

Mystified

Damn Yankees

You don't have to love me baby
I don't give a damn
You've got the time I've got the touch
And you know who I am

It's simplified, I'm mystified
A case of hit and run
Ain't no use no more abuse
You are my number one
And I'm in love
I'm mystified, baby
Yeah, I'm in love
I'm mystified, baby
yeah, yeah, yeah

You're my kind of lover
You always keep me mystified

I'm in love
And I'm mystified, baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah, now
You're my kind of lover
You always keep me mystified

Well I get out of the kitchen
When I can't take the heat
What you've got cooking, hun
It's good enough to eat
Well, in walked the boss man
With a boom, boom, boom
He said, "Break time's over, boy,
Get back to pushin' that broom."

Well, that's the way it goes sometimes
He said "sweep!"
It's the story of my life
Whoa oh yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah now
You're my kind of lover (you're my kind of lover)
You always keep me mystified
You just keep it comin', babe
You always wanna keep me satisfied
You're my kind of lover (you're my kind of lover)
You always keep me mystified

Whoa oh oh oh

I don't mind pushing that broom baby
Long as I'm pushin' back towards you
mm mm, mm mm, ooh, say

Yeah, yeah, yeah, now
You're my kind of lover (you're my kind of lover)
You always keep me mystified
Yeah, you're my kind of lover, baby (you're my kind of lover)
You always wanna keep me satisfied

You're my kind of lover (you're my kind of)
Woah, oh--
You know you keep me mystified