Glide

Rachel Stevens

I'm living love in the fast lane
Seeing the world from a airplane
Uh uh, strange little thing called loveTasting the air as we're racing
Smiling faces as we're passing
Uh uh, strange little thing called loveThe air is clear, get outta here
Baby, grab your coat, let's take a ride
Hold on to me and silver breeze
Late into the night, oh, yell itGlide, ooh, higher than the window
Glide, ooh, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide
I know that you want to
(Ooh, we're gliding)We're carrying off into the air stream
The city's un-so-resting
Too much, strange little thing called loveThe air is clear, get outta here
Baby, grab your coat and hitch a ride
so come on 'round, go hit the town
Late into the night, oh, yell itGlide, ooh, higher than the window
Glide, ooh, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide
I know that you want to
(Ooh, we're gliding)Glide, ooh, higher than the window
Glide, ooh, freer than an airborne cloud
Baby, fly all night
I know that you want to
(Ooh, we're gliding)Glide, freer than the wind blows
(Than the wind blows, baby)
Glide, freer than the wind blows
(Than the wind blows, yeah, yeah)
Oh, yell itGlide, ooh, higher than the window
Glide, ooh, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide
I know that you want to
(Ooh, we're gliding)Glide, ooh, higher than the window
Glide, ooh, freer than an airborne cloud
Baby, fly all night
I know that you want to
(Ooh, we're gliding)

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