

Katie

Kelly Jones

Katie got a ride home
She couldn't afford the fare
She offered the taxi driver
Her body then and there

The driver took advantage
The cab was dark and cold
Katie got her kicks that way
Searching for her soul

They'd say, oh, no, Katie
They'd say, shame on you
You'd say, what's your problem?
It's what I like to do

They'd say, oh, no, Katie
They'd say, shame on you
You'd say, what's your problem?
It's what I like to do, to do, to do

That night was dark in town
And the driver sweat and moaned
Katie looked over his shoulder
And faked her pleased groans

Katie stepped into the cold street
The rain was pouring down
She opened up her battered door
In this dirty town

They'd say, oh, no, Katie
They'd say, shame on you
You'd say, what's your problem?
It's what I like to do

They'd say, oh, no, Katie
They'd say, shame on you
You'd say, what's your problem?
It's what I like to do
To do, to do, to do, to do, to do
To do, to do, to do, to do