

Hardcore Troubadour

Steve Earle

Girl, don't bother in lockin' door
He's out there hollering, "Darlin' don't you love me no more?"
You always let him in before, now didn't you He's just singin' the same old song
That he always sang before
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours Now girl, better figure out which is which
Wherefore art thou Romeo you son of a bitch
You'd just as soon fight as switch, now wouldn't you He come and make love on your satin sheets
Wake up on your livin' room floor
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours And now he's the last of the all night, do right
Stand beneath your window 'til daylight
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours
Baby, what you waitin' for, alright Girl, figure out what you're gonna do
When he moves on again and he leaves you alone and blue
But you knew he is just passin' through, now didn't you And now you can't just say this is the last time baby
Like you always did before
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours And now he's the last of the all night, do right
Stand beneath your window 'til daylight
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours
Baby, what you waitin' for He's the last of the all night, do right
Hey Rosalita won't you come out tonight
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours

Songwriters

STEVE EARLE Published by

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