Marc Broussard "Only Everything"

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I love your body handle when you move your hips Your lips are honey, you've a candy flavoured kiss Baby you're sweet luck Sunday afternoon I'm going crazy 'cause I'm crazy over you

Let's go to Vegas and we'll make love In a heart shape hot tube baby So tell your mama that the game's up This is real love Let me tell you now

What you are to me Is only everything, everything, baby What you are to me is only everything

So listen honey
Let's sit under the apple tree
And we'll say anything
Kiss until the morning
'Cause what you are to me
Is only everything, everything, baby

Don't wanna wake up in the morning without you Go back to bed so I can dream about you Look at the clock, girl, I can't wait till you get home I love to hear your message playing on my telephone

What you are to me Is only everything, everything, baby What you are to me is only everything

So listen honey
Let's sit under the apple tree
And we'll say anything
Kiss until the morning
'Cause what you are to me
Is only everything, everything

Oh, you are the only one who can make me feel The way that I feel for you No one can ever replace the way you are Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Everything, everything Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Everything, everything

What you are to me Is only everything, everything, baby What you are to me is only everything

Let's sit under the apple tree And we'll say anything What you are to me Is only everything, everything, baby

Oh you're everything Baby you're everything Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Everything, everything Baby you're everything Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Baby you're everything Everything, everything You're my everything Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Listen baby, you're everything Everything, everything What you are is only everything Oh oh oh, oh oh oh Baby you're everything Let me tell what you are to me

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