

# The Joker

## The Marketts

Some people call me the space cowboy  
Some people call me the gangster of love, yeah  
Some people walking round calling me Maurice  
Cause I speak of the pompitous of love  
People talk about me, baby (People talk about me, bad to)  
They say I'm doin' you wrong, (doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong)  
Well, don't let that worry you baby (oh baby ....)  
Cause I'm right here, right here, right here, right here at home  
(Everybody Singing Along)

Cause I'm a picker  
I'm a grinner  
I'm a lover  
And I'm a sinner  
I play the music in the sun  
I'm a joker  
I'm a smoker  
I'm a midnight talker  
I give my lovin' on the run  
You're the cutest thing  
That I ever did see  
I really love your peaches  
I want to shake your tree  
Lovey-dovey, dovey-lovey, dovey all the time  
Ooo-eee baby, I'm gonna show you a good time babe  
Cause I'm a picker  
I'm a grinner  
I'm a lover  
And I'm a sinner

I play the music in the sun  
I'm a joker  
I'm a smoker  
I'm a midnight toker  
I sure don't want to hurt no one  
Come on and follow me  
You know I really want you for your company  
Even though I'm attached to you physically  
My computer mechanism wants you mentally  
(Shoo be doo be doo shoo be)

You know I really want you for your company  
(Shoo be doo be doo doo be)  
My computer mechanism wants you mentally  
People keep talking about me like a low down dog (like a low life dog)  
They say i'm doin ya wrong, doin ya wrong (doin ya wrong)  
Well don't you know, don't you worry bout a thing pretty mama  
Cause i'm right here, right here, right here singing along  
Cause I'm a picker  
I'm a grinner  
I'm a lover  
And I'm a sinner  
I play the music in the sun  
I'm a joker  
I'm a smoker  
an I'm a fa shizzile dizzile ma nizzle fizzle bizzle  
I give my lovin' on the run

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