Hey Lady

Moody Pulp

Hey lady
I like your eyes
When you're in the room
I feel your heart syncing up with mine

Hey lady
Where do you go?
When you clock out and get in the car
Do you like to drive alone

Hey lady

Hey lady
I like the way you sing
When you stomp your feet
And you look at me
My fingers play the wrong strings

Hey lady
Do you like to read
Dause there's this book I'd like to write
And I wondered if you'd like to write it with me
And hey lady

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