

Crush on you

My feet 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 cest magnifique
I wanted to hold the bumper and let her
drag me down the street

Chorus:

Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you
Ooh, ooh, I gotta crush on you tonight

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 youre a walking,
talking reason to live

(Chorus)

Well now she might be
the talk of high society
Shes 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 shes 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 Ill be minding my own business
walking down the street... watchout!