Help Me

The Nutmegs

Help me I think I'm falling in love again
When I get that crazy feeling, I know I'm in trouble again
I'm in trouble 'cause you're a rambler and a gambler
And a sweet-talking ladies man
And you love your lovin', lovin'
But not like you love your freedom
Help me, I think I'm falling in love too fast
It's got me hoping for the future and worrying about the past
'Cause I've seen some hot, hot blazes
Come down to smoke and ash
But we love our lovin', lovin'
But not like we love our freedom
Oh, didn't it feel good we were sitting there talking?
Or lying there, not talking, didn't it feel good?
You dance with the lady with the hole in her stocking
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?
Help me, I think I'm falling in love with you
Are you going to let me go there by myself?
That's such a lonely thing to do
Both of us flirting around flirting and flirting hurting too
We love our lovin', lovin'
But not like we love our freedom
Falling
Falling
Falling
...

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