

# You Do

Margaret Whiting

You stay the night at his house  
With no ride to work  
And I'm the one who tells you  
He's another jerk  
But you're the one who can succeed  
You've only got to prove your need--  
And you do  
You really do  
The sex you're trading up for  
What you hope is love  
Is just another thing that  
He'll be careless of  
But though there are caveats galore  
You've only got to love him more--  
And you do  
You really do  
Even when it's all too clear  
You write a little note that  
You leave on the bed  
And spend some time dissecting  
Every word he said  
And if he seemed a little strange  
Well, baby--anyone can change  
And you do  
You do  
You really do

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