Cake Bake Betty, Married Gal

hey come on baby, you see my candle's lit innocence won't save me so lets abandon it

i know i know i know you're not dead, no you're not dead no you're not dead

all you southern lady keep your head on tight and all your sinner's babies keep your engines right mama told me, she told me not to mess around not to mess around not to mess around

you got black eyes a black heart you got black lungs you make a devil proud you make a devil proud you make a devil proud

you got bottles of babes under your arms and in the arcade it's a sticky cloud it's a sticky cloud and it's making the world go round

i know i know i know not to mess around im a married gal im a married gal, gal!

know just when to fake it well you can open wide keep your kernels naked pop them up just right