

Webb Wilder "Hittin' Where It Hurts"

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I don't know what you think you're tryin' to do
There ain't no loop hole that you ain't crawled through
You're cookin' the books, you're 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 you're lettin' fly below the belt
I'm in a pinch, I'm feelin' a crunch
You blindsided with your sucker punch
Let me make my point before I meander
What's good for the goose is good for the gander

You're hittin' where it hurts
You're hittin' where it hurts
You're doin' dirty work
It's a real shaky deal
You're 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

You're hittin' where it hurts
You're hittin' where it hurts
You're doin' dirty work
It's a real shaky deal
You're hittin' where it hurts

You're hittin' where it hurts
You're hittin' where it hurts
You're doin' dirty work
It's a real shaky deal

Hittin' where it hurts, ya hit me
Aww, ya hit me where it hurts
Ya doin' dirty work
Now it's a real shaky deal

Ya hittin' where it hurts, hey

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