

Joe Perry, Talk Talkin'

Talk talkin' bout my kinda woman
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Ahhhh, she's somethin' to see
When it comes to lovin' she's wild and free
If I had to replace her it would take two or three
Cos she's the woman that was born for me
If she loves me I'll hang from the nearest oak tree

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I'm talkin' bout my kinda woman
She's somethin' to see
She never sets foot in the kitchen
But she sure cooks for me

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I'm talkin' bout my kinda woman
She's somethin' to see
Woa to the person who crosses her path
They've seen their last

She's the one who'll hold my head
And she don't have to break no bread
She's the one who always knows
She's got my heart and I love her so

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(ahhhh, be still my beating heart)