

Former Fat Boys

"Piggyback.Miss.That"

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she called me Benjermin, i like that
i miss that, sad when the memory comes back
grateful that, I got the chance to hold her hand and
watch her dance give her piggybacks
an old voice mail comes up, i can hear her now
and the voice, the sound takes me back to the past
somehow
and I'm there she's there and it all feels wrong
I never even liked the Kaye West song
and you gotta do Pilates, sweetie do some shots
please,
then we'll hit the parties, till we puke up our Hardees
she smokes when she drinks it pisses me off and
intrigues
cuz she's destroying a beautiful thing purposefully
its dangerous and I'm too conservative for my own
tastes
blown away as she licks spilled drink off my face
but now I always carry a lighter in case the bitch
smokes
former fat boy scout's motto's always be prepared
folks
but then I flash to the future, the present and snap
she wasn't worth a piggyback, naw, not even half

a million Jell-O shots numb the nerves
the way she looks she smiles shakes I'm hers
but she's kinda his, and not mine for sure
she dumps a drink on me, and without a word
its into the bathroom, she's blowing me dry
a hair dryer, not head, get the gutter off your mind
and she smells like waking up on the beach
and I lean she leans, her green eyes so deep I reach
for her face, can't breath, don't talk
first kiss, second kiss, turned on, I can't walk
and for rest of the party I just sit and watch
nervous, i leaves she leaves I offer to walk her home
say take my jacket you're shivering, you're cold
feel like a king when I've got her hand to hold
but shes skeptical of men, skeptical of ben,
lord tell me that i haven't lost out again

I want those shoes I want those jeans
I want her legs wrapped up in me
and I dunno, is she gonna leave, is she gonna run
cuz I like this one, better than the last one

she kissed like today was tomorrow
like the future was tonight
she fit me perfectly, just like a Stepford wife
my little brunette, that jumped up to give me hugs
my Jennifer, in the morning always waking me up
at the crack of dawn to play, i couldn't help but say
Kocham Cie, i love you babe
and she's determined and driven
independent and strong
she doesn't need a boy
but I'm hoping to ride along
making naughty in the morning, making roses in the
rain
her clothes are in my dryer, I'm singing songs with her
name
one night i'm carrying her home cuz she wore tall
shoes specially for me
so sweet, but they tore up her feet
the next its over, feels so wrong
never cried over a girl, but i'm bawlin in her arms
my biggest fan, i loved when she sang along
well i finally wrote it out for you, here's your song it
goes

piggyback miss that i wish that i could still kiss that girl
thinking back this and that hold her hand miss that girl
cuz that girl she's got something you can't hold in your
hands
and she got something special, but she got some
demands
you broke, you broke my heart

piggyback miss that i wish that i could still kiss that girl
one step forward, its true that, its two back, i miss that
girl
cuz that girl she's got something you can't hold in your
hands
and she got something special, but she got some
demands
you broke, you broke my heart

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