

Wanda Jackson, You Can

YOU CAN'T HAVE MY LOVE

WITH BILLY GRAY

WRITERS BILLY GRAY, CHUCK HARDING, MARTY ROBERTS, MARK THOMPSON

You've got the clothes and everything to make you look

Just like a king,

But you can't, no you can't have my love.

You've got a big automobile and a chauffeur at the wheel,

But you can't No you can't have my love.

You think all you have to do is call and I will run to you.

We'll listen while I break the news, I'm not the gal that shines your shoes.

(CHORUS)

So with your money

Clothes, and cars,

You ain't the cat

You think you are.

And you can't,

No you can't have my love.

(man's voice)

We'll hello there sweetheart.

You ain't got no business out here in this cotton field,

And that beatsack skirt

And that hand-me-down shirt.

Now, why don't you listen to me, baby.

I'd dress you up in the finest silks and satins,

And you know I'd perfume you up right nice with

Powder and clothes.

Now you know,

I don't know why I even fool around with you anyway.

There's a brunette up in Tulsa

Who cries for me.

And there's that blonde

Down in Nashville, Tennessee,

And that redhead down in Dallas,

She really loves me.

Now what's the matter with you anyway gal?

Just because you're from Oklahoma,

With sand in your hair.

You know I'm a good mind just to drive off

And leave you standing there

(end man's voice)

So get that big long Cadillac,

Hit the road and don't come back.

Don't show me that roll of bills,

'Cause it won't lead me from these hills.

(repeat CHORUS)