

Curtis Hoback

"Apron strings"

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Just wanna be friends, I wanna stay free
I pack up and I go whenever I please
I need your love, but you clipped my wings
'Cause I wanna be tied, I wanna be tied...
To your apron strings
Well, you hold my hand, it burns like fire
You kiss my lips and the plane goes higher
Such a lucky devil to have a little angel like you
Well, you tell me yes and then you tell me no
Then you turn right around and say, "You gotta go"
Such a lucky devil to have a little angel like you
Then I kiss you goodnight, then what do I do
I hurry on home, to dream about you
Well, it's crazy I know, but just one of those things
I wanna be tied, I wanna be tied...
To your apron strings

Then I kiss you goodnight, then what do I do
I hurry straight home, to dream about you
Well, it's crazy I know, but just one of those things
I wanna be tied, I wanna be tied...
To your apron strings
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And you kiss my lips and the plane goes higher
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