

## **She Used To**

She used to call me every Friday morning  
She'd take me dancing every Friday night  
But now she lays around, she never takes me out to paint the town  
Her feet don't get it any more

She used to tickle me between the covers  
She'd keep me up all hours of the night  
But now she's cold as ice, she's got some battered device  
Her hips don't get it any more

I know this hasn't been exactly what a marriage oughta be  
But if you only get out what you put into, I got plenty coming to me

She made me give up hunting and hard liquor  
She taught me how to count cholesterol  
But now she smokes in bed and looks extremely overfed  
Her heart don't get it any more

I know I haven't been exactly what a husband oughta be  
But if you only get out what you put into, she's got nothing coming from me

She used to always ask me my opinion  
She'd call me twice a day for my advice  
But now she leaves me notes, she even tries to tell me how to vote  
Her head don't get it  
Her heart don't get it  
Her hips don't get it  
Her feet don't get it  
She might still bear it but she sure don't grin it, cuz she don't get it anymore