

# Earn My Affections

Amel Larrieux

I work hard for what I got  
Plenty overtime  
When I clock out I'm worn and beat down  
But still ready to fly  
( here you come with those )  
unsteady eyes  
like you been looking for something you cannot find  
right through me  
like my fruit ain't fit for makin' pie  
chorus  
you got to  
earn my affection  
put your back into it  
before we get this show on the road  
don't make me  
lose all my self respect  
I ain't desperate yet so  
come on now stop actin' out and act like you know  
you're a beautiful mess  
but every attic has a treasure  
and I been known, to throw my apron on  
and scrub to reveal a shine  
  
(let the good lord have)  
mercy on you  
before I do  
if you were in the area and just passing through  
come correctly, come strong and don't drag your good foot behind  
chorus  
you set a pretty table and serve me raw meat  
ask me to the show but don't save me a seat  
say together we can sail, then add me to your fleet  
the perfect pair of pants are ruined with the  
addition-of-a-pleat  
I demand a flat surface  
Where I can  
Firmly-plant-my-feet  
And stand  
It's my democratic right to say man you should....

Chorus

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