Sweet Little Lisa

Dave Edmunds

Well, the work whistle blew about a half past five
o'clock
I saw the red light on the corner, man I never tried to
stop
Got pulled over by a man in blue
He said, what the hell you tryin'a do?
I told him 'bout my baby, he let me go, thanks a lot

Got invited to a party at a high school Hollywood pool
There were women all around me, man I began to drool
I weighed the evidence at hand
I said, Girls you gotta understand
Since I met my baby, I've been livin' by the Golden
Rule

Aw, there ain't nobody gonna make me shout
Ain't nobody gonna put me out
Ain't nobody gonna make me do
Like my sweet little Lisa does
Ain't nobody gonna make me sing
Make me do the wrong damn thing
I'm sinking my head in a cold, cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa do

I was hauling out of Dallas, got pulled over by a
debutante
She was playing with her gearshift
I was being kinda nonchalant
Said she'd take me up to her room
Keep me following with the Lorna Doones
I got a sweet sugar mama gonna give me everything I
want

Cause ain't nobody gonna make me shout
Ain't nobody gonna put me out
Ain't nobody gonna make me do
Like my sweet little Lisa does
Ain't nobody gonna make me sing
Make me do the wrong damn thing
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