1, 2, 3

You got class, baby
Yes, you know that you got style
You got class, baby
Oh, you know that you got style
You got the stuff, baby
The stuff that really drives me wild

I need your lovin'
That's the stuff that I can use
I need your lovin'
That's the stuff that I can use
You got what I want, baby
Lord, I got the blues

Now, you're still at home, baby And I'm still out here You got champagne And I got Dixie beer

You got the birds, baby
I got the bees
You got a sweet little puppy dog, baby
I got the fleas

I need your lovin'
That's the stuff that I can use
You got what I want, baby
Oh and I got the blues, yeah

Now I got somethin'
Oh but I think you got just a little more
I got somethin', baby
Oh but I think you got just a little more
You got the key, baby
To lock me outta my front door