

Rumors (Eddie Baez Club Mix)

Lindsay Lohan

Saturday, steppin' into the club
Somebody wanna tell DJ to turn it up
I feel the energy all around
And my body can't stop moving to the sound But I can tell that you're watching me
And you're probably gonna write what you didn't see
Well I just need a little space to breathe
Can you please respect my privacy Why can't you just let me
Do the things I wanna do
I just wanna be me
I don't understand why
Would you wanna bring me down
If I'm only having fun
I'm going live my life
(not the way you want me to) I'm tired of rumors starting
I'm sick of being followed
I'm tired of people lying
Sayin' what they want about me
Why can't they back up off me
Why can't they let me live
I'm gonna do it my way
Take this for just what it is Here we are back up in the club
People taking pictures
Don't you think they get enough
I just wanna be all over the floor
And throw my hands up in the air to the beat like (What?) I've gotta say respectfully
I would like it if you take the cameras off of me
Cause I just want a little room to breathe
Can you please respect my privacy Why can't you just let me
Do the things I wanna do
I just wanna be me
I don't understand why
Would you wanna bring me down
If I'm only having fun
I wanna live my life
(not the way you want me to) I'm tired of rumors starting
I'm sick of being followed
I'm tired of people lying
Sayin' what they want about me
Why can't they back up off me

Why can't they let me live
I'm gonna do it my way
Take this for just what it is I just need to free my mind (my mind)
Just wanna dance and have a good time (good time) I'm tired of rumors (rumors)
Followed (followed, followed, followed, followed, followed) What they (follow) me
Why can't they (they they they-they-they) let me live Take this for just what it is I'm tired of rumors starting
I'm sick of being followed
I'm tired of people lying
Sayin' what they want about me
Why can't they back up off me
Why can't they let me live
I'm gonna do it my way
Take this for just what it is I'm tired of rumors starting
I'm sick of being followed
I'm tired of people lying
Sayin' what they want about me
Why can't they back up off me
Why can't they let me live
I'm gonna do it my way
Take this for just what it is

Songwriters

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