Stand Up To Go Down

Amon Amarth

I caught your eye in a New York bar
You were looking down at me
An angel in black measuring in
At just over seven feet

Some fellas like their women short
Some fellas like 'em round
But me I like the kind of girl
That makes me stand up to go down

Stand up! To go down!
No man will throw her around
Stand up! To go down!
When we make out I can't reach the ground

We took a cab, you got in the back
But the front seat had to come out
The car shook, the car bounced
As you ground me pound for pound
But back at your place you took the reins
And saddled up, you rode me around
And just as I reached the finish line
You made me stand up to go down

Stand up! To go down!
I'm going down but I'm upward bound
Stand up! To go down!
In a crowd she's easily found
Stand up! To go down!
No man is gonna throw her around
Stand up! To go down!
When we make out I can't reach the ground

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