

Webb Pierce**"Hittin' Where It Hurts"**

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I don't know what you think your tryin' to do
There ain't no loop hole that you ain't crawled thru
Your cookin' the books your throwin' the game
I oughta call it all because of rain
I keep on keepin' on tryin' to make it work
But I got to tell ya your hittin' where it hurts

I'm fightin' feelin's I ain't never felt
It's like your lettin' fly below the belt
I'm in a pinch... I'm feelin' a crunch
You blindside with your sucker punch
Let me make my point before I meander
What's good for the goose is good for the gander

Your hittin' where it hurts
Your hittin' where it hurts
Your doin' dirty work
It's a real shakey deal
Your hittin' where it hurts

They say a whistlin' girl and a crowin' hen
Always come to the same sad end
Your hands look scabbed your dress is a mess
You got lies in your eyes champagne on your breath
You got a wild streak so dang hot
Light a cigarette if you hit the right spot

Your hittin' where it hurts
Your hittin' where it hurts
Your doin' dirty work
It's a real shakey deal
Your hittin' where it hurts

Your hittin' where it hurts
Your hittin' where it hurts
Your doin' dirty work
It's a real shakey deal

(Hittin' where it hurts) ya hit me
Aww ya hit me where it hurts
Ya doin' dirty work

Now it's a real shakey deal
Ya hittin' where it hurts

Hey!

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