

On The Verge

Collin Raye

Well they shouldn't have played that good
I got carried away and let the music go to my head
Well she shouldn't have worn that dress
The way it curled around when she was spinning
Just killed me dead

My heart began to tell my body and my soul
That it had gotten in the mood to lose control

Oh no, when did neon light turn into moonglow
When did that jukebox turn to a rainbow
I'm about to give into this urge
One more slow dance with her arms around me
One more long glance and nothing will slow me down
I got no chance, if I'm not in love I'm on the verge

All I wanted to be was cool
It ain't my style to overheat, much less burn
But as we floated across the floor
All at once I flashed right past the point, of no return

And when we said goodnight the sun was on the rise
And any stars that hadn't set had fallen in my eyes

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