

Beneath The Sheets "Cold Feet"

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The winter hits and all of our hearts grow cold
I think you know, I think you know
I need a new star I can gravitate towards
I wanna know how you perform

This would be better if we
Could work together to turn the heat back up in here
Dance closer to me
This would be better if we
Could turn the heat back up in here
I find it hard to shake it with cold feet

The dancehall opens and we all rush the floor
I think you know just what I want (so what the hell you
waiting for?)
Bright shirt, tight jeans, high heels she's ready to go
Girl you're on fire, now bring it home

Girl, do your thing

I will be the last to admit
But girl you got me wrapped around, wrapped around,
round your finger
I will be the last to admit
Girl you got me hanging on every word that falls off
those precious lips

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