

Rubberband

Charlie Worsham

I've been all wound up, twisted and tied
Tangled in a mess since I met your eyes
But the more we pull apart the harder we collide
When we come back around

It's a good burn, a sweet sting
Strung up tight like a guitar string
I don't know quite what to call this thing
But it's kinda like the sound of a

Rubberband, rubberband
Stretch it out as far as we can
Rubberband, rubberband
Snap back together again hey

When you knock on my door looking like that
With your cinnamon skin and your hair pulled back
Can't fight the urge, fight the fact
Baby won't you come on in
And we'll spend the night, get all wild
Let loose for a little while
When you leave in the morning with a wink and a smile
It tightens up again

Oh here we go again yeah, yeah
Rubberband, rubberband
Stretch it out as far as we can
Rubberband, rubberband
Snap back together again

Rubberband, rubberband
Bound to get a little outta hand
Rubberband, rubberband
Snap back, snap back, snap back now

Yeah rubberband, rubberband
Stretch it out as far as we can
Rubberband, rubberband
Snap back together again

Rubberband, rubberband
Bound to get a little outta hand
Rubberband, rubberband
Snap back, snap back, snap back now