

# Get Outta My Yard

Gretchen Wilson

You're waking up my neighbors crying, screaming out my name  
I guess somebody must've let the dog off of his chain  
You're telling me you love me through a wild turkey slur  
No sir, no sir Get outta my yard  
Get outta my life  
Go back to the bar  
Go back to your wife You should a got the message when I said my first goodbye  
If you think that what we did means anything, you must be high  
Said you wanted to get married, boy, but you already were  
No sir, no sir Get outta my yard  
Get outta my head  
Get off a my street  
Go back to your bed  
Forget where I live  
Forget what we did  
This ain't a motel  
This ain't a bar  
Get outta my yard When she was rocking babies where did she think that you were  
They're the only thing that's keeping me from telling her  
Yes sir, oh, yes sir Get outta my yard  
Get outta my head  
Get off a my street  
Go back to your bed  
Forget where I live  
Forget what we did  
This ain't a motel  
This ain't a bar  
Get outta my yard This ain't a motel  
This ain't a bar

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