

# Webb Wilder, Hittin' Where It Hurts

""Hittin' Where It Hurts""

I don't know what you think you're tryin' to do  
There ain't no loop hole that you ain't crawled through  
You're cookin' the books... you're throwin' the game  
I oughta call it off because of rain  
I keep on keepin' on tryin' to make it work  
But I gotta tell ya you're hittin' where it hurts

I'm fightin' feelin's I ain't never felt  
It's like you're lettin' fly below the belt  
I'm in a pinch. I'm feelin' a crunch  
You blindsided me with your sucker punch  
Let me make my point before I meander  
What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

You're hittin' hwere it hurts  
You're hittin' where it hurts  
You're doing dirty work  
It's a real shaky deal  
You're hittin' where it hurts.

They say a whistlin' girl and a crowin' hen  
Always come to the same sad end  
Your hands look scabbed, your dress is a mess  
You got lies in your eyes, champagne on your breath  
You got a wild streak so dang hot  
Light a cigarette if you hit the right spot

You're hittin' where it hurts  
You're hittin' where it hurts  
You're doin' dirty work  
It's a real shaky deal  
You're hitting' where it hurts.

You're hittin' where it hurts  
You're hittin' where it hurts  
You're doin' dirty work  
It's a real shaky deal  
You're hittin' where it hurts.

Hittin' where it hurts... ya hit me  
Aww ya hit me where it hurts  
Ya doin' dirty work  
Now it's a real shaky deal  
Ya hittin' where it hurts.

Hey