

## Westworld

### "H.T.H.D.T.G.T"

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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

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