

Gimme The Good Stuff

Trisha Yearwood

Black coffee an' teardrops
Are all soakin' through
All over my pillow
Ain't nothin' new Somethin' just crossed my mind
I been feelin' like love's a crime
An' if it is, well I've done my time
I'm through Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff I've settled for too long
I've let the truth lie
It's gonna keep trippin' me up
Till I kiss it goodbye Well, maybe it's time to put it in drive
Pull the top down and feel alive
Let the sun take over my sky
How about it? Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff More than a taste
It ain't so tough
I ain't askin' for much
Don't wanna wait Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff
Hey, gimme the good stuff

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