Mr. Allison

Vicki Lawrence

Won't you come on in
Sit down in the den
Here's some mail that came for you, love letters from your friend
Dumb of her to send 'em here, but worse
Didn't she know I would see 'em firstStill
They remain the same
No, I didn't read her name
There were times I wanted to, it drove me half insane Wouldn't do no good to know who she is
'Cause I got my hands full just to keep my witsSo hold your head up, Mr. Allison
Just look at me and say that you don't need me like yesterday
Then you can go to her, Mr. Allison
And not a word I say...What puzzles me so
Is the places that you go
Don't know why I brought it up 'cause I really don't wanna know
Now you say she didn't mean a thing to you
And just last night you told her you were throughI thought you'd say that, Mr. Allison
And that your memory of me was so strong you couldn't go along
Just couldn't go through with her, Mr. Allison
And you had to come homeWhat's the matter with me
Well, it's been a lonely week
Guess I need to go to bed 'cause I really have missed my sleep
Why the turn away tear and what's wrong?
Oh, I see you wanna come alongSo hold your hand out, Mr. Allison
I can bend so I will mend, there's a little of you in every man
I understand you, Mr. Allison
Welcome home
Welcome homeSo hold your hand out, Mr. Allison
I can bend so I will mend, there's a little of you in every man
I understand you, Mr. Allison
Welcome home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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