

Joe, Treat Her Like A Lady

Something ain't right, something just ain't right.
Lord have mercy, babe,
Tell me when was the last time, you brought her roses home from work.
Tell me when was the last time, you rubbed her feet when she said they hurt.
Tell me when was the last time, you bought a card to tell her how you feel.
Don't even know when was the last time, you lit a candle for a late night meal.
Tell me,

How long will it be before you treat her like your queen.
And how long will it take, before she starts coming home too late.
And how long will it be, before she starts running in the streets.
You better the time to treat her like your lady.

You probably don't know when was the last time,
You stopped to open her car door.
And tell me when was the last time, you heard say baby do it once more.
Tell me when was the last time, you didn't have an argument.
Don't even know when was the last time, you told the truth about where you been.
Now if this don't apply to you (if this don't apply to you),
Keep doing what you do (keep doing what you do).
But if this shoe fits you well, take a minute just to ask yourself (just 60 seconds now).

[Chorus]

Now see what's old to you, is just like new to the next man.
What you don't do for her, she'll find somebody else who can.
If you don't wanna lose, out on the best thing you ever had,
You better take it from me, you'll only end up just a lonely man,
See I know what I'm talking about.

[Chorus]

(You better run to her)

[Repeat Chorus til end.]