

Sylvia

"My Thing"

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CHORUS:

I don't want nobody in the world,
Messin' around with my thing,
My sweet, tender, lovin', groovy thing.
(She don't want nobody in the world,
Messin' around with her thing.)
Hands off you hear me.
Leave my thing alone.

I told you girl, he's my special prize.
When I turn my back,
You want to try him on for size.

[CHORUS]

Into each life, some rain must fall.
If I catch you messin' with mine,
You won't have no life at all.

'Cause you won't want nobody in the world,
Messin' around with your thing (Your thing, your thing)
And likewise,
I wouldn't want nobody in the world,
Messin' around with my thing (My thing, my thing)
Leave my thing alone.

(Instrumental like beginning)

To Fadeout:

I don't want nobody in the world,
Messin' around with my thing,
My sweet, tender, lovin', groovy thing.

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