

# 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