

The Sweet, Do It Again

Night in the city, down town with the boys
The dime in the juke-box blowin' a noise
A barroom lady wine swept from her glass
For a ten silver dollars she's tell me her past

Let's move it 'round, make the music faster
Faster than it was before
Let's shake it down, so you know that after
You want the music more and more
Do it-do it- do it
Do it- do it- do it again

Watchin' her dancin' , a rhythm so mean
Watchin' her groovin' , to the music machine
She loves to be forceful, for her there's no rule
She does what she's told , she nobody's fool

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