

The Spill Canvas "Catching Sparks"

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"Catching Sparks"

Slip, trip, and fall..
Well I'm down for the count,
I can feel the numbing in my fingertips.
I'm catching sparks,
And they're tickling my cheeks,
From the chemistry between us.

The colored lights are spilling on your face,
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless.
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race..
Please don't stop 'cause I need this!

I'm floating..
I can feel it..
Higher and higher!
I'm floating..
I can feel it..
Seventeen inches off the ground!

Slip, trip, and kiss me!
Oh I'm gaining back my senses,
tasting the air that surrounds you!
I'm catching sparks,
And they're tickling my cheeks,
From the chemistry between us.

The colored lights are spilling on your face
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race
Please don't stop 'cause I need this!

I'm floating..
I can feel it..
Higher and higher!
I'm floating..
I can feel it..
Seventeen inches off the ground!

I place my hand behind the small of your back
and we're dancing..(dancing..dancing..dancing..)

I place my hand behind the small of your back
and we're dancing..(dancing)..we're dancing..(we're
dancing)

I place my hand behind the small of your back
and we're dancing! (we're dancing!) we're dancing!
(we're dancing!)

I place my hand behind the small of your back
and we're dancing! we're dancing!

I place my hand behind the small of your back
and we're dancing..

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