

Cologne

Alexz Johnson

He's nice, smells like summer wind,
what's inside of him I cannot see.
Games, like a puzzle piece,
come fit into me, so I can play.(What...?)
I bet I look good on your arm.
I bet you look good with your black tux on;
even better after jack and soda,
even more handsome as you grow older.
I bet I could right all your wrong,
I see you on the dancefloor making it feel like prom.
I know that it's bad to want,
but baby from here I can't take it, take me home.(I do regret, I knew it all along...)
(So can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)
(Can you help me out? A bit of your cologne...)You spell my name in the sand.
I watch you take my hand, it feels so wrong.
Nights out with presidents,
fire and breath mints; it's almost dawn.I think I can roll with the best.
I think we can fool all the rest puffing up your chest.
I bet we look good in a photo.
I bet they won't know that you're so much older.
I bet I could fix your mistakes,
I could find and erase all of your heartache.
I bet that I'm naive.
I bet after this they'll be giving me the thrid degree.(I do regret, I knew it all along...)
(So can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)
(Can you help me out? A bit of your cologne...)(I do regret, I knew it all along...)
(Can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)
(Can you help me out? A bit of your, a bit of your cologne...)Uh, uh, uh, uh.
(A bit of your cologne...)
Uh, uh, uh, uh.
(A bit of your cologne...)

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