

Top Yourself (Bluegrass Version)

The Raconteurs

How you gonna top yourself?
When there is nobody else?
How you gonna do it by yourself?
'Cause I'm not gonna be here to help you.

Yeah.

Alright...
How you gonna top yourself?
When there is nobody else?
How you gonna do it by yourself?
'Cause I'm not gonna be here to help you.

How you gonna do it alone?
When I don't pick up my phone?
I'd love to give a dog a bone
But I'm not gonna stick around to help you.

Yeah!

Alright...

Yeah, how you gonna stop yourself? When,
Your man stops ringing your bell (ringing your bell)
You're right between heaven and hell
And you're gonna need the good lord to help you.

How am I gonna make you see (make you see)
That this is ain't no way to be (way to be)
See you've been digging it all for free
Guess you better get yourself a sugar daddy to help you.

Yeah, uh-uh!

Top yourself...

Such a little girl like a spinning time mama, but she
Spinning out of control... yeah.
Take sleeping with a snake like you to,

Rip apart my soul. Yeah!

Yeah, rip apart my soul...

Rip apart my soul....

Yeah! Mmmm....

Well, how you gonna rock yourself to sleep

When I give up my midnight creep, girl

How you gonna get that deep

When you're daddy ain't around here to do it to you.

Yeah, how you gonna do it alone?

When I don't pick up my phone?

I'd love to give a dog a bone

But I'm not gonna stick around to help you.

Yeah, yeah! Mmm...

Alright! Yeah! Hey! Uh-huh, yeah!

Mmmmm...

Yeah...

Top yourself...

Top yourself...

Top yourself...

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by JOHN ANTHONY WHITE, BRENDAN BENSON

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>