

He Can't Quit Her

Gary Allan

She was cool, she was hot
She was smokin' a lot at the end of the bar
She had more than one
Too many buttons undone on that blouse she woreStarin' too long at her
Lost in that Skynyrd song was his first mistake
And when she shot him that
'Boy, you don't want none of this' look, it was way too lateShe's like a needle to a junky
She's like whiskey to a drunk
She's like poker to a gambler
She's like a bullet in a gunShe's in his blood, he can't explain the rush
When he gets with her
Might be the death of him
But he's addicted, man, he can't quit herWell, she'd come to his house
And he'd tell her she belonged just with him
She'd get up and she'd get dressed,
Take five hundred, no less and then leave againHe said, "Baby, I'll take care of you
Can't stand the thought of sharin' you with them other guys"
She laughed and said, "Well, maybe you shouldn't call me
No more then, baby" and he didn't, that first nightShe's like a needle to a junky
She's like whiskey to a drunk
She's like poker to a gambler
She's like a bullet in a gunShe's in his blood, he can't explain the rush
When he gets with her
Might be the death of him
But he's addicted, man, he can't quit herShe's in his blood, he can't explain the rush
When he gets with her
Might be the death of him
But he's addicted, man, he can't quit herShe was cool, she was hot
She was walkin' 'cross the parkin' lot with some other guy
Well, he was jealous, he was jonsin'
And he wound up on the wrong end of a forty-five

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