

# 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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I'm gonna make you the talk of the town  
No use wearing a frown