

You Want It So Bad

You Am I

You want it so bad
You'd sell your mother, your brother, your sister
For a couple of sure hands
You want it so bad
A big week matinee but never on a Sunday
you're the one I'll stand
And can you want it so...
What's it gonna be today
I heard you're riding in on a stupor again
Spit in my ear 'til I get the point
Got to figure out he's a jealous boy
How can I get you so wrong?
Got the constitutional milky tick
But a smile that's gonna win the lottery
How can I get you so wrong?
I got feel like a frozen chip
Just needs attention, a place to sit
What's it gonna be today?
I heard you yap, yap, yapping from a mile away
A grasshopper dancing on the barbecue
Got to figure out get away from you
What's it gonna be today
I heard you're riding in on a message to me again
You have bitten my ear 'til I get the point
Got to figure out he's a jealous boy
Let the Earth fly in my moon
Like a message on me like a better tune
Just the sort of sound that makes you want to move away
Hear it comes riding on a chaperone stick
Like a greyhound slipping on a skating ring
Slap me with a credit card, I'm wrong again
You got it so bad
Don't know just where
But it's coming down hard on you again
You want it so bad
It's nice work if you can get it
But let me just forget it for million too, away from
you
What's it gonna be today
I heard you're riding in on a stupor again
Spit in my ear until I get the point
Got to figure out I'm a jealous boy
What's it gonna be today?
Heard you yapping yapping yapping from a mile away
Your the grasshopper dancing on the barbecue
Gotta figure out, get the fuck away from you