Till I Can't Take It Anymore

The Beautiful South

Let's not fight it anymore
Unpack the bags and close the door
I'll never leave you, no no
Though you lied right from the start
I can't convince my stupid heart
Not to believe you, no no
You've got two good men strung out
And there's not the slightest doubt
That other men have loved you before
But you work your thing so well
I dream of Heaven and I live in Hell
Till I can't take it anymore
Take it anymore

If I had one ounce of pride
I'd stand up or step aside
But girl love you (can't you tell it)
So I'll accept the crumbs you drop
'Cause I'm a fool and I can't stop
Or rise above you, no no
Let him speak up for himself
I speak for me and no one else
'Cause I'm a beggar knockin' on your door
But you work your thing so well
I dream of Heaven and I live in Hell
Till I can't take it anymore
Take it anymore

I'm too far gone to turn around
To lift myself up off the ground
And start all over, over and over
Now he or I must win or lose
No matter which one you may choose
You'll be in clover (you know you will)
While you're makin' up your mind
I'll be prayin all the time
Prayin' that you'll never, never ever let me go
But you work your thing so well
I dream of Heaven and live in Hell
Till I can't take it anymore
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