

Please Make up Your Mind

Hank Williams

When I agree with you baby it makes you mad
And when I don't, it makes you sad
When I argue back you pack and leave
And when I don't you pout in grief There just ain't nobody knows what I go through
Will you please make up your mind, what you want me to do? You say get out and I'd better stay gone
Then you have a big policeman drag me back home
You holler good and loud put him in the calaboose
Then you cry and ask the judge, 'Won't you please turn him loose?' The good Lord only knows what I go through
Will you please make up your mind, what you want me to do? My life with you baby has been one hard knock
Lord, my head looks like an old chop block
And I'll tell you right now honey that ain't all
You done kicked me till I feel like a used football There just ain't nobody knows what I go through
Will you please make up your mind, what you want me to do? You knock me down and then you pick me up
Honey do you have to love so doggone rough
I wish to my soul you'd slow down the pace
'Cause I tell you right now the hide's gettin' scarce There just ain't nobody knows what I go through
Will you please make up your mind, what you want me to do? Why when I married you, you were such a meek little thing
But honey among tigers, you'd be queen
If a poor little rabbit had you on his side
Every hound in the country would crawl off and hide There just ain't nobody knows what I go through
Will you please make up your mind? What in the confounded cat hair, you want me to do?

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, SR. Published by

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