

Carolina Rain "Get Outta My Way"

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Hey, step aside brother, you're blockin' my view.
But let me pretend I'm talkin' to you,
(Talkin' to you.)
'Cause I'm lookin' at her, an' I like what I see.
No, don't turn around, she's lookin' at me.
(Lookin' at me.)
Yeah, she knows I know,
Well, you know:

I gotta go before she runs like a fast little filly,
She's a five alarm fire, a hot bowl of chilli,
An' she's burnin' a hole in this hillbilly.
An' I can't let her get away.
I gotta say somethin' kinda funny, just a little bit crazy,
That'll make her want to think about bein' my baby,
'Cause I know what I want and I ain't waitin' all day,
So hey, get outta my way.

(Na, na na na, na na na na, na na na na.)

I know I drove you here, but, well could you find a ride home?
'Cause I'm a man on a mission, gotta go it alone.
(Go it alone.)
Here's a ten for a cab, an' you can finish my beer.
'Cause she's into me; I'm into her an' we're outta here.
(We're outta here.)
Yeah, she knows I know,
Well, c'mon, you know:

I gotta go before she runs like a fast little filly,
She's a five alarm fire, a hot bowl of chilli,
An' she's burnin' a hole in this hillbilly.
An' I can't let her get away.
I gotta say somethin' kinda funny, just a little bit crazy,
That'll make her want to think about bein' my baby,
'Cause I know what I want and I ain't waitin' all day,
So hey, get outta my...

Wait a minute, what's she doin' now?
She's puttin' her coat on,
Wavin' her keys, lookin' at me:

All right, goodnight, gotta go be...

...fore she runs like a fast little filly,
She's a five alarm fire, a hot bowl of chilli,
An' she's burnin' a hole in this hillbilly.
An' I can't let her get away.
I gotta say somethin' kinda funny, just a little bit crazy,
That'll make her want to think about bein' my baby,
'Cause I know what I want and I ain't waitin' all day,
So hey, get outta my way.
Ah.

Before she runs like a fast little filly,
She's a five alarm fire, a hot bowl of chilli,
An' she's burnin' a hole in this hillbilly.
An' I can't let her get away.
I gotta say somethin' kinda funny, just a little bit crazy,
That'll make her want to think about bein' my baby,
'Cause I know what I want and I ain't waitin' all day,
So hey, get outta my way.

(Before she runs like a fast little filly,)
(She's a five alarm fire, a hot bowl of chilli,)
(An' she's burnin' a hole in this hillbilly.)
An' I can't let her get away.

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