

# Robert Palmer, Discipline Of Love

You naughty girl: so sharp and dry  
Don't fill yourself with foolish pride  
You wanted me to notice you  
But when I came, you cut me  
Why did you do it?  
Why did you go and spoil the fun?  
Why did you do it?  
You need the discipline of love some discipline  
You wild child  
How sweet you smile  
Your crystal ball it's broken  
Why did you do it?  
Why did you go and spoil the fun?  
Why did you do it?  
You need the discipline of love some discipline  
Take notice now: my turn to talk  
The gate of love it's narrow