

Amy Kuney "So Help Me God"

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Ooh, yeah, yeah
Ooh, yeah, yeah ooh

I smelled your thoughts when you walked by,
Thinkin' about me.
They smelled so dirty,
You get caught with every thought you think.
As you smile into my eyes, your ears turn pink.
You told me you were feelin' shy,
It made my tummy blink.

So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might wake up in a predicament.
So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You just might be my next lucky victim.

We were sitting side by side,
In the theatre.
But the whole time we had our eyes,
On each other.
By and by we're touching hands,
And squirming in our chairs.
You whisper something funny,
And sweet nothings in my ear.

So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might wake up in a predicament.
So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might just be my next lucky victim.

Ooh yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ooh.
Now I'm not one to hit and run,
Forsaking my religion.
But you've converted me,
to another "ism".
I see you as a matador,

Running 'round in red.
You're screwing with the buttons,
And the words inside my head.

So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might wake up in a predicament.
So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might just be my next lucky victim.

Yeahh.
So help me, so help, so help me.
Ohh yeah.
So help me, so help, so help me.
Yeahh.
Oooh.
Oooh yeah.

So help me God,
Don't you do that again.
You might wake up in a predicament.
So help me God,
Don't you do that again,
You might just be my next lucky victim.

Oooh yeah, oh whoa,
Hmm, hmm, hmm.

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