

Wear You to the Ball

UB40

I'm gonna wear you to the ball tonight
Put on your best dress tonight

Did you hear what the man said baby
Well be your best 'cause this
gonna be a musical test
So come to school, and I take up the musical rule
Give me soul brothers and give me soul sisters
Come To I and maybe you can make it if you try
So be wise and be changing, put on your best
Because I got your musical key
Rub it baby, I said scrub it, yeah.
Cause I'm tougher than tough
And that ain't no bluff
Maybe it's because I've got the musical stuff

I'm gonna make you the talk of the town
No use wearing a frown
Though those other guys may put you down
I'm gonna let you wear my crown
Though those other guys may put you down
You'll wear my crown

Wow! Chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow,
chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow wow wow
Give me soul brothers and give me soul sisters
Don't beg for no mercy
Move it up, break it up!
Tell you bout it, it's good
Wow! she's got it, she's got it,
she's got it, she's got it

Though those other guys may put you down
I'm gonna let you wear my crown

And we are going to have a musical ball
So get on the ball and don't stall,
I beg you baby
Wow! Tell you about it, it's good

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That's for sure
Play brand new musical discs from
the flick of my wrist, baby
Wow! Tell you about it, she's got it
She's got it, she's got it Chick-a-bow,
chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow wow wow

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No use wearing a frown