

# It's Too Late

## Dirty South vs. Evermore

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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