There's this one guy
There's no one like him in all the world
'Cause you can always see
Those girls down on there knees

In those dark sweaty rooms
Planning out his thoughts
He's waiting for just the right

One by one as they Walk right through the door, they Keep on coming back I Guess they just want more

He has fun fun and you Might call him a whore, but Just look where he's at 'cause He is the one that scores

I saw my friend there
Out on the field today
I asked him where he's going, he said
"All the way," now

One by one as they Walk right through the door, they Keep on coming back I Guess they just want more

He has fun fun fun and you Might call him a whore, but Just look where he's at 'cause He is the one that scores

Go!