

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)