

Don't It Make You Feel Good

Looking Glass

I come down on ya mama
I'm right on time
Got a head full of sugar
Bed full of sleepin' wine
Ain't nothin' but good lovin'
On my mind

Yes it's fine, fine, fine
Lord, it's fine

Got a girl that can waddle
She's alright
Got a hardworkin' woman
She cook all night
Just close your eyes now girl
Hang on tight

Yes it's fine, fine, fine
No promises
No lies

Just lovin' 'till sunrise
Ain't nothin' to understand
Just a good lookin' woman
And a hard workin' man

Fine, fine, fine
Lord, it's fine

Don't he make it real good?
Don't he make it real good?
Yeah, yeah I feel good

Don't he make it real good?
Don't he make it real good?
Don't he make it real good?
Don't he make it real good?