

# Dolly Parton, Whatcha Tryin' To Do To Me

(Dolly Parton)

Oh look at you boy, look at them jeans  
Cutest little buttfull I've ever seen  
I'd like to find you under my tree  
Whatcha tryin' to do to me, huh?  
Hey look at them boots, look at that hat  
You can get in big trouble lookin' like that  
Flirtin' like mad, talkin' that trash  
You could make a good girl go bad real fast

Chorus:

Whatcha tryin' to do  
Whatcha tryin' to do  
Whatcha tryin' to do anyhow  
I ain't made of steel but if looks could kill  
Well I'd 've been dead by now  
Tell me whatcha tryin' to do to me

Look at that smile, look at them eyes  
All lit up like Christmas lights  
When you land on my roof tonight  
Well here's what you better be  
Well you'd better be fit, you'd better be prime  
Cause I'm gonna ring your Christmas chime  
When you climb down my chimney  
Do whatcha you know only you can do to me

Repeat Chorus

I said ooh, what a thrill but if looks could kill  
Well I'd 've been dead by now  
Tell me whatcha tryin' to do  
Whatcha tryin' to do  
Whatcha tryin' to do to me