

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