

No need to whine, boy,  
Like a wind-up toy you stutter at my feet,  
And it's never the time, boy,  
You've had too much wine to stumble up my street.  
Well it isn't a problem,  
Nothing we can't keep between the sheets,  
Tell me you're mine, love,  
And I will not wait for other bedtime treats.

Is there something you lack,  
When I'm flat on my back,  
Is there something that I can do for you?  
It's always something you ate,  
Or it's something you hate,  
Tell me is it the way that I touch you?  
Have you found a new mate,  
And is she really great,  
Is it just that I'm much too much for you?  
Oh, oh oh , ouah oh ah

Don't feed me a line, boy,  
I can hear that voice you use upon the phone,  
And there's no need to be coy,  
That is something you can do upon your own.  
Well it isn't problem, nothing we can't solve so just relax.  
Am I on the wrong train, love,  
And will I have to tie you to the tracks.

Is there something you lack,  
When I'm flat on my back,  
Is there something that I can do for you?  
It's always something you ate,  
Or it's something you hate,  
Tell me is it the way that I touch you?  
Have you found a new mate,  
And is she really great,  
Is it just that I'm much too much for you?  
Oh, oh oh , ouah oh ah  
I really want you to  
Oh, oh oh , ouah oh ah  
I really want you to  
Oh, oh oh , ouah oh ah