

She'd Rather Be Homeless

Jerry Reed

It was our 25th anniversary and I was watching the SuperBowl
When suddenly she started cursing me. Hell, I almost dropped my
remote control
And she said "That's that" and grabbed her hat and headed out i
nto the snow
And that was almost two long years ago

Now see her shuffling down the street, Combat boots on her dain
ty feet
She said all my friends were dumb, And she called me "Yuppee sc
um"
I see her sitting on her full length mink, And as I walk by she
winks

Pushing her belongings in a cart from the A&P
She said she didn't give a damn 'bout my BMW or my AT&T

Saying "Spare some change for a lady, a lady who's finally free
"

See her bumming cigarettes, On the sidewalk where she sits
She said to take these credit cards of mine, And stick'm whar t
he sun don't shine
She don't want my bonds and stocks, Living in her cardboard box
Lord, she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me
Cause she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me
Oh, she'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me

She'd rather be sleeping in some doorway, Than lolling in the l
ap of luxury
She'd rather eat soup down at the shelter Than at the C.C. sipp
ing fine Chablis
And when the cold wind starts to blow, Lord, it hurts me so to
know
And as I throw her a dime, Lord, it breaks this heart of mine t
o know
She'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me
She'd rather be homeless, than here at home with me