

# 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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