

Wood

Buckcherry

She's got a body that will blow your mind, like a chrome plated gun in your eyes
I try and tell her but I'm misunderstood, you're giving me wood
She's got honey glaze apple skin, like a butterfly in the wind
I want to tell her when she'd in the mood, your giving me wood You're giving me wood, I really hope you're in
the mood
And if it gets any hotter, I'm gonna need some cold water Wood, wood, wood, wood She wants to play with it
everyday, like a flower poking through the haze
she says she does it cause it feels so good, she's giving me wood You're giving me wood, I really hope you're in
the mood
And if it gets any hotter, I'm gonna need some cold water
You're giving me wood, oh baby tell me what to do
and if it gets any harder, you're gonna have to call a doctor Wood, wood, wood, wood You're giving me wood, I
really hope you're in the mood
And if it gets any hotter I'm gonna need some cold water,
You're giving me wood, oh baby tell me what to do,
and if it gets any harder, you're gonna have to call a doctor

Songwriters

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