

## 3rd Alley "Grief"

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Why you got to be bringing me grief  
stealing all my time I should be calling you thief  
so you fell in when I left the seat up  
you should've turned around and looked  
before planting your skinny ass butt  
what am I looking at what am I feeling right now

why you got to be bringing me down  
increasing my lack of money  
cha-ching ain't a pleasant sound  
I turn the A/C up, you turn the A/C down  
It's like a circus on our not so merry go round  
I'm tired, I'm sick, I can be a dick,

If your shrink don't save you, ooh ooh  
Then I'd have no clue what to do  
If valium don't calm you, ooh ooh  
Then maybe a shovel will do

Pick me up don't be late, pay for my food but no  
touchin' my plate  
Open my door, pull out my chair, you better notice  
when I style my hair  
You didn't call, you didn't wait, I could just slap you  
right here on your face  
well Oh my girl the tables have turned,  
I'm gonna stay til my tan lines have burned  
Take out the trash, fill up my tank,  
say bye to your friends cause your locked on my chain  
Say by to all of that your ass is mine,  
for all of your years or maybe just nine  
blah, blah, blah, @#\$%^&^ @#\$%^&^%\*\$^###\$  
#%^#%^#%^

Why you got to be acting all insane  
Neither jenny jones or jenny craig  
could ease my endless pain  
I know I should give up  
I know I should give in  
But round here that there we call Sinny sin, sin  
I'm tired, I'm worn, my side aches from your thorn

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