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 doThe 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 clearYou 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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