

Lover Boy Supreme

Dion

Well, if I was a doc, you'd never have to grow old
I'd be a special island on your heart and your soul
Come on baby, back on the scene
Now I ain't fakin' sweet things, I'm your lover boy supreme

If I was your baker man you'd never have to cry
I'd slip sweet honey in your bread, fine lovin' in your pie
Come on baby, yeah I'm back on the scene
I ain't fakin' baby, I'm your lover boy supreme

Well if I was your engine, now you'd surely get that spark
Be on the good condition, your battery be charged
Come on babe, yeah I'm back on the scene
I ain't fakin' sweet things, I'm your lover boy supreme

Can't stop it baby
Come to my side babe
Move with me babe, come on babe
You got it
Mmmmmmmmm

Ohhh la la
Ohhh la la babe
Ohh la la
Ohhh la

You wouldn't need no coffee, wouldn't need no cigarettes
I'd be loving you so good, you'd have to catch your breath
Come on baby, yeah I'm back on the scene
And I ain't fakin' sweet things, I'm your lover boy supreme

If I was a jockey, I'd teach you how to ride
So, jump in the middle baby, move from side to side
Come on baby, hey you're a doggone queen
I ain't fakin' sweet things, I'm your lover boy supreme

I go round and around and around and around
Move round and round yeah round and round
I can't stop it baby (I go round and around and around and around)
Come on over here, don't it feel so good? (Move round and round
, move round and round)
I said sweet thing, yeah you're a doggone queen
Now I ain't fakin' baby, I'm your lover boy supreme
(Yeah sweet thing)