

They Go Wild

I hate to talk about myself, but here's one time I must,
In confidence I trust, I'm bound to speak or bust!
It's funny how I get the girls, I never try at all.
I seem to hypnotize them, I'm bound to make them fall....

G D7 G
They go wild, simply wild, over me, They go mad, simply mad as they can be
G

For no matter where I'm at, All the ladies, get upset (thin or fat)
A

There's no one, but no one, (The tall ones, the small ones,)
D

Can drive them all like that. (I grab them all like that!)
G D7 G
Every night there's a fight over me, I don't know what it is that they can see
G

They just look at me and sigh (Each night when I get home)
A

In my arms they want to die (I have to choke the telephone)
G D G

They go wild, simply wild, over me

G A G D G
I've got so many pretty girls, I'll give a few away
D G

They bother me each day, They're leading me astray.
G A G D G

When other fellas get a girl, they never get a deal,
A D7

I always get my wimmin, I never have to steal.