

Whatcha Gonna Do For Me

Average White Band

All night and all day, just chippin' away
It's all in a day's work;
Tryin' hard to defend
The time that I spend alone
The ground that you lose exploiting
The blues
Won't get the job done;
Still, as deep as it bites,
I'm keepin' my sights on you

Whatcha gonna for me
What are you gonna do for me
Whatcha gonna do for me, when
The chips are down

In the cool of the night, when
Nothing seems right
The feeling can take you;
Strange as it seems,
You make your own dreams
Come true
If you try to conceal the way
That you feel
You're askin' for trouble;
Just as sure as you'll cry,
I'm keepin' my eye on you

You don't have to tell me I'm
To blame for this
The thing you hold against me,
Is the thing that I miss