

The Object Of My Affection

Faron Young

The object of my affection can change my complexion from white
to rosy red
Anytime she holds my hand and tells me that she's mine
There are many girls who can thrill me and some who can fill me
With dreams of happiness
But I know I'll never rest until she says she's mine
Now I'm not afraid she'll leave me cause she's not the kind who
'll be unfair
But instead I trust her implicitly
She can go where she wants and go do what she wants I don't care
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