

TC Matic, Willie Willie

I couldn't touch his body
I couldn't touch his mind
He left a scarf on my right hand
That I don't think I'll ever forget

Oh Willie is on his own now
Willie Willie is on his own now

I'm not a good loving man
I've got nervous butterflies in my pants
He's a real danger to my
To my peace of mind

Oh Willie is on his own now
Willie Willie is on his own now
Oh Willie is on his own now
Willie Willie is on his own now

He's pretty and that's a pity
For me and my tutti frutti
When I laugh he knows my tears
Love is sick and love is big joke

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Willie Willie is on his own now
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Willie Willie is on his own now