

Bird York

"Wicked little high"

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You're a wrong turn
A big fat No
You're the fifth drink before a long drive home
You're the thing to avoid
The bars to my cage
You're all I think about everyday
You've got that thing
That my wildest dreams are made of
You set my world on fire

I die everytime you walk by
I can't hide that I'm drawn to you
Desire is such a wicked little high
When the one you want is blind to you

You're the third scoop
The second pack
You're the reason for therapy
Why I should go back
Hey Mister Wrong
You're the tingle in my jeans
You're everything I don't want
But everything I need
I see other guys
But their kisses don't mean nothin'
'cause you're what I have in mind
I die everytime you walk by
I can't hide that I'm drawn to you
Desire is such a wicked little high
When the one you want is blind to you

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You're the fifth drink before a long drive

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