

The Object of My Affection

Emmy Rossum

The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy red
Anytime he holds my hand
And tells me that he's mine
There are many boys who can thrill me
And some who can chill me
But I'll just hand around
And keep acting like a clown
Until he says he's mine
Now I'm not afraid that he'll leave me
Cause he's not the kind to take a dare
But instead I trust him implicitly
He can go where he wants to go
Do what he wants to do, I sure don't care
The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy red
Anytime he holds my hand
And tells me that he's mine
Now I'm not afraid that he'll leave me
Cause he's not the kind to be unfair
But instead I trust him implicitly
He can go where he wants to go
Do what he wants to do, I sure don't care
The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy red
Anytime he holds my hand
And tells me that he's mine, oh mine
The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy red
Anytime he holds my hand
And tells me that he's mine
There are many boys who can thrill me
And some who can fill me
With dreams of happiness
But I know I'll never rest
Until he says he's mine
Now I'm not afraid that he'll leave me
Cause he's not the kind to take a dare
But instead I trust him implicitly
He can go where he wants to go
Do what he wants to do, I sure don't care
The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy red

Anytime he holds my hand
And tells me that he's mine
If after all I've said
My face is turning red
Don't start teasing, I've got a reason
The object of my affection

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