

Crush

Mark Owen

If you were the woman
Crawling over my skin
My eyes are wide open
Is it any wonder? It's just evolution
Waiting on the corner
Waiting for the number 9 to come, come
Always feeling the crush
I'm looking for Feels like a rush of blood
And you're feeding me something
I'm on the ceiling
Feeling, feeling
Yeah, yeah, yeah If you are my karma
Bit of sweet and sour
Feel you put me under
Boyfriend in a coma Bliss in your pollution
Itching for an answer
Waiting for my sweet divine to come, come
Always feeling the crush
I'm looking for Feels like a rush of blood
And you're feeding me something
I'm on the ceiling
Feeling, feeling
Yeah, yeah, yeah Feeling the crush
I'm looking for
Feels like a rush of blood
And you're feeding me something
I'm on the ceiling
Feeling, feeling
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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