

Yardbirds, I'm not talking

Now when I was a little boy,
At the age of five,
I had somethin' in my pocket,
Kept a lot of folks alive.

Now I'm a man,
I spell M-A-N...man.
All you pretty women,
Stand in line,
I can make love to you baby,
In an hour's time.

Now i'm a man
I spell M-A-N...man.
The line I shoot,
Will never miss,
Make love to you baby,
You can't resist.

Now I'm a man,
I spell M-A-N...man.
Goin back down,
To Kansas to,
Bring back a little girl,
Just like you.

Now I'm a man,
I spell M-A-N...man.

Now I'm a man,
Made twenty-one,
You know baby,
We can have a lot of fun.

I'm a man,
I spell M-A-N...man.