

Idy "Jersey Girls Do It Better"

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Does she have the fever
Coursing through her veins
It's changing her demeanor
Makes her "SUPA" crazy
Flailing her arms about
A crowded scene, dancing
Sweating beads down her back
Soaks those sexy panties

What exactly should I say?
What exactly should I say?
It's as if my heart bled these words right onto this very
page
I seal my intentions with a stamp and shoot it out your
way
I will shoot it out your way
Quit acting like a stupid bitch
Would you once just live for the day?
Won't you once live for the day?
I know you're better than this, so be...

Could she be my savior
Despite my behavior
Or is she the harlot
Impossible to love
Coursing through my liver
This dialogue delivers
Words painted by liquor
Meant to compliment her
These lights under a disco ball
And, she starts to fall
In love, or maybe lust
In the backseat she'll blush

And, my heart is in the glove box while she gets her
groove on

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