

Bob Lind, Go Ask Your Man

Baby ask your man if he
would let you come along with me
And watch the morning hit the sea
Or would he like that

If you think he'll take it wrong
Just tell him I won't keep you long
As soon as our good times are gone
I'll bring you right back

But until then could anything be finer
Than rolling toward the ocean in your trusty Morris Minor
Go ask your man
I'm sure he'll understand

While you're on the subject
Would you ask politely if you could
Just bring an open mind to put
Some good times into

Would you ask permission to
Be free just long enough for you
To love me for a day or two
At least begin to

Tell him you'll try not to get your clothes too sandy
Just let him know that I'm from a decent family
Go ask your man
I'm sure he'll understand

Let him know it's not my style
To keep you more than just a while
I'm hung up the way you smile
And love your laughter

Tell him I respect his taste
And I don't want to take his place
A chance to fill the empty space
Is all I'm after

Give him your word that you won't be gone forever
Let's you and I watch the sun come up together
Go ask your man
I'm sure he'll understand

Babe if he should ask of you
Just tell him I won't do to you
A single thing he wouldn't do
Except not own you

Also could you take the time
to ask your man to please define
The words he screams across the line
Each time I phone you

And if he still takes a negative position
Tell him that I'll bring you back in good condition
Go ask your man
I'm sure he'll understand