

Westby

Kathleen Edwards

Got your little secret, no, I will not tell
You're trying to sober up in the highway motel
And my hands are covered with your smell
You begged me to stay and sing you a song
I dance dirty for you 'cuz it turns you on
And I'm a little bleeder with white pants on
And if you weren't so old, I'd probably keep you
If you weren't so old, I'd tell my friends
But I don't think your wife would like my friends
I've got a hit for everyday of the week
I gave you something of mine that was so sweet
That I've been holding on to since I was sixteen
You call me Danny and I call you Mable
You passed out, so I flicked through cable
And I stole your gold watch off the bed-side table

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