

You Better Ask

Styx

I met a little girl sittin' in the front
pardon me miss for seeming quite so blunt
but your beauty and your presence
just took me by surprise

she said there's a meaning in my sexy stare
but that's my old man that's sittin' over there
and that's not the look of love that he's got for you in his eyes

you know what you've gotta do
there's no one else to blame but you
nobody's gonna tell you so next time you just had better ask

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I took her home and we was doing nip and tuck
how was I to know that I was out of luck
and before I knew it, the devil took my soul

in two weeks time it seemed to be the steady con
she told me "you're about to be a papa, John"
and I just looked around and tried to crawl into the nearest hole

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[instrumental solos]

well, in two more weeks I started feelin' sore
I found myself waiting at my doctor's door
he said, "son I'm sorry but I've got some slightly less than tragic news

"yeah, it seems you've been sociable with certain she's
cause you've contracted what we call a social disease
and next time you better ask and use it, no don't refuse"

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