

It's Too Late

Wild Belle

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, ooh
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, ooh So why, why when you had me boy
You must've been blind
Goodbye, bye
Now you taste the teardrops that I cried It's too late for love

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