

## Simon Carly

### "You Know What To Do"

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The night is filled with pretty girls  
Dancing shoes and flying hair  
Not one of them woul refuse  
To follow you up the stairs  
You could have your pick of them  
Why decide to pick on me  
You promised me you'd stay away  
You promise me you'd set me free  
Pounding of my heart  
Trembling of my hands  
Somethings I'll just never understand

Chorus  
You know what to do to me  
You know what it does to me  
You know what to do to me  
You know what it does to me  
You know what to do

The night is filled with shooting stars  
I watch them fall cause I can't sleep  
I pray that you won't call at all  
I'm still awake at ten to three  
I hear your motorcycle roar  
You pull up short outside my door  
I don't know how I got outside  
I don't know why I'm on this ride  
We make love like a house on fire  
We make love like dogs gone mad  
Somethings I'll just never understand

Chorus

Punding of my heart  
Trembling of my hands  
Somethings I'll just never understand

Chorus

