Twist My Arm

The Pointer Sisters

Thar she blows, Jacques Cousteau
Hear her sing so sweet and low
Lull me overboard, out-cold
Gathered in and swallowed whole

Do I want to? With all that charm?
Do I want to? Twist my arm.

You just hit me where I live
I guess it looked quite primitive
What was that supposed to prove?
Throw the calf or he'll throw you

Sucked in by the victim world
Thirsty as a cultured pearl
Culled and wooed, bitten, chewed
It won't hurt if you don't move

Do I want to? With all that charm?
Do I want you? Twist my arm.

Musical chairs, double dares, memorized stairs,
Shootin off flares, springtime hares and broken-down mares

Coward phones, big soup stones, prideless loans,
Grill sick crows, motel groans and big fat Jones

Martyrs don't do much for me
Though I enjoy them vicariously
After you. No! After me.
No, I insist! Please, after me.

Do I want to? With all that charm?
Do I want you? Twist my arm.

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