

Sticky Wicket

Al Jarreau

Careful baby
Careful darling

You got yourself
Into such a mess that
you can't get out
You made your own bed
So what the heck can you
complain about
You're seventeen but
You talk and you wiggle and walk like
you're twenty-four
Grown men weepin'
A ten point temperature
rise everywhere you go
And the fact is

You're so fine that you
fool the people
You're so fine that you're
foolin' me
You're so fine that you
fool the people
Ain't so fine when you
fool your own self baby
Look out

Such a mess
It's a funny situation
Sassiness
Got you up a tree
Sticky Wicket
Must confess
It's an inside instigation
No distress
You can talk to me
Seven-thirty
Morning Mr. Price what a
day for school
Bright and early
Perfect little disguise for
the folks you fool
Midnight passion
Ain't no surprise to me what
you're comin' to
There's red light flashin'
Look out you're goin' too fast,
what you gonna do

Such a mess...
...no distress
You can change it baby

London bridge is fallin' frightful sound
You can hear me callin' here's your crown
In the game you make a circle just to turn around