

It's Too Late

Evermore vs. Dirty South

Now that you want me, it's too late
It's too late for love
Boy when you got me, you don't care
It's too late for love I'm tired, so tired of playing
Playing such a little fool
My mind is made up
Uuuh uuuh
I'm not coming back to you I need a man that treats me right
He'll treat me right
He'll feed me supper more than twice
Yes he will, yes yes he will
I'm not asking for lots of fancy toys
I don't need a lot of fancy toys
Someone to keep me warm at night
Uuuh uuuh So why why,
When you had me boy you must've been blind
Goodbye, bye
Now you taste the teardrops that I cried Uuuh uuuh
Uuuh uuuh uuuh
It's too late for love

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