

The Joker

Some people call me the space cowboy, yeah
Some call me the gangster of love
Some people call me Maurice
Cause I speak of the pompituous of love

People talk about me, baby
Say I'm doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong
Well, don't you worry baby
Don't worry
Cause I'm right here, right here, right here, right here at home

Cause I'm a picker
I'm a grinner
I'm a lover
And I'm a sinner
I play my music in the sun

I'm a joker
I'm a smoker
I'm a midnight toker
I sure don't want to hurt no one

I'm a picker
I'm a grinner
I'm a lover
And I'm a sinner
I play my music in the sun

I'm a joker
I'm a smoker
I'm a midnight toker
I get my lovin' on the run
Wooo Wooooo

You're the cutest thing
That I ever did see
I really love your peaches
Want to shake your tree
Lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey all the time
Ooo-eee baby, I'll sure show you a good time

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