Sangria (Welcome To Ada Miniseries)

Blake Shelton

You're crashing into me like waves on the coast
Every time we talk, you move in close
I don't want you stop, I don't want you to stop tonight
We've got the last two glasses on a straw hook bar
Trying to remember what number we are
String of white lights making your eyes shine tonightWe're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun
You take my hand in yours, you lean in
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria
Recking ball dancing down the hallway
You're holding your shoes, wearing my shades
We fall against the door, we fall into a wild warm kissWe're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun
You take my hand in yours, you lean in
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangriaOnly thing I want to do tonight is drink you like a Spanish wine
Let you let this head of mine keep spinning, spinning around
We're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun
You take my hand in yours, you lean in
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria
Your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria
Only thing I want to do tonight is drink you like a Spanish wine
Let you let this head of mine keep spinning, spinning around
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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