

What Do We Got Here?

Dave Mason

She don't claim to be the perfect one
And I don't claim to be Sir Lancelot
We ain't sure when we're positive

It's likely that we'll sit here scratching our heads
She don't say that she loves me
And I don't send her no flowers

What do we got here?
What do we got here?
We've got something I'm not sure of
It ain't likely but I think they call it love
Well I think they call it love

She don't climb no trees for me
And I don't tell her she should
We don't sneak around or step on toes

Well we agree that that ain't good
Everybody thinks I'm crazy
And all her friends tell her to leave me alone