

# Slappin' The Cakes On Me

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I walked in, sat down  
Took my sutomary look around  
I saw a fine young thin heading straight my eyes  
And before I could think if something slick to say

She sat right down and said, "Yes, you may"  
She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend  
She was slappin' the cakes on me  
She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend

She was slappin' the cakes on me as any fool could plainly see  
She was full of feminie expertise  
She was on her toes, I was on my knees  
She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend  
She was slappin' the cakes on me

I was mute, I was mum, I was trying not look too dumb  
I said I certainly hope you won't misconstrue  
But perhaps we could have a little drink or two  
I said, "What's your pleasure?", she said, "Guys like you"

We walked out hand in hand, exactly as the lady planned  
Then I moved in with my smoothest line  
I said, "Look here woman, what's your sign?"  
Later for that your place or mine

She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend  
She was slappin' the cakes on me  
She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend  
She was slappin' the cakes on me as any fool could plainly see

She was a ruthless master of poetry  
She was over my head, I was out of my league  
She was slappin' the cakes on me, my friend  
She was slappin' the cakes on me

Now to tell you the truth that's exactly what happened  
Just the other night when this lady started  
She was slappin' the cakes on me  
She was slappin' the cakes on me