

## Carina Round "Four To The Floor"

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( Miles Hunt )

It was warm when we met  
She said 'boy you'd regret it  
Should you ever leave my side'

It was cold when I split  
My heart had turned to shit  
And I was having 'that' trouble with my mind

I said 'girl I'll call you tomorrow'  
She said 'yeah, you & Benecio del Toro'

But you're such a lucky girl  
To have been a part of my sick world  
And I leave with no sickness or sorrow

But ooohhh if I ever missed a beat it was yours  
ooohhh if I ever missed a beat it was yours  
You're four to the floor  
Well I thought if I stayed then  
We'd both get waylaid  
And our hearts & hopes would swallow us whole

Yeah they may mock & joke  
But they could never call us nervous folk  
Not for the way we chose go on

Cos girl we could beg, steal & borrow  
And drink like our legs have gone hollow

And I'm such a lucky man  
To've been the one to understand  
I leave with no sickness or sorrow

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