

Michael George, Happy

First you take off your hat
Then you take off those brand new shoes
Say 'Hey George, what've you got to lose?'
With my hand on your thigh
I just look you in the eye and say
'Not a whole lot baby
But a whole lot more than you'

I can make you happy (yeah, yeah)
Don't you know that?
She said
I can make you happy

Boys and Girls
The ones who kiss and tell
Why should we have to believe them?
No, I don't understand
How any woman, how any man
Can say 'Lay me down, lay me down'
For that big stash-cheap cash-think about the money

I can make you happy (yeah, yeah)
Don't you know that?
He said
I can make you happy

I've seen you in the corner
With your rub-it-on tan
Hitching a ride
Could be a woman or a man
Gonna get what you want before too long
Gonna take your opportunities
Right or wrong
Some poor cow with a seven-year itch?
You don't dig men
But you'll fuck'em if they're rich
You can't be-with me
You're a lowlife, daughter of a son of a bitch