

No Man In His Wrong Heart

Gary Allan

On the inside flap of a matchbook cover
She made me the kind of offer
That no man in a weak state could outrun
I tried to think what a gentleman would say
Turnin' that kind of opportunity away I tried my best to tell her I'm not the right one
Like no man in his wrong heart would've done I said, "No man, like no man would've said
If he wasn't in love with you the way I am"
It could've been easy for me to be a gooner
Something a whole lot stronger made me run
Like no man in his wrong heart would've done Didn't want her to think that I wasn't flattered
Her interest in me, believe me it mattered
So I dropped several quarters in the old jukebox
I said, "I want you to dance all night on me
In a lucky man's arms whoever he might be" Then I hit that door like I was shot from a gun
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Like no man in his wrong heart would've done Like no man in his wrong heart
Like no man in his wrong heart
Like no man, like no man
Like no man in his wrong heart
Like no man, like no man
Like no man

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