

Mad About You

Son Little

Feel the vibe, feel the terror, feel the pain
It's driving me insane
I can't fake for God's sake, why am I
Driving in the wrong lane
Trouble is my middle name
But in the end I'm not too bad
Can someone tell me if it's wrong to be
So mad about you, mad about you, mad
Are you the fishy wine who will give me
A headache in the morning
Or just a dark blue land mine
That'll explode without a decent warning
Give me all your true hate
And I'll translate it in our bed
Into never seen passion, never seen passion
That's why I am
So mad about you, mad about you, mad
Trouble is your middle name
But in the end you're not too bad
Can someone tell me if it's wrong to be
So mad about you mad about you
Mad about you mad about you, mad
Give me all your true hate
And I'll translate it in your bed
Into never seen passion
That is why I am
So mad about you, mad about you
Mad about you, mad about you
Mad about you, mad about you, mad about yo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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