

Raconteurs, The "Top Yourself"

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How you gonna top yourself
When there is nobody else
How you gonna do it by yourself
'Cause I'm not gonna be here to help you
Yeah

Alright
How you gonna top yourself
When there is nobody else
How you gonna do it by yourself
'Cause I'm not gonna be here to help you

How you gonna do it alone
When I don't pick up my phone
I'll go give a dog a bone
But I'm not gonna stick around to help you

Hey
Alright

Yeah
How you gonna stop yourself when,
Your man stops ringing your bell
Your right between Heaven and Hell
And your gonna need the good Lord to help you

How am I gonna make you see
That this ain't no way to be
See you've been gettin' it all for free
Guess you better get yourself a sugar daddy to help
you

Top yourself

Such a little girl like a spinning top mamma
But you're spinning out of control
It takes sleeping with a snake like you
To rip apart my soul
Yeah, rip apart my soul
Rip apart my soul

How you gonna rock yourself to sleep
When I give up my midnight creep girl
How you gonna get that deep
When your daddy ain't around here to do it to you

Yeah, how you gonna do it alone
When I don't pick up my phone
I'll go to give a dog a bone
But I'm not gonna stick around to help you
Yeah

Top yourself
Top yourself
Top yourself

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