

Brenda Lee, Your Favorite Wornout Nightmare's

I've learned more than I have lifted
My heart has cheated, my love has drifted
I've let you down a thousand different ways
And there's been times when I have stumbled
Hurt you pride, you cussed aloud and grumbled
But Lord knows I'm paying now for what I've done

(But) Sure as there is red dirt in Alabama
And hurricanes in Louisiana
Your screen door's gonna be slamming
'Cause your fav'rite worn out nightmare's coming home

I know you don't feel any sorrow
But I'd beg, I'd steal, I'd borrow
I'd do anything to make you take me back again
Now I couldn't count the times you saved me
With all the good love that you gave me
My dreaming brought you sad nights in return, and

(But) Sure as there is red dirt in Alabama
And hurricanes in Louisiana
Your screen door's gonna be slamming
'Cause your fav'rite worn out nightmare's coming home

Looking back I still remember
That rainy old December
When the one good thing I had I threw away
Now I need to kiss you, I need to hold you
In the shade of a cool magnolia
Till the moon comes up and your shadow covers mine, and

(But) Sure as there is red dirt in Alabama
And hurricanes in Louisiana
Your screen door's gonna be slamming
'Cause your fav'rite worn out nightmare's comin home
(But) Sure as there is red dirt in Alabama
And hurricanes in Louisiana
Your screen door's gonna be slamming, yes it is
'Cause your fav'rite worn out nightmare's coming home
(But) Sure as there is red dirt in Alabama
And hurricanes in Louisiana
I said your screen door's gonna be slamming
Look out, by, oh
'Cause your fav'rite worn out nightmare's comin home...