

Doing It Wrong

Leigh Nash

If you think you've got my number
You need to check your math
You think you know my type
You think I'm as simple as that
Baby better take a closer look
Cause baby you didn't write this book

Oh baby, you're doing it wrong
Humming the tune
Instead of singing the song
I'm a bird of a different feather
And by now you should know me better
Oh baby, you're doing it wrong

You think you know how to please me
You think you've got what it takes
You've got the pedal to the metal
You should be applying the brakes

You seem to think you've got me figured out

Think you understand what I'm about
Oh baby, you're doing it wrong
The whiskey is weak and you're coming on too strong
I'm hip to that old trick
You really think you're something slick
Oh baby, you're doing it wrong

You'll lose your mind trying to read mine
That's not the way to win my heart
Can't you see it's the mystery that's the better part?

Oh baby, you're doing it wrong
Singing the words to the wrong damn song
I'm a bird of a different feather
And by now you should know me better
Oh baby, you're doing it wrong