

# Jessie James

## "Guilty"

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Would it bother you to know  
His hands have been all over me?  
And would it bother you to know  
I'll run to him next time you leave? Oh, yeah

When you hit the road and disappear and leave me  
here  
I'm not sure what you're doin' out there  
Or who you're doin' out it with

Oh, you're probably at some sweet hotel  
With some groupie whore but what the hell  
Or maybe that's just something I tell myself

When I run my nails down his back  
And he kisses me on my neck  
He fills me, but it kills me

Such a bitter sweet passion, pain  
I bite my lip not to scream your name  
Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty

Would it bother you to know he drinks  
Your Southern Comfort when you're gone? Oh yeah  
Would it bother you to know he picks up  
Your guitar and plays your songs? Oh yes, he does  
And I wear your band's T-shirt to bed  
Imagine I'm with you instead  
But you're not here, boy you're never here

Oh, you're probably at the back of your bus  
Satisfying your one night lust  
Or maybe that's just something I tell myself

When I run my nails down his back  
And he kisses me on my neck  
He fills me, but it kills me

It's a bitter sweet passion and pain  
I bite my lip not to scream your name  
Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty

Would it bother you  
To know he says he's in love with me?

When I run my nails down his back  
And he kisses me on my neck  
He fills me, but it kills me

It's a bitter sweet passion, pain  
I bite my lip not to scream your name  
Oh baby, I feel everything but guilty

Would it bother you? Yeah

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