

H.T.H.D.T.G.T.

Wet Wet Wet

Yeah

Yeah

Baby, baby, come on keep it up

I found myself at the drugstore,
Baby rapping with my funky friends
Shed tears of joy for a soul of sadness, ah ah

My mind was made up now baby
But my mouth kept talking
What the hell am I gonna do,
Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby
How the hell did they get there, baby

I met this thing called Carrie
She kinda smoked those long French cigarettes (know what I mean boys)
She tried to get me upset
By saying silly little things

My mind was made up now baby
But my mouth kept talking
The hell am I gonna do,
Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby
How the hell did they get there, baby
How the hell did they
I say how the hell did they
How the hell did they get there, baby
Come on, keep it up

Um, No matter hard I try, try, try, try
Yes, I was Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti, Marti
Try a little tenderness,
Come on try, A little tenderness
Same thing
Makes you do wrong
Makes you do right, yeah, yeah, baby baby,
Come on Gimme some groove thing
Groove thing

Horns, horns

Oh try tender, ah oh

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Mind was made up now baby
But my mouth kept talking
What the hell am I gonna do,
Gonna do

I said how the hell did they get there, baby
How the hell did they get there, baby

The hell did they
I said how the hell did they
How the hell did they get there, baby
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
Get there baby,
Baby, baby
Gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
Get there baby,
Baby, baby, yeah
How the hell did they
I said how the hell did they,
I said how the hell did they,
Get there baby