

# Criminal (Live at the Grand Ole Opry)

[Lindsay Ell](#)

I dont want to close my eyes, why pretend im gonna sleep when i know damn well im gonna keep laying here  
wide awake for the breath you take to come back.

I cant relax, im a tiger put in my cage, cocked like a 12 gauge.

Feeling like a teenage crush, your a rush, your the habbit i can never get enough of.

Boy, what you do to me is criminal, baby when i look in those eyes, i feel like going through stop lights, looking  
at the cops like, i got nothing to lose.

Yeah, boy got me burning like a matchstick, take me to the edge and one step past it.

It aint right, it aint typical, boy what you do to me is criminal.

I have the right to remain silent, but there aint no way that i can.

Cause im wired like a ticking time bomb, its so wrong, but it feels right.

Tonight, your repeating like an echo, baby i cant let go, got me going clepto like a thief, yeah I'd steal, just to  
keep on feeling what i feel.

Boy what you do to me is criminal, baby when i look in those eyes, i feel like going through stop lights, looking  
at the cops like, i got nothing to lose.

Yeah boy you got me burning like a matchstick, take me to the edge and one step past it.

It aint right, it aint typical, oh...

what you do to me is criminal.

Oh oh ...

dont try to save me.

Oh oh...

your never gonna save me.

Boy what you do to me is criminal, baby when i look in those eyes, i feel like going through stop lights, looking  
at the cops like, i got nothing to lose.

Yeah boy you got me burning like a match stick, take me to the edge and one step past it.

It aint right, it aint typical, oh what you do to me is criminal.

Ya what you do to me is criminal.

Ya what you do to me is criminal.

What you do to me is criminal, criminal...

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

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