

# Mystified

## Damn Yankees

You don't have to love me, baby  
I don't give a damn  
You've got the time, I've got the touch  
And you know who I am It's simplified, I'm mystified  
A case of hit and run  
Ain't no use, no more abuse  
You are my number one And I'm in love  
I'm mystified, baby  
Yeah, I'm in love  
I'm mystified, baby Yeah, yeah, yeah  
You're my kind of lover  
You always keep me mystified I'm in love, I'm mystified, baby  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, now  
You're my kind of lover  
You always keep me mystified Well, I get out of the kitchen  
When I can't take the heat  
What you've got cooking, honey  
It's good enough to eat Well, in walked the boss man  
With a boom, boom, boom  
He said, "Break time's over, boy  
Get back to pushin' that broom" Well, that's the way it goes sometimes  
It's the story of my life  
Whoa, oh, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, now  
You're my kind of lover  
(You're my kind of lover)  
You always keep me mystified You just keep it comin', babe  
You always wanna keep me satisfied  
You're my kind of lover  
(You're my kind of lover)  
You always keep me mystified I don't mind pushing that broom baby  
Long as I'm pushin' back towards you  
Mm mm, mm mm, ooh, say Yeah, yeah, yeah, now  
You're my kind of lover  
(You're my kind of lover)  
You always keep me mystified Yeah, you're my kind of lover, baby  
(You're my kind of lover)  
You always wanna keep me satisfied  
You're my kind of lover  
(You're my kind of)

Woah, oh, you know you keep me mystified

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