Brass in Pocket

The Pretenders

Got brass in pocket
Got bottle I'm gonna use it
Intention I feel inventive
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Got motion restrained emotion
Been driving Detroit leaning
No reason just seems so pleasing
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Gonna use my arms
Gonna use my legs
Gonna use my style
Gonna use my sidestep
Gonna use my fingers
Gonna use my, my, my imagination

'Cause I gonna make you see
There's nobody else here
No one like me
I'm special so special
I gotta have some of your attention give it to me

Got rhythm I can't miss a beat
Got new skank it's so reet
Got something I'm winking at you
Gonna make you, make you, make you notice

Gonna use my arms
Gonna use my legs
Gonna use my style
Gonna use my sidestep
Gonna use my fingers
Gonna use my, my, my imagination

'Cause I gonna make you see
There's nobody else here
No one like me
I'm special, so special
I gotta have some of your attention

Give it to me
'Cause I gonna make you see
There's nobody else here
No one like me
I'm special, so special
I gotta have some of your attention

Give it to me

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Hynde, Christine Ellen / Honeyman-Scott, James
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/