

# Under My Skin

Gin Wigmore

Sunday dreamers end up last  
Fixing holes in sunken past  
Please dont blame me for my lies  
Just to keep him by my side  
I dont mind if papa cares or  
Even if my mama stares  
Step right in let  
This be true  
I beg you get to think the way I do I got You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
I got you over my lips  
I got you under my skin Picture this through cherry bloom  
Such a crime becoming two whe  
Firecrackers shoot my mind  
Into such a spin I cry from  
All these secrets  
We have shaded  
You helped make them  
Now I play it  
Over and over and over and over  
A rhyme so cruel  
I beg you get to think the way I do You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin  
I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
I got you over my lips  
I got you under my skin I got  
You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin I want to dance so  
Come on dance  
Woohhoo Kick those shoes off

Come on dance  
Ye who  
Wooooohooo I got You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin I got you under my skin  
I got you  
I got you under my kiss  
I got you over my lips  
I got you under my skin I got  
You  
I got you under my skin  
I got you over my grin  
I got you under my skin

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