

Aftermath

by Jerry Ratch

You better read the papers

If you don't understand
Cause as of last night
I'm a one-man band

You'd better walk through water
With your boots on fire
Cause Baby I don't think
I can take this any higher

You'd better find out what I drink
Take me to the sink and run
Cause in the aftermath
I still can't do the numbers

After what you went and done
After what you done to do me
And after that kind of math
I can't do nothing but pay you back

You better hit the sack
You better hit the hay
And lay there on your back
Until payday, what did I say?

And what is worse?
Apparently I ain't the first
No I ain't the first
You done this to

Don't be a robot
Don't be a tool
You'd better start acting
Pretty damn cool

It just makes me want to cry
I just lay here on my back
And look up at the sky
And you ain't in it

Yeah, you are not in my future
Anymore, it was only you
I used to adore
And now you're such a, such a

Well you know what you're good for
I don't have to come right out and say it
You're such a sack of, such a big sack of
Shit, there I said it, now I'm feeling better

But stirrups, stirrups is all I got
After you did what you done
And I used to call you my sweet
Little sugar bun, and hon

My sweet little sugar bun, my hon

