

Better

Bob Schneider

To feel your poison tongue
Your winter lips upon me

To stain the floor with our bodies nothin' could be anyBetter, better, betterBaby, so close to Heaven
Do you like the way, the way I dance? I'm dancin' for you

And all I need is for you to make everythin' Better, better, betterFor if you would've dropped me on the ground
I don't know if I would bounce back or breakdown

I don't think I could feel anyBetter, better, betterAnd all I want is just a little more
And all I need is your correction

'Cause all I have is nothin' could be and nothin' would beBetter, better, better

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