

# 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

