

## Fidlar

### "Gimmie Something"

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He's been wasting his time,  
Running out of all kinds of luck.  
He's been going down the line,  
Living in the back of his truck.

With his all American steel reserve  
He puts it in the bag and he sits on a curb  
And he says

Hey, come on, give me money,  
Hey, come on, give me money.  
You've been living your life doing all kinds of drugs  
Well I've been spending my time trying not to fall in  
love  
When you come out now with your dirty spoon  
Stay on my couch and you howl at the moon and you  
say

Hey, come on, give me something  
Hey, come on, give me something.

Hey, come on, give me something  
Hey, come on, give me something

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