

Hank Williams III, Things You Do To Me

Well you never took my heart,
When I tried hard to give it to you.
And I know you can't be true,
'Cause you wanna be roamin' free. (Free.)
Now I'm lookin' straight at you,
An' see you with another man.
So I take the shot of whiskey,
So I don't have no regrets.

Well, I've fallen drunk again:
I guess she must have got to me.
I don't need little little woman,
Getting upper hand on me.
Now I'm lost an' now I'm broke,
An' now I ain't got nothin' to lose.
But I still here an' think about,
The things we used to do.

-Instrumental Break-

Walkin' through the crowwded streets,
I don't see no-one carin' for me.
That's all right, I don't need anyone,
Except myself, you see.
'Cause now I'm stronger an' I'm smarter,
An' I'm not like I used to be.
But I still sit here an' think about,
The things you did to me.

Yeah, I still sit here an' think about,
The things you did to me.