Guilty

Jessie James

Would it bother you to know
His hands have been all over me?
And would it bother you to know
I'll run to him next time you leave? Oh, yeah
When you hit the road and disappear and leave me here
I'm not sure what you're doin' out there
Or who you're doin' out it with
Oh, you're probably at some sweet hotel
With some groupie whore but what the hell
Or maybe that's just something I tell myself
When I run my nails down his back
And he kisses me on my neck
He fills me, but it kills me
Such a bitter sweet passion, pain
I bite my lip not to scream your name
Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty
Would it bother you to know he drinks
Your Southern Comfort when you're gone? Oh yeah
Would it bother you to know he picks up
Your guitar and plays your songs? Oh yes, he does
And I wear your band's T-shirt to bed
Imagine I'm with you instead
But you're not here, boy you're never here
Oh, you're probably at the back of your bus
Satisfying your one night lust
Or maybe that's just something I tell myself
When I run my nails down his back
And he kisses me on my neck
He fills me, but it kills me
It's a bitter sweet passion and pain
I bite my lip not to scream your name
Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty
Would it bother you
To know he says he's in love with me?
When I run my nails down his back
And he kisses me on my neck
He fills me, but it kills me
It's a bitter sweet passion, pain
I bite my lip not to scream your name

Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty
Would it bother you? Yeah

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