

Gimme, Gimme, Gimme

The Abba Tribute Band

Ohh, lets get it on

Wellll, good God mama what's wrong with your face
Been out all night you're a total disgrace
Here you come again with your hands out by your side
Yes, I don't know what's the matter with you
Dad gummit money thing you act like a fool
Sometimes I don't know what's goin' on about that
Well Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever hear
Ain't got no money to buy me a beer
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever get from you
You can slap that be-bop you can shove me around
Won't put me six feet in the ground
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, you got those old gimme blues
Wellll, Mr. Businessman what do you say
I seen you a poundin' on my door today
Look at that honey, he's got his hands out by his side
Yes, gimme this, gimme that like a rubber band
He's got those stretch marks all over his hands
He's got a reputation for those old gimme blues
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever hear

Ain't got no money to buy me a beer
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever get from you
You can slap that be-bop you can shove me around
Won't put me six feet in the ground
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, you got those old gimme blues
Yes, you got them blues honey
Ahh, would you get it on that slide guitar
Yes, Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever hear
Ain't got no money to buy me a beer
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever get from you
And you can slap that bad old be-bop you can shove me around
Won't put me six feet in the ground
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, you got those old gimme blues
Well I'm sure all my buddies been here before
Mr. Businessman I'm poundin' on your door
I think that man and a woman's got somethin' on me
Yes, Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever hear
Ain't got no money to buy me a beer

Gimme, Gimme, Gimme that's all I ever get from you
You can slap that bad old be-bop you can shove me around
Won't put me six feet in the ground
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, you got those old gimme blues

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