

Ann
Album: Back In Town

I know I'll never meet another hunk o' woman like my Ann.
She makes me feel like a great big man.
I'm gonna go tell her mama what I think about her, say,
"Thank you, ma'am, for giving me your daughter Ann."

She sure is stacked from her toes to the nape of her neck,
she's packed like a seed in a grape, she's smooth as marble skin.
When I see her I believe I'm a real young guy and ev'ry time I
go to work I think I might die if I can't hurry home again.
If the good Lord worked all night a-makin' me a female plan,
I'd say, "No, thanks, Lord. I'll just keep Ann."

How could I ever look at any other woman when I've got Ann?
I feel so good when she takes my hand.
I'm gonna go tell her daddy what I think about her, say,
"Thank you, man, for giving me your daughter Ann."
When I come home and I feel like I've been run over
by a ten-ton truck she can rub my shoulder and ease my aches and pains.
If I lose my job and I'm down to a silver dollar and
I feel like a dried up gourd in a holler, she soothes my brow like summer
rain.
If the good Lord worked a hundred years at makin' me
a female plan, I'd say, "No, thanks, Lord. I'll just keep Ann."
I'd say, "No thanks, Lord, I'll just keep Ann."