

## **Hank Williams Iii**

# **"Things You Do To Me"**

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Well you never took my heart,  
When I tried hard to give it to you.  
And I know you can't be true,  
'Cause you wanna be roamin' free. (Free.)  
Now I'm lookin' straight at you,  
An' see you with another man.  
So I take the shot of whiskey,  
So I don't have no regrets.  
Well, I've fallen drunk again:  
I guess she must have got to me.  
I don't need little little woman,  
Getting upper hand on me.  
Now I'm lost an' now I'm broke,  
An' now I ain't got nothin' to lose.  
But I still here an' think about,  
The things we used to do.  
-Instrumental Break-  
Walkin' through the crowdded streets,  
I don't see no-one carin' for me.  
That's all right, I don't need anyone,  
Except myself, you see.  
'Cause now I'm stronger an' I'm smarter,  
An' I'm not like I used to be.  
But I still sit here an' think about,  
The things you did to me.  
Yeah, I still sit here an' think about,  
The things you did to me.

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