

Girls Lips Glitter

Bows

U.S. cool costs too much money
And takes up all my time
British humor isn't funny
I'm just trying to catch your eye
You've no idea what your looks do to me
It doesn't even cross your mind
You don't look like the kind to say much
But then I'm the quiet type
When you rise up from the gutter
You can play your hand
It's not enough until you've suffered
Nobody gives a damn
When, where you're at is all that matters
It's all a question of your style
A catwalk stalk that cures your stutter
You're not the shy type
Not much I wouldn't do for money
Can't seem to draw the line
But this much lust tastes sweet as honey
And floors me every time
You've no idea what your looks do to me
It doesn't even cross your mind
Then again I think it's funny
You might be my type

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