

# Happy

## George Michael

First you take off your hat  
Then you take off those brand new shoes  
Say, "Hey George, what've you got to lose?"  
With my hand on your thigh  
I just look you in the eye  
And say, "Not a whole lot baby  
But a whole lot more than you" I can make you happy  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Don't you know that?  
She said  
I can make you happy Boys and girls, the ones who kiss and tell  
Why should we have to believe them?  
No, I don't understand how any woman, how any man  
Can say, "Lay me down, lay me down"  
For that big stash-cheap cash-think about the money I can make you happy  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Don't you know that?  
He said  
I can make you happy I've seen you in the corner with your rub-it-on tan  
Hitching a ride, could be a woman or a man  
Gonna get what you want before too long  
Gonna take your opportunities right or wrong Some bald guy with a seven-year itch?  
You don't dig men but you'll fuck'em if they're rich  
You can't be with me  
You're a lowlife, daughter of a son of a bitch

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