Miranda Lambert

I have been draggin' around your sensitive ego Making sure that your bags arrive on time for the dog and pony show

Little suitcase like a brick,
Kinda makes it hard to get a good grip
I drop your troubles off at a conveyor belt,
I'll hand you a ticket, to go get it yourself

At the baggage claim, you got a lot of luggage in your name When you hit the ground, check the lost and found 'Cause it ain't my problem now I can't carry it on, I've got a lot of troubles of my own It's all over the yard, in the trunk of the car, I'm packin' it in, so come and get it.

If it ain't obvious what has set me off today
Behind every woman scorned is a man who made her that way
Go on take your little business trip with that sweet little hab
it

That you just can't kick
You better call your momma when you get to town because I ain't
be hangin' around

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Come and Get it...

Come and pick it up, pick it up
Before I blow it up in flames
You better pick it up, pick it up,
Baby, I'm leaving everything

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Come and get it!