

Crush on You

Bruce Springsteen

My feets were flyin' down the street just the other night
When a Hong Kong special pulled up at the light
What was inside, man, was just ce'est magnifique
I wanted to hold the bumper and let her drag me down the street
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Sometimes I spot a little stranger standing 'cross the room
My brain takes a vacation just to give my heart more room
For one kiss, darling I swear everything I would give
'Cause you're a walking, talking reason to live
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Well now she might be the talk of high society
She's probably got a lousy personality
She might be a heiress to Rockefeller
She might be a waitress or a bank teller
She makes the Venus de Milo look like she's got no style
She make Sheena of the Jungle look meek and mild
I need a quick shot, doc, knock me off my feet
'Cause I'll be minding my own business walking down the street, watch out
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you (come on)
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you (come on)
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you

Songwriters

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Published by

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