

Trouble

This Providence

I'm up in arms about it
Because I really wanna know your name
Oh, but my mind is crowded
With all the clever words I'll never say Yeah, I'm goin' down, down
She's a girl that I might try to wrap my head around
I'm crawlin' out, out, out
Of my skin when I think about it
So, while I'm thinkin' about it, yeah I wanna taste you
I like what I see
When you're lookin' at me
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you
Anywhere I want to
Dirty blonde, red shoes
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you Gonna make a mess of-
You can try to hide it
Try to play it colder than ice cream
Oh, but your eyes are fightin'
Because I'm nothing like you've ever seen Yeah, I'm going down, down
She's a girl that I might try to wrap my head around
I'm crawlin' out, out, out
Of my skin when I think about it
Well, you bet I think about it, yeah I wanna taste you
I like what I see
When you're lookin' at me
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you
Anywhere I want to
Dirty blonde, red shoes
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you Movin' on the double,
Step into my bubble,
Baby buys the bottle,
Let's get into trouble
Let's get into trouble now I wanna taste you
I like what I see
When you're lookin' at me
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you

Anywhere I want to
Dirty blonde, red shoes
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you
Gonna make a mess of you
I said, I'm gonna make a mess of you

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