

# Sometimes I Miss Ya

Trent Willmon

Well, I'm laid up on a creek-bank,  
With a cold one in my hand  
It's eighty-eight in the shade  
I got the bait in an old tin can  
An' ol' Blue's been a barkin'  
At the bobber on the end of my pole  
Yeah, sometimes I miss you, baby  
Most the time, I don't  
Sundown, I go down,  
Shoot the bull at Ernie's bar  
An' the boys in the band'll let me stand in,  
An' play guitar,  
The bar-keep'll let me camp out in the corner,  
If I can't can't make it home  
Yeah, sometimes I miss you, baby  
Most the time, I don't [Chorus]  
Yeah, sometimes I miss your big city lovin',  
An' the way you sparkle like Hollywood  
You can't blame a country boy for tryin',  
An' I, I did the best I could  
I did the best I could  
I sold all the cows an' put it down,  
On a house you just had to have  
You changed your mind, but that's all right  
We only lost about nine or ten grand.  
An' by the time your new boyfriend - slash - lawyer,  
Came to pick you up in his shiny new Jaguar, I was flat broke  
Sometimes I miss you, baby  
But most the time, I don't [Chorus]  
Yeah, sometimes I miss your sweet lovin',  
An' your high heels, you look so good  
But nothin's worse than an unhappy woman,  
An' I, I did the best I could  
I did the best I could  
I take your photograph to my dart board,  
An' I take careful aim at your picture  
An' sometimes, sometimes,  
Sometimes, I miss ya [Chorus]  
Sometimes I miss your lovin',  
An' your high heels, you look so good.  
You can't blame a country boy for tryin',  
An' I, I did the best I could;

I did the best I could  
I did the best I could Now, I'm laid up on a creek-bank,  
With a cold one in my hand

Songwriters

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