

Under My Skin

Gin Wigmore

Sunday dreamers end up last
Fixing holes in sunken past
Please dont blame me for my lies
Just to keep him by my side
I dont mind if papa cares or
Even if my mama stares
Step right in let
This be true
I beg you get to think the way I do I got You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin
I got you
I got you under my kiss
I got you over my lips
I got you under my skin Picture this through cherry bloom
Such a crime becoming two whe
Firecrackers shoot my mind
Into such a spin I cry from
All these secrets
We have shaded
You helped make them
Now I play it
Over and over and over and over
A rhyme so cruel
I beg you get to think the way I do You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin
I got you
I got you under my kiss
I got you over my lips
I got you under my skin I got
You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin I want to dance so
Come on dance
Woohhoo Kick those shoes off

Come on dance
Ye who
Woooohhooo I got You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin I got you under my skin
I got you
I got you under my kiss
I got you over my lips
I got you under my skin I got
You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin

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