

Connells "Doin' You"

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Words and Music: George Huntley

I wouldn't bet the whale that I'd ever see

The juvenile in your eyes like the one I see.

No I wouldn't climb the highs thinking that I'd find

A reason for honesty without even tryin'.

Doin' you and being new upon it.

Seeing your fog and drive on through it.

Being you with your creature comfort.

Doin' you is like doin' time.

I wouldn't buy you time if it was for sale.

Might sic my dog on your if you brought the mail.

Don't you dream of happiness when you're feeling
blue?

Never see modesty from the likes of you.

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