Next time I sing a ballad And they say that I'm too pop What the hell If it gets me to the top Next time I'll be handsome Or pretty at least I will have big muscles I'll lay on the beach Next time I'll paint pictures Like a real Van Gogh Wear little black hats Hang my cigarettes so low Sit in French cafes Drinking French Pernod Next time gigolo Next time we go Next time, next time, next time Ooh next time, next time Next time I'll be full blooded 'Stead of half-cherokee-woo I'll put on my warpaint And they'll listen to me Next time I'll tell my mama With a baby on my knee - (Say gay) I'll sweep and clean and dress my dream Kick that broke down washing machine Next time, next time, next time Ooh next time, next time Next time I'll be kinder And I'll be tougher too I won't worry half as much And neither will you But for now I've got to go On and strut my stuff I'll sing my song and swing along Tomorrow I'll be better off next time Next time, next time, next time Ooh next time, next time No no next time Wop, bob a loo bop bam Next time Anyone here seen Ray Charles James Brown