

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