

Sheila E. "Next Time Wipe the Lipstick Off Your Collar"

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You don't have to send me flowers like you used to do
You don't have to buy me candy, I'll still be your fool
All I ask is for a little decency and class
Next time wipe the lipstick off your collar

You don't have to take me dancing, our backyard will
do
We don't have to eat to fancy, hamburgers are cool
I don't care if you stay out until the break of dawn
Next time wipe the lipstick off your collar

Can't you understand, I want a true love man?
Can't you comprehend, I want a lover, not a friend?

I don't care for sugar-coated flattery, French kiss will
suffice
Blame our sex on your run-down battery, holding you is
nice
I know when you're lying, baby, there's no need to
scream
There's no need to shout
Next time wipe the lipstick off your collar

If you weren't so tired, baby, we'd be on the floor
We'd be makin' love right now, ooh
Next time wipe the lipstick off your collar

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