**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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