

# Sticky Wicket

Al Jarreau

Careful baby  
Careful darling

You got yourself  
Into such a mess that  
you can't get out  
You made your own bed  
So what the heck can you  
complain about  
You're seventeen but  
You talk and you wiggle and walk like  
you're twenty-four  
Grown men weepin'  
A ten point temperature  
rise everywhere you go  
And the fact is

You're so fine that you  
fool the people  
You're so fine that you're  
foolin' me  
You're so fine that you  
fool the people  
Ain't so fine when you  
fool your own self baby  
Look out

Such a mess  
It's a funny situation  
Sassiness  
Got you up a tree  
Sticky Wicket  
Must confess  
It's an inside instigation  
No distress  
You can talk to me  
Seven-thirty  
Morning Mr. Price what a  
day for school  
Bright and early  
Perfect little disguise for  
the folks you fool  
Midnight passion  
Ain't no surprise to me what  
you're comin' to  
There's red light flashin'  
Look out you're goin' too fast,  
what you gonna do

Such a mess...  
...no distress  
You can change it baby

London bridge is fallin' frightful sound  
You can hear me callin' here's your crown  
In the game you make a circle just to turn around