Dolly Parton, Whatcha Tryin' To Do To Me

(Dolly Parton)

Oh look at you boy, look at them jeans
Cutest little buttfull I've ever seen
I'd like to find you under my tree
Whatcha tryin' to do to me, huh?
Hey look at them boots, look at that hat
You can get in big trouble lookin' like that
Flirtin' like mad, talkin' that trash
You could make a good girl go bad real fast

Chorus:

Whatcha tryin' to do
Whatcha tryin' to do
Whatcha tryin' to do anyhow
I ain't made of steel but if looks could kill
Well I'd 've been dead by now
Tell me whatcha tryin to do to me

Look at that smile, look at them eyes
All lit up like Christmas lights
When you land on my roof tonight
Well here's what you better be
Well you'd better be fit, you'd better be prime
Cause I'm gonna ring your Christmas chime
When you climb down my chimney
Do whatcha you know only you can do to me

Repeat Chorus

I said ooh, what a thrill but if looks could kill
Well I'd 've been dead by now
Tell me whatcha tryin' to do
Whatcha tryin' to do
Whatcha tryin' to do to me