

Alanna Wilson

"Spnnin My Tires"

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Got a little red Chevy, a '59,
Sittin just out there in the drive,
Boy she's got some attitude,
Put the pedal to the floor,
Burn some rubber,
Fast as hell, and I just love her,
Though lovin ain't the kinda thing I do.

My touch, a little like barbed wire,
Come round, I'll be spinning my tires,
Boy you bit off more than you could chew,
Sprayin up gravel, kickin up dust,
There ain't nothin left of us,
No boy there ain't no more me and you,
Got burned cause you played with fire,
If you come round I'll be spinnin my tires.

Like a wild mustang,
You won't be tamin this thang,
Yeah you got yourself to thank,
Used to be a gentle lover,
But now, there's nothin left of her,
Used to give but now I take.

My touch, a little like barbed wire,
Come round, I'll be spinning my tires,
Boy you bit off more than you could chew,
Sprayin up gravel, kickin up dust,
There ain't nothin left of us,
No boy there ain't no more me and you,
Got burned cause you played with fire,
If you come round I'll be spinnin my tires.

Used to want a ring on my finger,
Now I'm a bee with a painful stinger,
So you better run boy, while you still can,
My kiss is a lethal drug,
And this lovin it don't mean much,
Cause I don't need a man.

My touch, a little like barbed wire,
Come round, I'll be spinning my tires,

Boy you bit off more than you could chew,
Sprayin up gravel, kickin up dust,
There ain't nothin left of us,
No boy there ain't no more me and you,
Got burned cause you played with fire,
If you come round I'll be spinnin my tires,
Don't come round, don't come round, don't come
round, boy!

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