

All Buttoned Up

Richard Thompson

I got a girl, best girl in the world
But she won't give me a taste of it
Saving her bed, maidenhead
That's what I call a waste of it

Crosses her arms, to hide all her charms
Like she's living in a nunnery
Gives me a wink, drive me to drink
I know she's only making fun of me

She's all buttoned up
All buttoned up, no place to go

She don't mind a squeeze, if I say please
I might even manage a kiss of her
But I'll get a slap, if I sit her on my lap
I call that so remiss of her

She's all buttoned up
All buttoned up, no place to go

She hates the stuff I bring her
She wants diamonds on her finger
She wouldn't let me in
Frothing at the mouth and barking
On all fours like Rin Tin Tin

My girl Kate, she wants me to wait
But I got urges, don't I?
I got desires, raging fires
But I'll do the right thing, won't I?

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All buttoned up, no place to go

She changes with the weather
She keeps her knees together
But she dresses so racy
Drawing man into temptation
With everything silky, satiny, lacy

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