

Ron Atkinson**"Bad Case Of Loving You By Robert Palmer"**

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Whoa yea!

Hot summer night fell like a net,
I haven't found my baby yet,
I need you, to soothe my head,
Turn my blue heart to red.

Doctor, doctor, give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you,
No pill's gonna cure my ills
I've got a bad case of lovin' you.

A pretty face don't mean no pretty heart,
I learned that, buddy from the start,
You think I'm cute, a little bit shy,
Momma, I ain't that kind of guy

Doctor, doctor, give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you,
No pill's gonna cure my ills
I've got a bad case of lovin' you.

Whoa yea!

I know how you like it, you like it on top,
But tell me, momma, are you gonna stop?

You had me down, 21 to zip,
Sign of Judas on your lip,
Shake my fist, knock on wood,
I got it bad, and I got it good.

Doctor, doctor, give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you,
No pill's gonna cure my ills
I've got a bad case of lovin' you.

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