heels and a fiddle

And shows just like mine

You got a pay check, a six a.m. alarm, and a lease car

That sure has its charm

A pension and kids that make a lot of noise

Well that’s your choice

But it sure ain’t mine

I had a dream that I followed

Your life seems pretty hollow

There’s nothing you can do about that now

Stick to your jazz and your rhythm and blues

Your three-piece suit and your brown suede shoes

There’s room for just one country girl in town

You got a pay check, a six a.m. alarm, and a lease car

That sure has its charm

A pension and kids that make a lot of noise

Well that’s your choice

But it sure ain’t mine

You got a pay check

A lease car

A six a.m. alarm everyday

Well that’s your choice – but it sure ain’t mine