

# Sangria

Blake Shelton

You're crashing into me like waves on the coast  
Every time we talk, you move in close  
I don't want you stop, I don't want you to stop tonight  
We've got the last two glasses on a straw hook bar  
Trying to remember what number we are  
String of white lights making your eyes shine tonight

We're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front  
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun  
You take my hand in yours, you lean in  
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria

Recking ball dancing down the hallway  
You're holding your shoes, wearing my shades  
We fall against the door, we fall into a wild warm kiss

We're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front  
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun  
You take my hand in yours, you lean in  
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria

Only thing I want to do tonight is drink you like a Spanish wine  
Let you let this head of mine keep spinning, spinning around

We're buzzing like that no vacancy sign out front  
Your skin is begging to be kissed by a little more than the sun  
You take my hand in yours, you lean in  
And your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria  
Your lips taste like sangria, your lips taste like sangria

Only thing I want to do tonight is drink you like a Spanish wine  
Let you let this head of mine keep spinning, spinning around