

# Ernest Tubb, Who's Gonna Take The Garbage Out

I take too much abuse to me that's all I ever get  
Yeah callin' a man like you a husband is just like callin' old wild cat a pet  
You'd better stop your runnin' around say nothin' stop movin' on  
But who's gonna take your garbage out when I've packed my bags and gone  
Each day you walk off over me can't you take another out  
If you start actin' like married man maybe we could find the way to work things out  
You'll find your key won't fit the lock if you keep on a keepin' on  
But who's gonna take your garbage out when I've packed my bags and gone  
I know you think I'm runnin' round and that's why you're so peaked  
That's another lie of that same old stuff but I hope you don't expect me to believe  
Though after night you don't come back cause you just love the home  
But who's gonna take your garbage out when I've packed my bags and gone  
[ steel ]  
I know you think I'm runnin' round...  
Honey who's gonna take your garbage out when I've packed my bags and gone  
You're gonna miss me honey gal  
Ah you're kiddin'