

Somebody, Somewhere, Is Tired Of Loving That Girl

Not a drink too soon she walks in the room
All eyes turn her way
The men see a dream, their dates turn a green
I'm entranced
An old man on the barstool next to me starts to laugh
He says, "Hold on, fella. Don't be fooled..."

Somebody, somewhere, is tired of loving that girl
Tired of holding her tight, making love to her night after night
So before you go thinking your grass would be greener if she was yours
And you'd have all you want in the world, know that
Somebody, somewhere, is tired of loving that girl"

Listen up old man, I can understand
Part of what you say
Even beauty queens quickly turn routine
Day after day
But I reject your assumption, you're just selling a line
To ease my yearning for her eye

Somebody, somewhere, is tired of loving that girl
Tired of holding her tight, making love to her night after night
It's a hard line to buy, as she takes to the dance floor,
The guys lining up to give that young beauty a whirl, you say
Somebody, somewhere, is tired of loving that girl

If your statement's true
Don't call me the fool
For, some guy out there
Isn't grasping what he has

If somebody, somewhere, is tired of loving that girl
God, won't you send her this way and I'll love her the rest of my days
I know that I could, just deliver her hand to this simple man
And I'd have all I want in the world
I know I could never get tired of loving that girl
No, I could never get tired of loving that girl

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