

# Rubberband

Charlie Worsham

I've been all wound up, twisted and tied  
Tangled in a mess since I met your eyes  
But the more we pull apart the harder we collide  
When we come back around It's a good burn, a sweet sting  
Strung up tight like a guitar string  
I don't know quite what to call this thing  
But it's kinda like the sound of a Rubberband, rubberband  
Stretch it out as far as we can  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Snap back together again hey When you knock on my door looking like that  
With your cinnamon skin and your hair pulled back  
Can't fight the urge, fight the fact  
Baby won't you come on in  
And we'll spend the night, get all wild  
Let loose for a little while  
When you leave in the morning with a wink and a smile  
It tightens up again Oh here we go again yeah, yeah  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Stretch it out as far as we can  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Snap back together again Rubberband, rubberband  
Bound to get a little outta hand  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Snap back, snap back, snap back now Yeah rubberband, rubberband  
Stretch it out as far as we can  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Snap back together again Rubberband, rubberband  
Bound to get a little outta hand  
Rubberband, rubberband  
Snap back, snap back, snap back now

Songwriters

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