

# Gimme Somethin More To Work With

Seasick Mama

Fried thoughts  
Deep cooked  
Brain's done  
I'm feeling shook  
Enough Said  
Chipped Teeth  
So broke that I finally can't breathe

Blood shot  
Tight skin  
Had enough  
I can't win  
Tough road it goes, it grows sick  
I'm beat, and the air is so thick

Stick around, stick around, stick around  
I want your company  
Stick around, stick around, stick around  
And clear the air for me

Chorus:

I didn't ask you to solve my problems  
I didn't ask you to close the gap  
I didn't ask you to solve my problems  
I didn't ask you to make it last  
Just gimme something more to work with

Night's out  
A thrill, a bill paid  
Quick kiss, twice a nice trade  
I can't wait for what's next  
Don't need much a touch a quick text  
Good times, they fly, they die quick  
I hold on but it's making me seasick  
We lost touch  
It's turns soft  
A lights switch  
It turns off

Stick around, stick around, stick around  
I want your company  
Stick around, stick around, stick around  
And clear the air for me

Chorus:

I didn't ask you to solve my problems  
I didn't ask you to close the gap  
I didn't ask you to solve my problems  
I didn't ask you to make it last  
Just gimme something more to work with (2x)