

Lyle Lovett "Make It Happy"

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I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

Well, I'm goin' to the grocery on the corner
For to buy me a coke and some gum
Well, I'm goin' to the grocery on the corner
I'm a drinkin' [Incomprehensible] son of a gun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

Well, I whistle when I'm walkin' in the summer
Well, I whistle in the spring and the fall
Well, I whistle when I'm walkin' in the winter
Or else I don't go walkin' at all

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

You know, I wake up early in the mornin'
You know, I work until my day is done
You know, when I come home late in the evenin'
I'm a happy son of a gun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
Slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her
And make it happy
Slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
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I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a

Slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

[Incomprehensible] to slap my baby on her

And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun

I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun
I'm a happy son of a gun

Slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I slap my baby on her
And make it fun

I slap my baby on her
And make it happy
I'm a happy son of a gun

And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun
And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun
And I mean, I'm a happy son of a gun

Now, now I'm too happy

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