

What Do We Got Here?

Dave Mason

She don't claim to be the perfect one
And I don't claim to be Sir Lancelot
We ain't sure when we're positive It's likely that we'll sit here scratching our heads
She don't say that she loves me
And I don't send her no flowers What do we got here?
What do we got here?
We've got something I'm not sure of
It ain't likely but I think they call it love
Well I think they call it love She don't climb no trees for me
And I don't tell her she should
We don't sneak around or step on toes

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