

High Class Girl

Joe Bonamassa

I took it on the low
I took it in my home
When I found you and another man
Baby, someone's got to go
And you know it ain't me
Cause this house ain't for free
When you choose to lie and you take his side
That's the way it's gonna be
Cause I'm nobody's fool
But you kicked out my stool
From underneath my life you made a mess this time
But do what you got to do
You're pure upper class
You're kicking my ass
You took your time
Twisting the knife once inside my heart that's beating fast

You're a high-class girl
Low-class ways
If I stay any longer and I sit and I ponder
Gonna throw it all away

I'd be in the right
To stand here and fight
So, break it down for me like the child you see
For the wrong reasons you are right
Bring on the motion
But you're weak on your potion
To keep me around after you beat me down
Baby, I revel in your devotion

You're a high-class girl
Low-class ways
If I stay any longer and I sit and I ponder
Gonna throw it all away

I'm a different breed of brother
Don't believe me, ask my mother
I'm a stone-crazy roll another girl off my shoulder
As evil as I can be

You're a high-class girl
Low-class ways
If I stay any longer and I sit and I wonder
Gonna throw it all away

You're a high-class girl
With low-class ways
If I stay any longer and I sit and I ponder
Gonna throw it all away

(High-class girl)
Throw it all away
(Low-class ways)
Throw it all away
Throw it all away
Throw it all away

Throw it all
Away