

My Business

John Hiatt

My baby don't like my business
My baby don't like my business
You know she don't like my business
My baby don't like my business now

She take me out to a party
Then she act like she don't know me
I don't know how we got it started
Some day I'm gonna set her free

She wakes me up in the mornin'
Cold coffee and a crust of bread
Pillows fluffed up like a body
I look over and there ain't no head

Well I go to work broken hearted
She's down at the new dress shop
I come home it's like a funeral parlor
She wanna put me down in that box