

The Bar-Kays

"Maybe She Likes It"

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There once was a girl
Who married a boy
And he hit her
Over and over again and again
Concussion were plenty
And her Mama said "Baby,
That's not love, that's not love
That you pretend."

Maybe she likes it, maybe it feels like a kiss
Maybe she needs it, maybe she wants it like this,
Maybe she likes it

She cooked his food
And took his abuse
Without batting a blackened eyelid
Nobody knew why she kept going back
The way she did, oh the way she did

Maybe she likes it, maybe it feels like a kiss
Maybe she needs it, maybe she wants it like this,
Maybe she likes it

She'll keep going back
She'll keep going back to him
When she's under attack
She's still tattooed to his skin
She'll keep going back

Her father said
She won't learn a thing
Until she's dead, oh until she's dead
Her brow was stained with crimson red
From all the blows to the head

Maybe she likes it, maybe it feels like a kiss
Maybe she needs it, maybe she wants it like this,
Maybe she likes it

