**Don’t Want to Outlive that Man Too Long**
By Nancy McCallion

I must admit to you that for a woman of my age
It can’t be said that I’m without my charms
I must admit I tried them on a man or two
I don’t believe I done them any harm
But nowadays it seems that I’m content
With a man who loves me like I done no wrong
But I’m afraid there’ll soon be payment due on good times that we spent
And I don’t want to outlive that man too long

See him light one cigarette from the other one just done
I don’t believe he’s used a match of late
And water is what goes ‘round in the washing machine
He only drinks scotch whisky straight
But he has never been unkind and he would never be untrue
Or if he is he sure ain’t letting on
So I believe I’ll just be overlooking crazy things he do
And I don’t want to outlive that man too long

Don’t want to see him lying there on a table
Somebody asking me his name
I’d rather be the one who is lying there so still
Like I never done in life and like I never will
If you wonder don’t you wonder why that whiskey bottle’s gone
Well I don’t want to outlive that man too long

Well I peddled this old circus from the north, south, east and west
And I have to say it starts to seem the same
Same old roast beef sandwich same old chicken stand
Same old hustler hustling without shame
And there will always be somebody who is out to beat your best
There will always be someone to do you wrong
But when you find someone who understands you when you make no sense
Well you won’t want to outlive that man too long

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