

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