

Can't Get No Booty

Stephen Stills

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I can't see it anyway
Because I've always been such an easy prey
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Try'n and try'n again
No matter how hard I shake my tail feather in your face
All I can think of it's such a disgrace
There's so much good man goin' to waste

Maybe it's because of the clothes I wear
Maybe it's the Palmade on my hair
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Is it the way I talk
Maybe it's the way I walk
Is it the way I think
Maybe it's just the way I speak

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Having trouble seeing through your shades
What you been reading 'bout me in the trades?
Trying to make myself perfectly clear
It's not the inches, it's the engineer

And when I'm running my strongest way
What is the feeling that you can't fake
Maybe it's the tattoo on my face
Maybe it's that I just know my place

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