

Dans: Syncopated Swing  
Artist: Reba McEntire  
Song: Take It Back

You talked me into moving in and giving you my key  
You said you'd be a mess now if it hadn't been for me  
You said I stole your heart away by looking in your eyes  
I wonder now how many times you sold that pack of lies

If this is how you act when you give your heart away  
Well, take it back  
Take it back

You told me I was everything you wanted and more  
Then tell me what you're doing now sneaking out the back door  
You're bringing home flowers and a bottle of Chablis  
You forgot I don't drink wine I know that bottle's not for me

If this is how you act when you give your heart away  
Well, take it back  
Take it back

Oh, you must think I'm blind  
And I don't smell your new cologne  
You don't think I notice  
All the nights I spend alone

Well, I'm not one for sitting 'round in some ole pity pool  
You think you got a ticket and I must be some kind of fool  
I hate to steal your thunder but your playing days are through  
At least they are with me cause babe, I got no use for you

Tonight laying on the street  
Babe, your bag is packed  
So, take it back