

The Carpenters, Who Do You Love?

Some girls sit by the phone at home alone

Hopin' maybe you'll call

Not you, you'll break a date

You wouldn't wait at all

If I'm hard to handle (tell me 'bout it)

Here's my angle (think about it)

Takes two to tango and I ought to know

(*) Who do you, Who do you, Who do you love?

Who do you, Who do you, Who do you love?

Who do you love?

Some girls do it right every night

And never ask for more

Not you, you know the score

You always ask what for

Where's the danger (tell me 'bout it)

We'll be strangers (think about it)

If it ever changes, I ought to know

Repeat (*)