Come Around

Ingram Hill

Short skirt, tight t-shirt,
and knowing all the while
I turn around to look at you,
you barely cracked a smile
As the sun fades, with a drink or two,
you take me for a ride
You won't say just what you want,
but I can see it in your eyesYou don't understand all the mess we're in
I wish you'd never made a sound
You don't understand but it's got to end
You'll find the strength to let me down
When you finally come aroundBehind the wheel at 3am,
I wake you up to talk
Only late you'll hear my voice,
but you don't mind at allYou don't understand all the mess we're in
I wish you'd never made a sound
You don't understand but it's got to end
You'll find the strength to let me down
When you finally come around

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