

The Black Crowes, Just Say You're Sorry

It ain't funny, It ain't cute
Can't be conceived as an attribute
Oh no, but things don't work that way baby
Don't click your heels
Don't give a hoot
Don't want a twenty - one gun salute
Never do
Tell me, tell me baby what you want
You suggested that we bury the bone
Remember this reminder when you start to get cold
You think you'll only mind
Just wait until you're old
Just say you're sorry
And I'll say I'm wrong
Just say you're sorry
And I'll say I'm wrong
Too ugly for beauty, too honest for cool
You take what you get rather be a horse than a mule
Don't take me personal, baby

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Baby shakes his rattle
'Cos he's emptied his bowl
Don't know what he's eating
But he does what he's told
Oh yes he does
They all say the boy be crazy
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