

# Wet Wet Wet, How the hell did they get there

Yeah

Yeah

Baby, baby, come on keep it up

I found myself at the drugstore,

Baby rapping with my funky friends

Shed tears of joy for a soul of sadness, ah ah

My mind was made up now baby

But my mouth kept talking

What the hell am I gonna do,

Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby

How the hell did they get there, baby

I met this thing called Carrie

She kinda smoked those long French cigarettes (know what I mean boys)

She tried to get me upset

By saying silly little things

My mind was made up now baby

But my mouth kept talking

The hell am I gonna do,

Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby

How the hell did they get there, baby

How the hell did they

I say how the hell did they

How the hell did they get there, baby

Come on, keep it up

Um, No matter hard I try, try, try, try

Yes, I was Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti

Try a little tenderness,

Come on try, A little tenderness

Same thing

Makes you do wrong

Makes you do right, yeah, yeah, baby baby,

Come on Gimme some groove thing

Groove thing

Horns, horns

Oh try tender, ah oh

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Mind was made up now baby

But my mouth kept talking

What the hell am I gonna do,

Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby

How the hell did they get there, baby

The hell did they

I said how the hell did they

How the hell did they get there, baby

Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta

Get there baby,

Baby, baby

Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta

Get there baby,

Baby, baby, yeah

How the hell did they

I said how the hell did they,

I said how the hell did they,

Get there baby