

Kayah, Da Ya Think I'm Sexy

She sits alone waiting for suggestions
He's so nervous avoiding all her questions
His lips are dry, her heart is gently pounding
Don't you just know exactly what they're thinking?

If you want my body and you think I'm sexy
Come on, sugar, let me know
If you really need me just reach out and touch me
Come on, honey, tell me so

He's acting shy looking for an answer
Come on, honey, let's spend the night together
Now hold on a minute before we go much further
Give me a dime so I can phone my mother
They catch a cab to his high rise apartment
At last he can tell her exactly what his heart meant

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Do you think I'm sexy