

Trisha Yearwood, Too Bad You're No Good

Sittin' here thinkin' 'bout you and me
It's a cryin' shame 'cause it's plain to see
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
Too bad you're no good

You smile like an angel, lie like a rug
You wouldn't change if you could
'cause it's in your blood
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
Too bad you're no good

Midnight knockin', you're droppin' around
Trash talkin', and stalkin' me down
Better watch out when you play that game
I got a thirty-eight special on a forty-five frame

Call the preacher, call the police
With a man like you, it's famine or feast
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
Too bad you're no good

Well, I talked to your mother
She knows I tried
I talked to your brother
He was on my side
But the hardest thing to comprehend
Is if I had it to do over
I'd do it again

Call the preacher, call the police
With a man like you, it's famine or feast
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
You made me love you so bad
Too bad you're no good

You made me love you so bad, bad, bad
Too bad you're no good