Kanga Roo

Jeff Buckley

I first saw you You had on blue jeans Your eyes couldn't hide Anything I saw you leaving, oh I saw you staring out in space I next saw you You were at the party Thought you was a dream Oh so flirty I came against Didn't say excuse Knew what I was doing We looked very fine As we were leaving Just like saint Joan Doing a cool jerk Oh, I want you Like a kangaroo

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