Do Me

Jean Knight

Oh I could hide 'neath the wings of the bluebird as she sings
The six o'clock alarm would never ring
But it rings and I rise, wipe the sleep out of my eyes
My shaving razor's cold and it stings
Cheer up, sleepy Jean, oh what can it mean
To a daydream believer and a homecoming queen
You once thought of me as a white knight on his
steed

Now you know how happy I can be
Oh, and our good time starts and ends
With a dollar one to spend
But how much baby do we really need
Cheer up, sleepy Jean, oh what can it mean
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