

Under My Skin

Gin Wigmore

Sunday dreamers end up last
Fixing holes in sunken past
Please don't blame me for my lies
Just to keep him by my side
I don't mind if papa cares or
Even if my mama stares
Step right in
Look right through
I beg you get to think the way I do

And I got
You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin
And I got you
I got you under my kiss
And I got you over my lips
And I got you under my skin

Picture this through cherry bloom
Such a crime becoming two when
Firecrackers shoot my mind
Into such a spin I cry from
All these secrets
We have shaded
You helped make them
I helped play them
Over and over in my mind
I beg you get to think the way I do

And I got you
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin
And I got you
I got you under my kiss
And I got you over my lips
And I got you under my skin

And I got
You
I got you under my skin
I got you over my grin
I got you under my skin

Oooooooh
Come on dance, come on dance
Ahhh, wohooooo

Come on dance, come on dance
Ahhh, wohooooo

Kick those shoes off
Come on dance
Ye who
Wooooohoooo

One, two, three and come with me

I got

You

I got you under my skin

I got you over my grin

I got you under my skin

And I got you

I got you under my skin

I got you over my grin

I got you under my skin

And I got you

I got you under my kiss

I got you over my lips

I got you under my skin

And I got

You

I got you under my skin

I got you over my grin

I got you under my skin