

# This Side Of Hell

Damn Yankees

I don't wanna talk that much about anything  
And I don't wanna know 'bout who you been seeing  
My will is on and I can't say no  
The feeling's strong and I can't let go

Baby, you got me living this side of hell  
Living this side, oh well  
You got me salivating was it Pavlov's intention  
Living this side of hell?

I don't know much about wide-eyed innocence  
Or hanging around without your deep intelligence  
My brain went south as I hit the floor  
And all I want is more and more

Honey, you got me living this side of hell  
Living this side, oh well  
While I was goin' to school you bent me over the rules  
Living this side of hell

I come around and start to knock at your door  
I hear a voice say, "She don't live here no more"  
That's it for me, I guess I don't get to score  
And then you woo me, you do me, you chew me up and spit me out

You keepin' it up 'til a quarter to three  
That little bitty thang got a hold on me  
Honey, what you doin' to me?  
What you tryin' to do, what you tryin' to do to me?

Living this side of hell  
Living this side, oh well  
I'm in way over my head why can't I be like Ted  
Living this side of hell

Got me living this side of hell  
You got me living this side, oh well  
Is it your good intention or a crisis intervention  
Living this side of hell?

Living this side, you got me thinkin' 'bout it  
Living this side, really got me thinkin' 'bout it  
Living this side, you got me thinkin' 'bout it  
Living this side of hell

You got me thinkin' 'bout it  
Really got me thinkin' 'bout it  
You got me thinkin' 'bout it