## No You Don't

## **Pat Benatar**

You keep tellin' me don't hang around
While you play around with the clowns that you found, it ain't right
And now and then I get tired of the sound of you putting me down
While you're playing the town every nightI'm getting hung up

Yes I am, yes I am

You don't give a damnNo you don't

Have to treat me like a fool

(No you don't)

Have to be so bloody cool

(No you don't)

Have to make up all the rules

(No you don't)

No, no you don't

(No you don't) You keep playing your reckless games

That will bring you fame

But I'll take the blame for your nameWell you think you've got my life in your hands

But you don't understand, I've got my own plans

My own plans, that's rightI'm going down

Yes I am, yes I am

You don't give a damnNo you don't

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Have to make up all the rules

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## $Song writers \\ CHAPMAN, MICHAEL DONALD / CHINN, NICHOLAS BARRYPublished by \\ Lyrics ~\hat{A} @ Universal Music Publishing Group$

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