

# Hard-Core Troubadour

Steve Earle

Girl, don't bother in lockin' door  
He's out there hollering, "Darlin' don't you love me no more?"  
You always let him in before, now didn't youHe's just singin' the same old song  
That he always sang before  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadoursNow girl, better figure out which is which  
Wherefore art thou Romeo you son of a bitch  
You'd just as soon fight as switch, now wouldn't youHe come and make love on your satin sheets  
Wake up on your livin' room floor  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadoursAnd now he's the last of the all night, do right  
Stand beneath your window 'til daylight  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours  
Baby, what you waitin' for, alrightGirl, figure out what you're gonna do  
When he moves on again and he leaves you alone and blue  
But you knew he is just passin' through, now didn't youAnd now you can't just say this is the last time baby  
Like you always did before  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadoursAnd now he's the last of the all night, do right  
Stand beneath your window 'til daylight  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours  
Baby, what you waitin' forHe's the last of the all night, do right  
Hey Rosalita won't you come out tonight  
He's the last of the hard-core troubadours

Songwriters

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protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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