Sweet Little Lisa

Dave Edmunds

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well the work whistle blew about a half past five o'clock.
I saw the red light on the corner, man I never tried to stop.
Got pulled over by a man in blue.
He said "What the hell you tryin'a do?"
I told him 'bout my baby, he let me go, thanks a lot.Got invited to a party at a high school Hollywood pool.
There were women all around me, man I began to drool.
I weighed the evidence at hand,
I said "Girls you gotta understand,
Since I met my baby I've been livin' by the Golden Rule."Aw, there ain't nobody gonna make me shout.
Ain't nobody gonna put me out.
Ain't nobody gonna make me do
Like my sweet little Lisa does.
Ain't nobody gonna make me sing.
Make me do the wrong damn thing.
I'm sinking my head in a cold cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa do.I was hauling out of Dallas, got pulled over by a debutante.
She was playing with her gearshift, I was being kinda nonchalant.
Said she'd take me up to her room,
Keep me following with the Lorna Doones.
I got a sweet sugar mama gonna give me everything I want.'Cause ain't nobody gonna make me shout.
Ain't nobody gonna put me out.
Ain't nobody gonna make me do
Like my sweet little Lisa does.
Ain't nobody gonna make me sing.
Make me do the wrong damn thing.
I'm sinking my head in a cold cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa do.

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