Natasha Bedingfield
"Tricky Angel"

I like to think I know how to look out for myself
I've got ways and means to filter wrong guys out
When the B.S. meter is slamming into the red
I just walk away 'cause I'm not interested

I've never met a boy who didn't hit on me
I did not suspect reverse psychology
You know, if you'd knocked I wouldn't have let you in
How'd you get the code to my security system

I think some tricky angel
Just knocked me on the head
Made me look at you different
Made me see some sense
Tricky angel got me falling
Without my consent
And I'm so glad he did
'cause I didn't know you were heaven sent

I was writing you off, making a huge mistake
His intervention rescued us from fate
I don't know how, but somehow you got me down
You just broke into me and ignored that it wasn't
allowed

Someone's being sneaky, sneaky
'cause I'm so hard to please
I was so picky, picky
So cupid take the boxes for me

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Under the radar

You slipped into my heart
You gave me a taste for
What I didn't know that I wanted
When I wasn't looking
You did what I least expected
Tiptoed in while I was sleeping
And I'm wide awake now

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