

John Travolta % Olivia Newton-John "Seven Years"

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It's been seven years down the road
I got no more tears in me left to flow
Since I did my baby wrong
She left me lonely for so long

Now I'm out here on my own
Lord won't you please bring my baby home?

Lord won't you please
bring my baby home
Lord won't you please bring my baby home?

It goes one for the treble
two for the bass
Used to mess with this girl way back in the day
She was from the peace days and she went both ways
yea, the girl was a freak
I used to call her Monique
And before we even spoke about knockin' the boots
she said her names been changed to avoid law suits
So now wer'e gettin' down to the nitty of the gritty
She brought her friend 'round and DAMN she was
pretty!

Betty was twisted
said her number was listed
grabbed my love two fisted
hugged and kissed it
she said "one in the hand is worth two in the bush"
but when push came to shove yo I had my own theories

World series of love
It's two on one
when I got caught with a smokin' gun.
His wifey came home and she bursted in
Now I'm lookin' for my heart like it's made from tin

The road that I travel ain't got yellow bricks
my old woman thinks that all men are pricks
then she flipped the script
she's puttin' lip to lip

everytime I think about it I just lose my grip

I've been up and I've been down
I've been high and I've been low
I've been square and I've been round
I've been fast and I've slow
I've been cool and I've been calm
I've been kind and I've been crass
I held the whole world right in my palm
I tried to spread it around but it sure went fast

Oh won't you please bring my baby home?
Lord won't you please bring my baby home
(repeat repeat repeat)

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