Let's make out, let's make out, let's make out, let's make out Too many legs under the table. Too many reasons for trouble. Have I got a girlfriend and Does she get real mean? Yes she does, yes she does If the feeling's right you can see it.. It's the same, don't hurt If you can't stop yourself when you feel it Oh. I can't control myself When I see you there's no one else When I get down all by myself You're the one that I think about I can't control myself When I see you there's no one else When I get down all by myself You're the one that I think about Too many legs under the table. Too many reasons for trouble. Have I got a girlfriend and Does she get real mean? Yes she does, yes she does If you can't feel your hands on the ceiling From the clapping on the floor. You can't stop yourself when you feel it Oh I can't control myself When I see you there's no one else When I get down all by myself You're the one that I think about I can't control myself When I see you there's no one else When I get down all by myself You're the one that I think about I'm in love with you, my baby girl, I'm in love with you

Too many legs under the table. Too many reasons for trouble. Have I got a girlfriend and Does she get real mean? Yes she does, yes she does

Too many legs under the table. Too many reasons for trouble. Have I got a girlfriend and Does she get real mean? Yes she does, yes she does

Too many legs under the table.

Too many reasons for trouble.

Do I have a girlfriend and

Does she get real mean?

Yes she does, yes she does ha ha!

Too many legs under the table.
Too many reasons for trouble.
Do I have a girlfriend and
Does she get real mean?
Yes she does, yes she does

. . .

OK that was great but uh , do it again? Hahaha no