Across the Room

Gabe Kubanda

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Whoa oh oh, Whoa oh oh.
I saw your smile; saw your smile from across the room
Whoa oh oh, I know what I must do
I gotta find, gotta find a way to get through
I keep getting stopped by people
By all these friends that I dont really want to talk to
Past the tables and the dance floor I just
I just know that Ive got to get over to you.But Wait, Wait, can I get your number
Wait, Wait, at least let me give you my numberWhoa oh oh, Whoa oh oh
I fought through the crowd now can I talk to you for a while
Whoa oh oh, I wanna know your name
But your girlfriends are lame and theyre cramping my style
It seems theyre intent on, extremely hell-bent on shaking my tree and they're trying hard to make me leave
So Ill just pretend, and Ill put up with them until I can get you alone and away from your friends
(yeah Im sure theyre a very nice bunch of girls)But Wait, Wait, Ive got to give you my number
Wait, Wait, I need need to give you my numberDont say you dont want it, just admit it
Dont think I wont call, Im not that type of guy at all,
Im not that guy at all
I know how the game is, I dont want to play it,
I know what I want, if Im wrong then Ill just leave you alone
But I dont think Im wrong
Dont say you dont want it, just admit it,
Dont say youre scared cause thats not it at all
Please baby dont be afraid, Im just pulling out my iPhone
No baby dont be afraid, its just my iPhoneCopyright 2011, Kubanda Music Publishing

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