

Trisha Yearwood

"Gimme The Good Stuff"

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Black coffee an' teardrops
Are all soakin' through
All over my pillow
Ain't nothin' new

Somethin' just crossed my mind
I been feelin' like love's a crime
An' if it is, well I've done my time
I'm through

Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff

I've settled for too long
I've let the truth lie
It's gonna keep trippin' me up
Till I kiss it goodbye

Well, maybe it's time to put it in drive
Pull the top down and feel alive
Let the sun take over my sky
How about it?

Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff

More than a taste
It ain't so tough
I ain't askin' for much
Don't wanna wait

Hey, gimme the good stuff, yeah
Hey, I'm tired of this hard luck
Hey, gimme the good stuff
Hey, gimme the good stuff

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