

Nothing Wrong With You

You sit at home, girl
On a Saturday night
You and the TV
Till the early light

There's nothing wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with you
A little love won't fix.

You say you've had it
With the opposite sex
You'd rather shack up
With Tyrannosaurus Rex

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I've seen it happen again and again
Men give up on women, and women swear off men
And then in a moment
One breath of desire
Will kindle the ashes into a raging fire

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A little love won't fix.

Now you don't believe me
I see in your eyes
You think I'm reciting the usual lies.
Well, look a little deeper
And you might see
I know I ain't lying
'Cause it's happening to me

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There's nothing wrong with you
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