

Kelly Jones "Katie"

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Katie got a ride home
She couldn't afford the fare
She offered the taxi driver
Her body then and there

The driver took advantage
The cab was dark and cold
Katie got her kicks that way
Searching for her soul

They'd say, "Oh no, Katie?"
They'd say, "Shame on you!"
You'd say, "What's your problem?"
It's what I like to do!"

They'd say, "Oh no, Katie?"
They'd say, "Shame on you!"
You'd say, "What's your problem?"
It's what I like to do"
To do, to do

The night was dark in town
Driver sweat and moaned
Katie looked over his shoulder
And faked her pleasure groan

Katie stepped into the cold street
The rain was pouring down
She opened up her battered door
In this dirty town

They'd say, "Oh no, Katie?"
They'd say, "Shame on you!"
You'd say, "What's your problem?"
It's what I like to do!"

They'd say, "Oh no, Katie?"
They'd say, "Shame on you!"
You'd say, "What's your problem?"
It's what I like to do"

To do, to do, to do, to do

To do, to do, to do, to do, to do

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