

# My Baby

Tim Hicks

Little story about love gone wrong  
Sometimes it ain't pretty  
Let me tell you about my baby She walked in the room, clicked off the tv  
Kicked her feet up on the chair  
Said we're headed in different directions  
And one of us has gotta get out of here  
She said hey baby let me make it easy  
Oh maybe baby we can work things out  
Slid off the six, said my bags are packed  
And in two seconds flat like a jumpjack flash she's gone  
My baby ain't coming back, no  
My baby ain't coming back  
My baby ain't coming back  
She's got a one-way ticket on a one-way track  
My baby, she's a hot tamale  
My baby's burning up the road  
My baby don't giving a bird about what she heard  
She ain't coming back, no Nothing left but a cloud of dust  
And tire tracks through the whole front yard  
She might think I'ma coming to chase her  
But she ain't worth the miles I put on my car  
She might be out in Oklahoma, maybe down in Arkansas  
Maybe up in Ohio, bet she don't know, don't hurt it all y'all  
My baby ain't coming back, no  
My baby ain't coming back  
My baby ain't coming back  
She's got a one-way ticket on a one-way track  
My baby, she's a hot tamale  
My baby's burning up the road  
My baby don't giving a bird about what she heard  
She ain't coming back, no Not her, I know her all too well  
Wait, what's that? I think I hear a car coming up the drive  
She done changed her mind, y'all  
Wait, no, no that's just the boys yelling  
Oh well, it is Saturday night, let me get my stick  
You know sometimes things just turn out right My baby ain't coming back, no  
My baby ain't coming back  
My baby ain't coming back  
She's got a one-way ticket on a one-way track

My baby, she's a hot tamale  
My baby's burning up the road  
My baby don't giving a bird about what she heard  
She ain't coming back, no  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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