

Funhouse

She Said Fire

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She wants you for the night, not the life
Save your promises
I mean, she's heavenly, way to be
Sweet like kerosene
She caught your begging eyes, first to fight:
Last one standing
You're down to seven lives, some good advice:
Hit the dance floor!

CHORUS:

She's a party, but the party don't stop here
Not afraid to be the focus of the guys
She's a looker, but you probably shouldn't touch
'Cause you know, you know
Not everything that's easy is right

She's hardly interested in sentiment
Save that sorrow speech
Pull out those silly jokes; prods and pokes
Keeps her fluttering
And did you sell it right? Lips to thighs
Shaking mattress
Don't bother trading names, it's getting late
Hit the back door!

CHORUS

She's a - she's a falling apple
Out in the summer time
She don't need to steal or borrow
I'm gonna make her mine
(2x)

CHORUS

OUTRO

Lyrics submitted by Joshua Hawksley.

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