

## Rodney Atkins "Sing Along"

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Yeah.

If you could read my mind, you might slap my face.  
If you could see inside my heart, you'd see it's in the  
right place.

See, it's like bunnies in a Bramble, or honey bees in a  
hive.  
Whenever I'm beside you, that's my paradise.  
Might be a twisted way of sayin', I ain't proud, an' no  
offence,  
But I been thinkin' 'bout you, baby, in the future tense.

We'll take it slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.  
Yeah, we'll get tighter than your grandma's girdle.  
Oh, I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.  
If you're feelin' what I'm singin', baby: sing along.

Ain't no moonshine maker, ain't no man of the cloth.  
Ain't no kangaroo lawyer, but I will get you off.  
'Cause anything worth doin's worth doin' again,

An' again, an' again, an' when,

We're dancin' slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.  
Gettin' tighter than your grandma's girdle.  
Oh, I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.  
If you're feelin' what I'm singin', baby: yeah, sing  
along.  
Yeah.

I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.  
If you're diggin' what I'm singin', baby: just jump on in  
an' sing along.

Slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.  
Tighter than your grandma's girdle.  
Don't say a word:  
Mmm sing like a bird.

Don't say a word:  
Yeah, sing like a bird.

Slower than a broke-knee'd.  
Tighter than your grandma's.  
Yeah.

To Fade.

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