

Gratitude

Big Red Machine

Well

Well

Well, there ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other, Lord
There ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other
There ain't no other other

Well I better not fuck this up
Well I better not fuck this up
Ah, long a way

Well we better not fuck this up
Well we better not fuck this up
Ah, leave it lone

Well it's two lines on 'em
And were pairing 'em down the cost
Well it's two lines on 'em
Well ya better not put up a fuss
Well, I'm wide awake
Whoo

Well you better not fuck this up
Well you better not fuck this up
While I'm away

Well, there ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other
I 'ould bet a fortune

Where they tugging the bed, the foreground
Well, there ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no, well there ain't no
Have we been here before?
Where they tugging the bed, the foreground

Well I'm on my big bean field
In the palm of your hand
And the palms are decimation where the glass glaze lay dead
Well there's six whole fucking nations
And who knows where they lay
Well you won't baylta patch that
With a one slap slain sleigh
When that bread dont even cost no bread
On my Mast head
And that bed ain't even made up and the Swing side caped up
Well there's Indians in the graveyard and we built on top them
Well I wanna comprehend you
But that's hard to give way, ah

Do we really know what happened to the
Clamped winter pass?
I would'a bet a coat over highway pass
For every lil' young ripple slapped on the back

Well I wanna comprehend you, said no overpass
The very young thing chad with the sweater back
Said he ain't known no love so he just attacks
But I known a couple lovers, some were quarterbacks
See can't you see hon that there's two a' that
Now?

Well, there ain't no other other (other)
There ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other
Well, there ain't no other other
For by a still water