

Beverley Mitchell

"Two Of A Kind"

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How can you stand this waiting around
For the telephone to ring
You want him bad but you can't let it show
'cos you are scared of losing him
He lets you down when he stands you up
And you swear he's history
'cos you've got to choice
When you hear his voice saying,
Make love to me, make love to me
One more time
He keeps you on the borderline
He's got a one track mind
And I can see by your smile
That you're two of a kind
You're two of a kind

You say it's only a matter of time
And there must be someone else
You wanna trust in his promises
But you'll never fool yourself
Now you're reading into his every move
Like he only tells you lies
And then you're on the phone
And he's on his own sayin
"come round tonight, make love to me"

One more time
He keeps you on the borderline
He's got a one track mind
And I can see by your smile
That you're two of a kind
You're two of a kind
Two of a kind
Two of a kind ...

One more time
He keeps you on the borderline
He's got a one track mind
And I can see by your smile
That you're two of a kind
He's got you on the borderline

He keeps you on the borderline
He's got a one track mind
And I can see by your smile
That you're two of a kind.

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