

Sweet, No, You Don't

(Chinn/Chapman)

You keep telling me you hang around while you play around
With the clowns that you've found
It ain't right
Now and then I get tired of the sounds
Of you putting me down while you're playing the town
Every night

I'm getting hung up
Yes I am, yes I am
And you don't give a damn

No you don't - have to treat me like a fool
No you don't - have to be so bloody cool
No you don't - have to make up all the rules
No you don't - no, no, you don't
No you don't

You keep on playing your reckless games
That will give you fame
But I'll take the blame for your name
Well you think you've got my life in your hands
But I'm a man, I'm a man
And I've got my own plans, I'm a man

I'm goin' down
Yes, I am, yes I am
And I don't give a damn

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No you don't - no you don't...