

# Whip Appeal

Babyface

Somebody told me  
There'd be trouble at home  
'Cause we never talk a lot  
When we spend time alone  
So how are we supposed to know  
Know when something is wrong  
Well, we've got a right to communicate  
It keeps a happy home

And no one does it like me  
And no one but you  
Has that kind of whip appeal on me

Keep on whippin' on me  
Work it on me  
Whip all your sweet sad lovin' on me  
Keep on whippin' on me  
Work it on me  
Whip all your sweet sad lovin' on me

When we go to work  
How the day seems so long  
The only thing I think about  
Can't wait 'til we get home  
'Cause we got a way of talking  
And it's better than words  
It's the strangest kind of relationship  
Oh, but with us it always works

And no one does it like me  
And no one but you  
Has that kind of whip appeal on me

Whatever you want  
It's alright with me  
'Cause you've got that whip appeal  
So work it on me  
It's better than love  
Sweet as can be  
You've got that whip appeal  
So whip it on me

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