

Billy Ray Cyrus, Need A Little Help

I been feelin' very weak
I been turnin' pretty pale
First I'm fallin' to my knees
Then I'm hangin' by my tail
Asked the doctor for some medicine
He said there's nothin' we can do
Preacher said it's gonna kill you son
Mama dropped the chicken soup

I'm gonna need a little help, help, help
While I'm gettin' over you
I'm just a flicker of my self, self, self
Your hurt has cooled my fire into
If you could spare a little touch, touch, touch
I might survive a week or two
I'm gonna need a little help, help, help
While I'm gettin' over you

Ever since you made me leave
Can't remember wrong or right
When I'm up I wanna sleep
When I'm asleep I wanna fight
Dialed the number for emergency
Sheriff said to tough it out
I called my psychic friend on channel three
And she confirmed without a doubt

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Bells are ringin' in my ears
Wolf is howlin' in the yard
But the only thing I hear
Is the poundin' of my heart
I saw my picture in the evening news
I had a caption by my head
They polled the people for the public view
And nearly everybody said

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