

Spill Canvas, The "Catching Sparks"

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Slip, trip, and fall.
Well, I'm down for the count.
I can feel the numbing in my fingertips.
I'm catching sparks,
And they're tickling my cheeks,
From the chemistry between us.

The colored lights are spilling on your face,
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless.
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race.
Please don't stop me 'cause I need this. (Need this.)

I'm floating, I can feel it.
Higher and higher.
I'm floating, I can feel it.
Seventeen inches off the ground.

Slip, trip, and kiss me.
I'm gaining back my senses,
Tasting the air that surrounds you. (Surrounds you.)
I'm catching sparks,
And they're tickling my cheeks,
From the chemistry between us.

The colored lights are spilling on your face,
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless.
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race.
Please don't stop me 'cause I need this.

I'm floating, I can feel it.
Higher and higher.
I'm floating, I can feel it.
Seventeen inches off the ground.

I place my hand behind the small of your back and
we're dancing.
(Dancing, dancing, dancing.)
I place my hand behind the small of your back and
we're dancing. (Dancing.)
We're dancing. (Dancing.)
I place my hand behind the small of your back and

we're dancing. (Dancing)
We're dancing. (Dancing.)
I place my hand behind the small of your back and
we're dancing.
We're dancing.
I place my hand behind the small of your back and
we're dancing.

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