Hey

Hanson

Hey, you like boots and perfume Hey, your red pumps and your Cadillac blues Hey, you want that fine white wine on my dime

What you want from me 'Cause you're on my mind Don't you care no more That you're losing yourself Don't you want some truth 'Cause I'll give you mine

Hey, when I'm making my movie, baby You keep saying all my lines Hey, after Sunset Drive cruising, baby You're just yesterday's prize

Hey, do do do do You want trips on a white yacht for two Hey, you want Beverly Heights Bright lights, late nights

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