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I've got a Maserati GT.
I got snakeskin upholstery.
I've got a charge account at Goldblatt's,
But I ain't got you.
I've got a closet full of clothes,
But no matter where it goes,
It keeps a ring through my nose,
But I ain't got you.
Got a tavern,
A liquor store.
I play the numbers,
Yeah four-forty-four.
I got a mojo,
Don't you know.
I'm all dressed up
With no place to go.
I got women to the left of me.
I got women to the right of me.
I got women all around me,
But I ain't got you.
No, I ain't got you.
I got women to the left of me.
I got women to the right of me.
I got women all around me,
But I ain't got you.
No, I ain't got you.
No, I ain't got you.
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