

# Make It Happy

Lyle Lovett

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

Well, I'm goin' to the grocery on the corner  
For to buy me a coke and some gum  
Well, I'm goin' to the grocery on the corner  
I'm a drinkin' [Incomprehensible] son of a gun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

Well, I whistle when I'm walkin' in the summer  
Well, I whistle in the spring and the fall  
Well, I whistle when I'm walkin' in the winter  
Or else I don't go walkin' at all

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

You know, I wake up early in the mornin'  
You know, I work until my day is done  
You know, when I come home late in the evenin'  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
Slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her

And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
Slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a

Slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

[Incomprehensible] to slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun  
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I slap my baby on her  
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her  
And make it happy  
I'm a happy son of a gun

And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun  
And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun  
And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun

Now, now I'm too happy