

## Contact High

Brad Paisley

I had no idea  
That you would be here  
As you smile from the corner  
And raise up your beer  
And then you touch my hand  
When you walked by  
And I get a contact high

This ain't no crazy part  
No, it ain't no bar room  
Hell the only thing smoking  
In this place is you  
That dress is on fire girl  
When I look in your eyes  
Oh I get a contact high

What you doing baby  
Being here in this room  
So damn frustrating  
That I can't hold you  
And it's driving me crazy  
That I can smell you perfume  
And it goes to my head  
I take a deep breath and I hold it

Now the whole world is hazy  
And I'm dazed and confused  
Thing is I ain't touched nothin'  
Nothin' but you  
And that's even just barely  
We've been laughing and talking all night  
Oh baby  
Being here in this room  
It's driving me crazy  
Not holdin', not holdin' you  
It's just conversation  
The second-hand perfume  
But it goes to my head  
And I take a deep breath  
And I hold it

Oh I get a contact high  
Get a contact high