

Bob Schneider

"Better"

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To feel your poison tongue
Your winter lips upon me
To stain the floor with our bodies nothin' could be any

Better, better, better

Baby, so close to Heaven
Do you like the way, the way I dance? I'm dancin' for
you
And all I need is for you to make everythin'

Better, better, better

For if you would've dropped me on the ground

I don't know if I would bounce back or breakdown
I don't think I could feel any

Better, better, better

And all I want is just a little more
And all I need is your correction
'Cause all I have is nothin' could be and nothin' would
be

Better, better, better

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