

# Capital T

*Walking Papers*

Yeah, you're easy on the eyes baby  
Yeah, you're wise beyond your years  
I said that I'd like to call it a night  
You glad to stay until my money disappears

Yeah, I got to wake up early in the morning  
And I think we can agree  
That I'm never gonna get a good night sleep  
With you lying here next to me

Yeah, you're making it hard  
Hard on me  
It's true that it's torture, you're trouble, baby  
With a capital T

Yeah, you only getting started  
Yeah, you only shifting gears  
You wanna beat you can dance to  
I like the songs that bring the cowboys to tears

So I lie awake with worry  
Wonderin' where you been  
You'll be dancing till the sun comes up  
I'm wondering if I'll ever see you again

Yeah, you're making it hard  
Hard on me  
It's true that it's torture, it's trouble, baby  
With a capital T  
You're making it hard on me

Yeah, you're making it hard  
Hard on me  
It's true that it's torture, you're trouble, baby  
With a capital T

You're making it hard, yeah  
It's hard on me  
It's true that it's torture, you're trouble, baby  
With a capital T, yeah

You're making it hard on me