

# Old Men, Young Women

Lori McKenna

You can have him  
I hope you have fun  
I guess wife number three  
Could be the one  
But it won't be long  
Till you won't be new  
And he'll be at downtown  
Trying to find someone  
To make the mirror stop tellin' the truth

Old men, young women  
Only work in the beginning  
She's the past in summer dress  
He's a ride in a red corvette  
She's a prize, he's winning  
She thinks it is what it isn't  
And neither one can change what's missing  
Old men, young women

Well, you say he's so nice  
He treats you so good  
Well, he's had enough damn practice  
He sure as hell should  
He knows what to buy you  
And he knows what you say  
And maybe it's nobodies business  
What you're willing to trade

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You want the lights off  
He wants the lights on  
So you can pretend  
That he can hold on  
You want the lights off  
So you can pretend  
That he can hold on  
Hold on, hold on

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