

Stuff

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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