

Stop Please

Amalia

come sit down here
tell you how i feel
what you got there?
give me that back!sometimes i feel this funny feelin'
i don't know where my legs are goin'
to know the road ahead
ask all of those comin' back
wish i could play my destiny oh hey..stop please, stop please
don't think too much
get a grips of your free self, free self
do what you gotta do, do what you gotta do
get em high, get em high, get em high, get em high
get em high, get em high, you're finecome sit down here
tell you how i feel
itch on my back
yeh right there scratch!i don't know what i am gonna do with all this extra fuzz and fizzy funk? just let it be.
i could try and let a loose, comb my hair for once
and paint my toes, and pick my nose
but it just won't, won't seem to let go of me!!!stop please, stop please
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get em high, get em high, you're fineyou're fine, you're fine, you're fine, you're fine...

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