I first saw you
You had on blue jeans
Your eyes couldn't hide anything
I saw you breathing, oh
I saw you staring out in space

I next saw you
You was at the party
Thought you was a queen
Oh so flirty
I came against

Didn't say excuse Knew what I was doing We looked very fine 'Cause we were leaving

Like Saint Joan
Doing a cool jerk
Oh, I want you
Like a kanga roo