

Amy Heffernan "Creepin' Me Out"

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Oh no. Heâ€™s looking at me
Mr. juice monkey, tatted out
Just another wannabe
Got that look on his face
Spot it a mile away
Heâ€™s got to get in, get on, get out
And get back to the chase

And now heâ€™s asking me for my number

CHORUS

Youâ€™re the kind of guy that could make me like girls
Youâ€™re the kind of guy makes me wish I stayed
home
Youâ€™re the kind of guy makes me wish I wore more
clothes
Youâ€™re the kind of guy Iâ€™ll never put in my phone
So quit asking me for my number
Youâ€™re creepin me out

No I donâ€™t want to dance
And I can buy my own drink
If youâ€™re a big deal, big man
Then why you such a little dink

Quit asking me for my number

CHORUS

Give me a break seriously you havenâ€™t got a clue
If they had a dirt bag contest then the winner would be
you
Uh Huh

Na na na na na na na na nahâ€¦
You better go ht the bricks cuz I just might
Lose my heels, hold my rings, Iâ€™m not playing nice
Do you really want to take this outside
Donâ€™t think I wonâ€™t kick your ass in a fist fight

CHORUS

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