

Ain't No Man

Angaleena Presley

She's smooth as the gravel on a roadside creek bank
Sweet as the flower on a knotty pine casket
She's hot as the fire on the end of a cigarette
Rich as a church's Wednesday night basket
And there ain't no man who can get his head around it
She's sharp as the blade of a mountain man's knife
Sour as an apple in a homemade pie
Mean as a snake in a small town zoo
Ain't nobody that could ever get to her heart
She's bright as the moon on a hungover morning
Clean as the mouth on a welfare baby
She's slick as the leather on a cowgirl's holster
Quick as the tongue on a Johnny-come-lately
And there ain't no man ever gonna win that lady
She's pure as the water in a golf course pond
Safe as a tiger with a fifty dollar bond
Deep as the sole of a worn-out shoe
Ain't nobody that could fall into her arms
Proud as a loser in a locker room
Sober as a drink of homemade wine
Sturdy as a trailer in a hurricane
Sweet as the smell of turpentine
She's real as a movie with a happy ending
Fickle as a bulb on a dashboard light
Pretty as snow on Easter Sunday
Silly as a girl who can't make up her mind
And there ain't no man who can look her in the eye
She's sad as a smile on a birthday clown
Busy as a saddle in a one-horse town
Straight as a picture on a blind man's wall
Ain't nobody that could make her fall apart

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