Reba McEntire, Sweet Music Man

Sing a song sweet music man
Cause I won't be there to hold your hand
Like I used to
I'm through with you
You're a hell of a singer and a powerful man
But you surround yourself with people who demand so little of you

You touched my soul with your beautiful song
You even had me singin' along
Right with you
You said I need you
Then you changed the words and added harmony
Then you sang a song you had written for me to someone new

Nobody sings a love song quite like you do And nobody else can make me sing along Nobody else can make me feel That things are right when I know they're wrong Nobody sings a love song quite like you

Sing your song sweet music man You travel the world with a six-piece band That does for you what you ask them to You try to stay young but the songs you sung To so many people they've all begun to come back on you

Sing your song sad music man You're makin' your livin' doin' one night stands They're through with you they don't need you You're still a hell of a singer but a broken man But you'll keep on lookin' for one last fan to sing to

Nobody sings a love song quite like you do And nobody else can make me sing along Nobody else can make me feel That things are right when I know they're wrong Nobody sings a love song quite like you