

Bill Anderson, Every Time I Turn the Radio On

Every time I turn the radio on some cat's singin' a happy song
About a woman who wakes him up every morning and loves him
Scrambles his eggs and unscrambles his life butters his toast with a golden knife
Bears his kids and nearly bout all of his burdens
And I just sit there starin' at the wall wonderin' how I missed it all
I've been out half of the night and I'm hung over
Nobody woke me rubbin' my feet just the sound of a jackhammer out in the street
And this ole room ain't exactly a field of clover
Am I the only tavern-hoppin' beer-can-poppin' fool left in the world
Am I the only sad-and-lonely meek-weak-freak without a girl
No one to love and make me happy call me baby or call me pappy
Am I the only low-and-lonely woman-needin' jukebox-feedin'
Sufferin' son of a gun left in the world

[guitar - steel]

Every time I turn the radio on some cat's singin' a happy song
About the woman who serves him love on a silver platter
Makes his coffee sweet and warm holds him in her lovin' arms
I look in the mirror and I wonder what's the matter
Am I the only tavern-hoppin'...