

Downright Women

Boz Scaggs

She bathes herself
In sweet perfume
She helps herself
To all the rouge she can muster
She's a flustered thing

Oh my my my my my my my
She's my baby
She's my baby yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah

She wears her rouge
Like a summer day
She wears her perfume
Oh what a way yeah
She's a flustered thing

Oh my my my my my my my
And she's my baby
She's my baby yeah yeah yeah

She wears her rouge
Like a summer day yeah
She wears her perfume
But it all goes away yeah
I feel sorry
She could go so far
In her weird desire

She's got everything
And what's in-between
She's my baby
She's my baby yeah yeah yeah
Ooohhh...mmmmmmmm