Part Time Love

Clarence Carter

I'm gonna find me, lord I've got to find me a part time love
I've got to find me, I've got to find me a part time love
the next time my baby leaves meThere's one other thing I wanna tell you right here:
People in the cemetery, them are all alone
Some turn to dust, and some have bone
I'd rather be dead, six feet in my grave
Than to live lonely, each and every day
She came home this morning, I asked her where had she been?
She said don't ask me no question daddy, because I'll be leaving againThat's why, that's why I've got to find me, Lord I've go to find me a part time love
The next time, the next time, the next time my baby leave me,
Can't you see I got to have me a part time love
And one more thing I wanna say right here:
Every, every time my baby leaves me
I have to suffer the whole time she's gone
Every, every time my baby leaves me
I have to suffer the whole time she's gone
But oh, the next time my baby leaves me
Peoples can't you see I just got to have me a part time love
Whoa, whoa, I'm talking about a love,
One gonna stick by me when I get old
I'm talking about the kind of love
That's gonna wash my dirty clothes
Whoa, I'm talking about love, yeah, yeah, I'm talking about love...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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