

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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