

Sweet, Why Don't You Do It To Me

Stare into space
That ain't the place
You've got the eyes to see me
Reach for the sky
I'm not that high
You've got the hands to feel me
Now it's the time
To lay down the line
Sniffin' around for money
You're in the wrong race
A waste of space
Things that you do
Still turn me on
Why don't you do it (do it to me)
Why don't you do it (do it to me)
Why don't you do it to me
You take all you leave
Don't have to believe
You've poison the air I'm breathin'
You send me up
And bring me down
You treatin' me like a plaything
I've had enough
So I'm calling your bluff
What are your ac, your dc
If that's what you are
There's a stool at the bar
I'll drink up my wine
And come with you
Why don't you do it (do it to me)
Why don't you do it (do it to me)
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Why don't you do it (do it to me)..