

Jack Blanchard & Misty Morgan, Yellow Bellied S

Well you can take all your love birds stick 'em in a tree
And they look just like a lotta bull finches to me
Now don't come home with them lovey dovey words
Baby that's strictly for the birds

You made me feel like a yellow bellied supsucker singin' in a eucalyptus tree
And now I feel like a sap since you made a sucker out of me oh oh
You made me feel like a wheel like a real big deal then cut
The door to your heart slammed shot you made me feel like you know what

Well now I feel like a redheaded woodpecker peckin' at a cast iron tree
Just a huffin' and a peckin' and a bangin' my brains out nothin' but misery
You made me feel like a yellow bellied supsucker...

[guitar]

Well now I feel like a redheaded woodpecker...
You made me feel like a yellow bellied supsucker...