

# What Do We Got Here?

Dave Mason

She don't claim to be the perfect one  
And I don't claim to be Sir Lancelot  
We ain't sure when we're positive

It's likely that we'll sit here scratching our heads  
She don't say that she loves me  
And I don't send her no flowers

What do we got here?  
What do we got here?  
We've got something I'm not sure of  
It ain't likely but I think they call it love  
Well I think they call it love

She don't climb no trees for me  
And I don't tell her she should  
We don't sneak around or step on toes

Well we agree that that ain't good  
Everybody thinks I'm crazy  
And all her friends tell her to leave me alone