

# Stuff

Nikka Costa

Just when I think I got enuff  
there u go & here I go getting more stuff  
no time like the present time to put it in this bag of mine  
ring it up & help a girl out  
ain't that what credits all about

just when I think I don't need no more  
I take it home and stash it in my bottom drawer  
With my worries and regrets, my frets, my old cigarettes  
fillin up the bags of empty promises you left

there'll be no room for my broken heart  
the pieces you tore apart  
everyone knows what money cant buy  
but it sure can dry these eyes

How much for happiness  
I'll chase the bliss  
I'll be the best consumerist  
I'll break the bank  
Till I get fixed  
Fill my holes  
My empty soul with STUFF!

Workin up a sweat with everything I gotta get  
The thrill is so immediate buy one get one for less  
Take the bait accumulate  
Don't hesitate the trends wont wait  
Preyin on the lonely  
consumption like its holy  
then there's validation, symbolism  
television, hypnotism  
late night infomercialism  
hook line sink commercialism

I been low before but if I have mo' maybe I wont be so low  
Oh oh

there'll be no room for my broken heart  
the pieces you tore apart  
& everyone knows what money cant buy  
but it sure can dry these eyes

More & more  
than I had bargained for  
wish I could buy you at the store  
forgot to get a brand new heart  
get back in line to fill my cart wit STUFF!

I'm walkin out the door  
To go and get my fill  
instead of cryin 'bout ya out my windowsill  
And yes I know I don't need  
one more pair of shoes  
But their frickin cute and thanks to you  
I still got the blues