

# What Ya Doin' Here

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Big filthy city, bright bright neon lights  
Duck down an alley, think I'll check out the sights  
Can't believe I hear...what ya doin here?

Last time I saw you we were at the senior prom  
I was so proud to have you on my arm  
Yes, it's been years...what ya doin here?

What ya doin in this place, in those high, high heels and that painted face  
I hope that this is all a big mistake  
Why you coming on so strong, it creeps me out and it feels all wrong  
So I've got to ask you, what ya doin here?

You went off to college so that you could get ahead  
I stayed at home so I could earn my daily bread  
Please don't call me dear...what ya doin here?

What ya doin in this place, in that short, short skirt with the low, low waist  
The scenario sure looks like it's worst case  
Why you coming on so strong, it creeps me out and it feels all wrong  
Please answer me, just what ya doin here?

I always hoped that you'd come back to me  
And that we would work together, raise a family  
But it weren't meant to be, and from what I can see  
You should start shedding tears bout what you're doin here!!!

What ya doin in this place, in those high, high heels and that painted face  
I wish that this was all a big mistake  
Why you coming on so strong, it creeps me out and it feels all wrong  
Still I've got to ask you, what ya doin here?  
Yes, I've got to ask you, what ya doin here?