

200 Pounds of Heavenly Joy

Tom Jones

All you girls think the days are gone
You don't have to worry, you can have your fun
Take me, baby, for your little boy
Because I'm two hundred pounds of heavenly joy

This is it
This is it
Look what you get

You been creeping and hiding behind his back
'Cause you got a man that you don't like
Throw that Jack, baby, outta your mind
And follow me, baby, have a real good time

This is it
This is it
Look what you get

Hoy! Hoy! I'm your boy
I'm two hundred pounds of heavenly joy
And I'm so glad that you understand
That I'm two hundred pounds of muscle and man

This is it
This is it
Look what you get

This is it
This is it
Look what you get

This is it
This is it
Look what you get