

Harry Manx "Bring That Thing"

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You swore I'd be by some habit
Trying to save your face
Need some lovin' child
Just to decorate your face

Dog my cat
Can't you scratch that itch
Things were far more civil child
When you didn't have a stitch

Bring that thing, oh back home
Bring that thing, back home

Well lord I need forgiveness
For the methods I use
I believe I can overcome them well
Talking about the blues

These hard times
They sink you down just like a stone
But you don't stop praying, oh
lord no don't stop praying cause
You gonna make it home

Bring that thing, back home
Bring that thing, back home

Some folks tried and some folks failed
Living without love somehow
Well that might float you know but I kind of doubt it
cause
It's sure been fun up until now

I might be the one
I'm a silver down in your
hand
Whatever else I may or may not be
I swear I'll always be your man

Bring that thing, back home
Bring that thing, back home

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