

A Little Bit More

The Good Life

You flipped the sign in your window
But, baby, are you really closed?
I got nowhere else to run to
I sure as hell ain't running home
We could crash back at your apartment
I'll sleep on the floor
Give me just a little bit more
Can't you give me just a little bit more?

I never knew what I was missing
Frankly, I was better off
You let me drink from your cup
And now I don't know how to stop
I've been pounding and pleading at your window
Sadly ignored
I want it just a little bit more
I want it just a little bit more
You love me then you lock your doors

I thought we were painting a bigger picture
Now I know the score
I want it just a little bit more
I want it just a little bit more
You finally had me thinking I was special
But you're a liar and a whore
It makes me want you just a little bit more
I want you just a little bit more
Baby, don't you make me go home

Don't you make me go home