## Marx Richard "What's Wrong With That"

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I may be rotten to the core,
And stop me if you think I am,
A kid in a candy store,
The same as any dirty old man.
I know I'm not the first to see.
I guarantee I'm not the last,
So take some good advice from me:
Just try it once before you ask.

I hear an enticing voice.
(L:ive it up, live it up, do it now, boy.)
I don't like the other choice.
(Live it up, live it up.)

What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with the fountain of youth?
What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with a little self delusion?

Who you think is foolin' who? And who will be the last to laugh? Here's another lame excuse: You're old enough to be her dad.

I've heard all the reasons why.
(Give it up, give it up, take a powder.)
I turn them my blindest eye.
(Give it up, give it up.)

What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with the fountain of youth?
What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with a little self delusion?
What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with a flower in bloom?
What's wrong with that?
What's wrong with a little self delusion?

Days don't hide secrets of the heart. Only you and I do. Little white lies rip you right apart, And anyway they want to.
Life goes by, done before you start.
I can't wait around to satisfy you. [Guitar Interlude]
[Repeat Chorus]

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