(Shall I count it in?)
(Certainly)
(1,2,3,4)

Ain't you glad that you've got nothing to say Ain't you glad that you've nowhere to pray Oh, baby, that's your business now

Ain't you glad you got nothing to do Don't you know I'm depending' on you Hey baby, that's your business now

When it's all over and you're lying in your rug
And then you start to feel that certain kind of bug
Don't feel uneasy, just give her a knee
She's just some woman trying to get some speed, yeah

Ain't you glad that you've got nothing to feel Ain't you glad that it's all so real Hey baby, somebody shine on me Lay down

When it's all over and you're sitting in your rug
Then you starting to get that sweet old passing bug
Oh, don't feel uneasy, just give her a knees
Just some woman trying to get some speed, Lord

Ain't you glad that you've got nothing to hide Ain't you glad that you've got nothing to decide Hey baby, that's your business now

Ain't you glad that you've got nowhere to weep Ain't you glad that you've got nothing to seep Hey sweetie, that's your business now

Ain't you glad Oh, ain't you glad That you don't feel bad

Ain't you glad Oh, ain't you glad Ain't you glad than don't feel bad