

By Michael Franks

Love, when we touch I shiver

Just body language can you blame it

My love's like a raging river

And I think you're the one to tame it

You, you're the quiet, shy type

You always whisper never shout it

Ooh, Baby, you are my type

Why don't you tell me all about it

I got ways to make you

Make you tell me all about it

That's what I'm gonna do

Till you tell me all about it

Making love till you do

Till you tell me all about it

(Musical Interlude)

Me, I'm a lousy loner

Just call my number come be near me

Me, I'm a soulful moaner

Stay chez moi so you can hear me

You, you're the quiet shy type

You always whisper never shout it

Ooh, Baby, you are my type

Why don't you tell me all about it

(Background singers repeat:

I got ways to make you, make you tell me all about it

That's what I'm gonna do, till you tell me all about it

Making love till you do, till you tell me all about it)

I got ways

I got some special ways

I got some very special ways to make you tell me

Baby, baby

(Scat)

Tell me, tell me

I got ways to make you

Make you love me

(Background singers change to:

That's exactly what I'm,

That's what I'm gonna do, till you tell me all about it

We won't stop making love,

Making love till you do, till you tell me all about it

I got some ways,

I got ways to make you, make you tell me all about it)

Ooh, tell me that you love me

Tell me all about it, Baby

(Scat)

Tell me, Baby, that you love me...