

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 itShe'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 heartShe'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 ladyShe'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 armsProud 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 turpentineShe'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 eyeShe'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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