

Doing It Wrong

[Leigh Nash](#)

If you think you've got my number
You need to check your map
You think you know my type
You think I'm as simple as that
Baby better take a closer look
Cuz baby you didn't write this book
Oh baby you're doing it wrong
Humming a tune instead of singing a song
I'm a bird of a different feather
And by now you should know be better
Oh baby you're doing it wrong
You think you know how to please me
You think you've got what it takes
You've got the pedal to the medal
You should be applying the brakes
You seem to think you've got me figured out
You think you understand what I'm about
Oh baby you're doing it wrong
Whiskey's weak and you're coming on too strong
I'm hip to that old trick
You think you're really something slick?
Oh baby you're doing it wrong
You lose your mind trying to read my mind
That's not the way to win my heart
Can't you see it's the mystery that's the better part
Oh baby you're doing it wrong
Singing the words to the wrong damn song
I'm a bird of a different feather
And by now you should know be better
Oh baby you're doing it wrong

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