

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