

Sweet Little Lisa

The Notorious Cherry Bombs

Well, the works whistle blew
At a half past five o'clock
I saw the red light on the corner
But man I never tried to stop I got pulled over by a man in blue
He said, "What you thinking you're tryin'a do?"
I told him 'bout my baby
And he let me go, thanks a lot I got invited to a party
At a high class Hollywood pool
There were women all around
And man, I began to drool I weighed the evidence in hand
I said, "Girls you got to understand"
Since I met my, baby
I've been living by the golden rule 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
And make me do the wrong damn thing
Sticking my head in a cold, cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa does I was pulling out of Dallas
Got pulled over by a debutante
And she was playing with her keys
She thought I was acting kinda nonchalant She said she'd take me up to her room
And keep me [Incomprehensible]
I've got a sweet sugar mama
Come on give me everything I want 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
And make me do the wrong damn thing
Sticking my head in a cold, cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa does
I'm sticking my head in a cold, cold stream
Like my sweet little Lisa does

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