

Good Luck, Babe!

Boots-cats-boots-cats

B, T, A: Dun, dun, dun... (staccato)

S: Do, do, do...

(B&T: dun, dun, dun...)

A & S: It's fine, it's cool

You can say that we are nothing, but you know the truth

And guess I'm the fool

With her arms out like an angel through the car sunroof

(B&T: I don't) A&T: I don't wanna call it off

(You don't) But you don't wanna call it love

(You) You only wanna be the one that (All) I call "baby"

(All) You can kiss a hundred boys in bars

Shoot another shot, try to stop the feeling

You can say it's just the way you are

Make a new excuse, another stupid reason

Good luck, babe, well, good luck, babe

(B&T: Good luck well good luck well good luck well good luck)

You'd have to stop the world just to stop the feeling

Good luck, babe, well, good luck, babe

(B&T: Good luck well good luck well good luck well good luck)

You'd have to stop the world just to stop the feeling

(A&S: Oohs)

B&T: I'm cliché, who cares?

It's a sexually explicit kind of love affair

And I cry, it's not fair

(B&T: Ahs) A&S: I just need a little lovin', I just need a little air

(A&S: Think I'm) B&T: Think I'm gonna call it off

(A&S: Even) Even if you call it love

(A&S: I just) I just wanna love someone who (All) calls me "baby"

CHORUS

(B&T: Ahs)

A&S: When you wake up next to him in the middle of the night

With your head in your hands, you're nothing more than his wife

And when you think about me, all of those years ago

You're standing face to face with "I told you so"

You know I hate to say, "I told you so"

You know I hate to say, but, I told you so

CHORUS

You'd have to stop the world just to stop the feeling

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