

Do's Me Good

Lutricia McNeal

What you do's, it do's me baby, do's me good now
What you do's to me, it do's me good
You're the kind of guy I've been looking for
You treat me good and I just wan't more
What you do's to me, it do's me good
You treat me like a lady
You make me feel nice
A candellight dinner, pink champagne on ice
What you do's to me, it do's me good
What you do's, it do's me baby, do's me good now
What you do's to me, it do's me good
When the weekend comes,
I wanna be with you
Let's hit the highway
Who knows where we might go
What you do's to me, it do's me good
A nice hotel with a view
What's on my mind is being with you
What you do's to me, it do's me good
What you do's, it do's me baby, do's me good now
What you do's to me, it do's me good
"It was a rainy saturday at my parents home in Oklahoma
City when somebody knocked on the door. Hjalmar went to
open just to find this door-to-door salesman wanting to sell
us some "miracle cleaning spray". The strongest line in his
salespitch was: "It do's you so good". He was rambling about
how good it would DO'S us for such a long time that we
finally bought a can. We were cracking up laughing and we
decided that it would be a cool line for a chorus. (But the
spray sucked!)"