

A Bad Goodbye, Daytime Hustler

Daytime Husler, you're out of line.
Don't ya try to change my mind!
Don't you try.
You see, I ain't no fool.
No, I can tell,
oh, baby, you ain't my kind!
My ki-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-hi-hi-hind!
I'm in love with a down-home man.
Simple lovin' I can understand.
I've been hustled by the best of them,
and you ain't nothing but a crazy man.
Hustler.
Oh, daytime hustler, you better look away.
Because I won't play your game no more.
No, no more, no.
You spend all of your money
on those other women
who are blind enough to buy your shame.
All your sha-a-a-a-ame, oh, oh, oh.
Fancy money doesn't buy my love!
Flashy Cadillacs won't make me f-ck!
I been hustled by the best of them,
and you ain't nothing but a crazy man.
Hustler, hustler,
hustler, hustler,
ooh, hustler,
hustler, baby, oh!
Whoa! Daytime Hustler!
Ooh, what did you say?
I say you're a jive, jive dude.
Yes, I do. Yes, I do.
you just don't, you just don't,
ya just don't know
that you are really,
you're really not too cool.
And I believe your mind is slow.
Oh, oh, oh.
I'm in love with a down-home man.
Simple lovin' I can understand.
I've been hustled by the best of them,
and you ain't nothing but a crazy, crazy man.
Hustler, hustler, hustler, hustler,
hustler, hustler, hustler baby.
Oh, hustler. Oh, hustler. Oh, hustler.
Hustler baby . . .