

Sass Jordan

"Wish"

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Original sin - I know what you like
And sinners ain't got nothin' on you
Personify their dreams & pacify the schemers
Welcome into the race
You got the mind for miracles
You got a smile to charm the dead
And you can always score with your 57' ford
But you can't get that wish out of your head

Start me up - Cos you know what I like
I like the way you makin' me laugh
I like the magic tricks and all the things you fix
Even when they ain't been broke
I like all your freakin' havoc
I like your dog that ain't been fed
I like your messed up face and your 67' case
But I can't get this wish out of my head

I don't know if it's the way you talk
That's drivin' me outta my mind
You gotta certain style - The way you walk that mile
Y'know I'm down with that
But have you ever even noticed
Or heard a single word I said
When your only friend left you with nothin' in the end
Cos we all want these wishes in our head

I don't want to draw the line
I ain't got that kind of time

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