

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