

Attagirl

Bettie Serveert

Stuck in a rut and a very tight place
Judge and jury of your own damn fate
From the cradle to the grave,
You're looking for something

Snips and a snail and a puppy dog tail
Nip and tuck, but to no avail
You look like Hell,
You're looking for something?

Oh, it's plain to see
Oh, it's you and me and the Devil makes three
Don't get stuck, somewhere in the middle
You payed all your dues and you're not on second fiddle
Don't say luck is something like a riddle
You payed for your place in this world: Attagirl!

Better sit tight, gotta drop that phone
This is a story for the girls back home
Living on their own
Looking for something

Goosebump Babe, gotta cover your tracks
Skid marks running all over your back
Face that fact
You're looking for something

It's plain to see
It's you and me and the Devil makes three
Don't get stuck, somewhere in the middle
You payed all your dues and you're not on second fiddle
Don't say luck is something like a riddle
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I want it all, I wanted everything
I want it now, I wanted everything
I want it loud, I wanted everything
I want it now, I wanted everything

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