Mean Streak

Jim Bryson

What did I do, tell me what did I say?
That kicked up the dirt and brought out this side of you, baby
It's one of those moods, yeah, it's the one of those days
What kind of dark snuck up and took a bite of you, baby
The longer it goes well, the shorter your fuse
Maybe, you'd know if you walked in my shoes
Damned if I don't and I'm damned if I do
Cold as the concrete, tough as a back street
Like a frat boy at hell week, baby, you got a mean streak
Fire in the hole and a hole in my heart
You're on a roll and I'm takin' cover now, baby
Where does it end and where do I start?
To soften the sting one way or another now, baby
Be good to me, honey, I'm on your side
I'm gonna bend, gonna let a lot slide
But hey, what's the deal with your Jekyll and Hyde?
Rough as a dry creek, sharp as a hawk's beak
Coming fast as a stampede, baby, you got a mean streak
There in your shadows, save room for me
The longer it goes well, the shorter your fuse
Maybe, you'd know if you walked in my shoes
Damned if I don't and I'm damned if I do
Hard as an oak tree, mad as a queen bee
Hot as Majave, yeah, it burn like a dry heat
Tight as a kite string, bad as a black sheep
Sure as a heart beat, baby, you got a mean streak
There in your shadows, save room for me
There in your shadows, save room for me

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