

The 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 is the time
To lay down the line
Drifting around for money
You're in the wrong race
A waste of space
Things that you do still turn to me

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 poison the air I'm breathing
You sned me up
And bring me down
You're treating me like a plaything
I've had enough
So I'm calling you bluff
What are you-ac or dc?
If that's what you are
Ther's a stool at the bar
I'll drink up my wine and come with you

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