

Robert Plant, Worse Than Detroit

Operator, give me Central, Central
Help me try to get my baby on the line
Information, hear me calling, calling
Find that number, give it to me one more time
It's been so long since I saw her
Anything I'd give to hear the little girl of mine
Whatever it takes, got to make it, make it
Please connect me now before I lose my mind
Because I don't know, no I don't know what I'm gonna do
No I don't know, no I don't know what I'm gonna do

Tastes so good, sweet as honey, honey
All she carries is impossible to use
It's built for speed man, watch her coming, coming
Moves so fast in someone else's shoes
Looks so fine lord, watch them running
Anything she wants you feel obliged to do
Keep your hands in your pockets
She can shift more gold than the king of Peru
But I don't know, no I don't know what I'm gonna do
No I don't know, no I don't know what I'm gonna do

Man drinks whisky, drive him crazy in time
Woman sits and cries as day will follow day
Man need lovin', keep him happy sometime
Woman gets some when the honeydrinker's on his way
But I don't know, no I don't know what I'm gonna do
But I don't know, but I don't know --
No I don't know, no I don't know, no I don't know
She can do it, she can do it, she can do it babe
She's sweet as honey, sweet as honey, sweet as honey --