Woman

Dorothy

You can lie to my face
You can tear me apart
Steal my last cigarette
Keep on twistin' my heart
But baby there's one thing I can't stand
Don't call me your, don't call me yourDon't call me your woman
Cause the good times have gone bad
Don't call me your woman
Till you act like a manYou can drink from my bottle
You can take all I got
Like a thief in the darkness
Gas lighting my thoughts
But baby there's one thing
One thing I can't stand no
Don't call me your, no
Don't call me yourDon't call me your woman
Cause the good times have gone bad
Don't call me your woman
Oh till you act like a man
Don't call me your woman
Oh till you act like a man
Don't call me your
Oh don't call me your woman
Oh cause the good times have gone bad
Oh don't call me your woman
Oh till you act like a man
Don't call me your woman
Oh till you act like a man

Songwriters
DOROTHY MARTIN, MARK JACKSON, IAN SCOTTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/