Babyface, Whip Appeal

Somebody told me
There'd be trouble at home
'Cause we never talk a lot
When we spend time alone
So how are we supposed to know
Know when something is wrong
Well, we've got a right to communicate
It keeps a happy home

And no one does it like me
And no one but you
Has that kind of whip appeal on me

Keep on whippin' on me
Work it on me
Whip all your sweet sad lovin' on me
Keep on whippin' on me
Work it on me
Whip all your sweet sad lovin' on me

When we go to work
How the day seems so long
The only thing I think about
Can't wait 'til we get home
'Cause we got a way of talking
And it's better than words
It's the strangest kind of relationship
Oh, but with us it always works

And no one does it like me
And no one but you
Has that kind of whip appeal on me

Whatever you want
It's alright with me
'Cause you've got that whip appeal
So work it on me
It's better than love
Sweet as can be
You've got that whip appeal
So whip it on me

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Work it on me
Whip all your sweet sad lovin' on me
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[HOOK x4]

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