

Trisha Yearwood

"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.

Instrumental Break.

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

Instrumental Close

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