

# Good Man

Nikki Lane

I don't mind doing dishes at night  
Picking up all your mess that you're leaving behind  
'Cause you go on the road for a month at a time  
You say you can't wait to get back home

And I don't mind when you coming home late  
Whiskey on your breath, say you made a mistake  
Kissed a girl on the mouth, it was a three dollar bet  
But you'll always call me your own

How can I be the one that cries for you  
Unless you love me true?  
How can I be the one who listens you lie  
Unless you take the time  
To be A GOOD MAN TO ME?

Any day of the week tell your boys oh, no  
That you just can't go  
Now it's just my baby and me  
BE A GOOD MAN TO ME

I understand if it's not in your way  
To go down the wrap on your lady all day  
But the simplest thing that would make my heart rate  
Boy, you don't even think to do

So if it's too much to be given enough  
Keep the sparkle alive  
I guess we tried everything that we could to keep our love flowing good  
And I'd like to think I'm better for it

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To be A GOOD MAN TO ME?

Any day of the week tell your boys oh, no  
That you just can't go  
Now it's just my baby and me

BE A GOOD MAN TO ME

And if you deal every minute of me  
I bet it wasn't in vain  
'Cause what's a girl than a broken heart  
And some baggage to play  
When she comes on a plane?

I don't mind doing dishes at night  
Picking up all your mess that you're leaving behind  
'Cause you go on the road for a month at a time  
You say you can't wait to get back home

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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