

# She's No Good

The Red Clay Strays

I was minding my own and I was sitting alone  
When trouble come walking towards me  
She had eyes like Delilah and a swing in her hip  
With lies so hypnotizing

She had every man's attention with all the wrong intentions  
You could tell it from her mischievous grin  
She was a soft spoken harlot with a forked tongue  
Ready to throw caution into the wind

Soon we got to talking when a fella came walking  
In that room fit full of rage  
Brandishing a yellow-handle sharp enough for cutting  
Gonna put me in my place

He was ready to brawl and I'm telling y'all  
He was no kind of feeble dude  
He was standing right above me  
Looking to get boogie in the middle of a crowded room

She's no good  
Claiming she's a good-hearted woman, just misunderstood  
She never said nothing bout no ball and chain  
Now she's standing in the corner trying to hide her elation  
She's no good

Ole' fella beat me to the punch and then he started swinging  
'Tryna land one on my jaw  
And I couldn't really blame him for the way he was aiming  
I could only really think to blame her

Oh, secretly she loved it the way we was fighting  
Like some kinda' dirt-legged knights  
And I'm praying he'll keep missing  
Cus' it wasn't my intention going home busted up tonight

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