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Bruce Springsteen "Crush On You"

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My feets were flyin' down the street just the other night When a Hong Kong special pulled up at the light What was inside, man, was just c'est magnifique I wanted to hold the bumper and let her drag me down the street.

Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you tonight

Sometimes I spot a little stranger standing 'cross the room

My brain takes a vacation just to give my heart more room

For one kiss, darling I swear everything I would give Cause you're a walking, talking reason to live

Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you tonight

Well now she might be the talk of high society She's probably got a lousy personality She might be a heiress to Rockefeller She might be a waitress or a bank teller She makes the Venus de Milo look like she's got no style

She makes Sheena of the Jungle look meek and mild I need a quick shot, Doc, knock me off my feet Cause I'll be minding my own business walking down the street... watchout!

Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you Ooh, ooh I gotta crush on you tonight

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