

My Thing

Sylvia

CHORUS:

I dont want nobody in the world,
Messin around with my thing,
My sweet, tender, lovin, groovy thing.
(She dont want nobody in the world,
Messin around with her thing.)
Hands off you hear me.
Leave my thing alone.I told you girl, hes my special prize.
When I turn my back,
You want to try him on for size.[CHORUS]Into each life, some rain must fall.
If I catch you messin with mine,
You wont have no life at all.Cause you wont want nobody in the world,
Messin around with your thing (Your thing, your thing)
And likewise,
I wouldnt want nobody in the world,
Messin around with my thing (My thing, my thing)
Leave my thing alone.(Instrumental like beginning)
To Fadeout:
I dont want nobody in the world,
Messin around with my thing,
My sweet, tender, lovin, groovy thing.

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