

**Robbie Fulks****"You break it - you pay"**

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My love is not a ball/Don't bounce it off the wall  
Don't drag it through the dirt/It's you that's gonna get  
hurt.

My affection's not your toy/I'm not your little wind-up  
boy  
Handle with the utmost care/I only got but one heart to  
spare.

You break it -- you pay!/You break it -- you pay!  
Have a laugh on me right now, but you'll cry someday.

Lashes and spit curls, China white/Something 'bout  
you, baby, I can't fight  
You look like a bucket of gin/Tilt back: let me drink you  
in.

Bows and buttons, yes indeed/But you're the kind likes  
drawin' a bead  
And my heart's no bullseye/It'll ricochet if you try.

My love is not a joke/Don't send it up in smoke  
My nerves are little matchtips/Watch out, girl, with  
those red-hot lips.

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