

Blake Babies, Gimme Some Mirth

All kind of shit hit close to home.
You're not safe unless you always sleep alone.
I don't have to worry 'cause I had a single bed.
All I have to worry about's the ache in my head.

Gimme' some mirth!
Gimme' some mirth!
Gimme' some mirth!
Gimme' some mirth!

And the ache in my stomach, that rips it up
And all the hidden messages you never pick up.
Ev'ryone really hates me when I try to call.
You would only give some, but I would give it all.
All...all...all...all...ooo-ooo.

Gimme' some mirth!
Ow! Gimme' some mirth!
Ouch! Gimme' some mirth!
Gimme', gimme', gimme', gimme'!

Shake, skake, oh!

Gimme' Billy, Bobby, TV!

Gimme some mirth! Just a touch.
Gimme some mirth! I don't ask for much.
Gimme some mirth! Just no, wo-yeah-yeah-yeah-ay....