

# Makin' a Mess

Skid Row

T-bone Billy just a singin' the blues  
Caught his lady with another man  
Lit up a smoke and did some talkin'  
With the back of his hand

She started shakin', started losing her mind  
But he was kicking back and playing it cool  
Signed her walkin' papers  
Took the 5:15 to Kalamazoo

Sing for your supper,  
Nobody rides for free  
Eat your heart out, I'll send it C.O.D.

One, two baby what you do  
Three, four let me show you the door  
You're better off dead than makin' a mess of me  
Five, six take your last licks  
Seven, eight let me give it to you straight  
You're better off dead than makin a mess of me

Now Billy-boy's out havin' a ball playin' fiddle at the local bar  
Dark shades, cool kicks, he's Hollywood Blvd.  
Slick Daddy and his fat cigar sayin':  
"Sign upon the dotted line!"  
He shook his head and said:  
"All I need is that fiddle of mine!"

Sing for your supper,  
Nobody rides for free  
Take your big time, I'll take care of me

One, two baby what you do  
Three, four let me show you the door  
You're better off dead than makin' a mess of me  
Five, six take your last licks  
Seven, eight let me give it to you straight  
You're better off dead than makin a mess of me

When trouble came knockin'  
Billy kep-a-rockin' like this...

Sing for your supper,  
Nobody rides for free  
Eat your heart out, I'll send it C.O.D.

One, two baby what you do  
Three, four let me show you the door  
You're better off dead than makin' a mess of me  
Five, six take your last licks  
Seven, eight let me give it to you straight  
You're better off dead than makin a mess of me

One, two baby what you do  
Three, four let me show you the door  
You're better off dead than makin' a mess of me  
Five, six take your last licks (lick it)

Seven, eight let me give it to you straight  
You're better off dead than makin a mess of me