

Sunflowers

Better Than Ezra

Alligator bitch slap so correct
Mississippi love bites on my neck
I woke up in L.A., bouncing rubber checks
I need you to correct my navigation
Brushing your teeth with a cigarette
Devil horns growing from your silhouette
I know I should run but I can't quit
I need you to squeeze me

Is it something, honey, that I said?

You put the sunflowers in my bed at night
You put the lemonade in my head
You make me ooo, baby, ooo when you squeeze me tight
There ain't nobody else I want to be with
Oh oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh oh, oh

Bouncing baby dynamite on your knee
She got me in a corner but I don't bleed
You always got another trick up your sleeve
Darling, you got a sick imagination
Fixing me breakfast in your underwear
Shaking that mon petite derrière
No, no, no, don't give a damn if the neighbors stare
I know you gonna thrill me

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