

## **Gin Wigmore** **"Under My Skin"**

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Sunday dreamers end up last  
Fixing holes in sunken past  
Please don't blame me for my lies  
Just to keep him by my side  
I don't mind if papa cares or  
Even if my mama stares  
Step right in  
Look right through  
I beg you get to think the way I do

And I got  
You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
And I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
And I got you over my lips  
And I got you under my skin

Picture this through cherry bloom  
Such a crime becoming two when  
Firecrackers shoot my mind  
Into such a spin I cry from  
All these secrets  
We have shaded  
You helped make them  
I helped play them  
Over and over in my mind  
I beg you get to think the way I do

And I got you  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
And I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
And I got you over my lips  
And I got you under my skin

And I got  
You

I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin

Oooooooh  
Come on dance, come on dance  
Ahhh, wohooooo

Come on dance, come on dance  
Ahhh, wohooooo

Kick those shoes off  
Come on dance  
Ye who  
Wooooohooo  
One, two, three and come with me

I got  
You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
And I got you  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
And I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
I got you over my lips  
I got you under my skin  
And I got  
You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin

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