

Jon English

"Love Goes On"

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One-two, one-two-three-four, one-two

Well-a, ooh-ee love goes on
Keep it to yourself like a dog with a bone
Your lover ain't never your friend
So pick yourself up, dust yourself off
And get kicked in the head again

Well, Jimmy Stud was the milkman's friend
He helped on the rounds now and again
He was fit, he was pretty, he sure got about
He pleased a lot of women 'til his wife found out
Then she got the house, the car and the kids
But Jimmy hit the bottle and slid into the skids
Fat alimony cheque to mail
Which he didn't so he went to gaol, that's right

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Well, Baxter Funt was a pal of mine
He liked the women and he liked the wine
Gave all his money to a gal named Jean
Who kicked him around and treats him mean
And she dresses slick, she spends it quick
She got a mother who looks like Moby Dick
Baxter dreams of a sunny day
When he'll just fff fade away, do it

Yeah, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-lah-lah-lah-lah
Do waddy, do what you want to
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-lah-lah-lah-dah
Do waddy, do it

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