

UB 40**"Wear you to the ball"**

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I'm gonna wear you to the ball tonight
Put on your best dress tonight

Did you hear what the man said baby
Well be your best coz this gonna be a musical test
So come to school, and I take up the musical rule
Give me soul brothers and give me soul sisters
Come To I and maybe you can make it if you try
So be wise and be changing, put on your best
Because I got your musical key
Rub it baby, scrub it, yeah
Cause I'm tougher than tough
And that ain't no bluff
Maybe it's because I've got the musical stuff

I'm gonna make you the talk of the town
No use wearing a frown
Though those other guys may put you down
I'm gonna let you wear my crown
Though those other guys may put you down
You'll wear my crown

Wow. Chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow
chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow wow wow
Give me soul brothers and give me soul sisters
Don't beg for no mercy

Move it up, break it up!
Tell you bout it, it's good
Wow! she's got it, she's got it
She's got it, she's got it

Though those other guys may put you down
I'm gonna let you wear my crown

And we are going to have a musical ball
So get on the ball and don't stall
I beg you baby
Wow. Tell you about it, it's good

I'm gonna wear you to the ball tonight

Put on your best dress tonight

That's for sure

Play brand new musical discs from the flick of my wrist,
baby, Wow.

Tell you about it, she's got it

She's got it, she's got it Chick-a-bow

Chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow, chick-a-bow wow wow

I'm gonna wear you to the ball tonight

Put on your best dress tonight

I'm gonna make you the talk of the town

No use wearing a frown

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