Hittin' Where It Hurts

Webb Wilder

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I don't know what you think youre tryin' to do
There ain't no loop hole that you ain't crawled through
Youre cookin' the books, youre throwin' the game
I oughta call it all because of rain
I keep on, keepin' on tryin' to make it work
But I got to tell ya your hittin' where it hurtsI'm fightin' feelin's I ain't never felt
Its like youre lettin' fly below the belt
I'm in a pinch, I'm feelin' a crunch
You blindside with your sucker punch
Let me make my point before I meander
Whats good for the goose is good for the ganderYoure hittin' where it hurts
Youre hittin' where it hurts
Youre doin' dirty work
It's a real shaky deal
Youre hittin' where it hurtsThey say, "A whistlin' girl and a crowin' hen
Always come to the same sad end"
Your hands look scabbed your dress is a mess
You got lies in your eyes, champagne on your breath
You got a wild streak so dang hot
Light a cigarette if you hit the right spotYoure hittin' where it hurts
Youre hittin' where it hurts
Youre doin' dirty work
Its a real shaky deal
Youre hittin' where it hurtsYoure hittin' where it hurts
Youre hittin' where it hurts
Youre doin' dirty work
Its a real shaky dealHittin' where it hurts, ya hit me
Aww, ya hit me where it hurts
Ya doin' dirty work
Now its a real shaky deal
Ya hittin' where it hurts, hey

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