

Stealing

John Holt

Sister big stuff
Who do you think you are?
Sister big stuff
You're never gonna get my love
Not because yo' wear
All those fancy clothes
Drive around a big fine car
Oh yes, you do now
Do you think I can't afford
To give you my love?
You think you're higher
Than every star above
Sister big stuff
Tell me, who do you think you are?
Sister big stuff
Oh yer, you're never gonna get my love
Now I know all about the boys
I've seen you with
I know you broke their hearts
And eat them up bit by bit
You made them cry, many poor boys cry
When they trying to keep you happy
They just trying to keep you satisfied
Sister big stuff
(Tell me, tell me)
Who do you think you are?
Sister big stuff
You're never gonna get my love
I'd rather give my love
To a plain Jayne
That has a love that is true
Than to be get hurt by you
'Cause when I give my love
I want love in return
Now I know this is a lesson
Sister big stuff, you haven't learned
Sister big stuff
Oh yeah, who do you think you are?
Sister big stuff
You're never gonna get my love
Sister big stuff
You're never gonna break my heart
Sister big stuff
You're never gonna make me cry
You're never gonna make me cry
You're never gonna make me cry