

Push It Around

Holocaust

OK babe you're in the driving seat
My heart just cringes every time we meet
Gotta get it out, gotta push it around
Better stop quick...I'm falling to the ground!

Gimme all you got, I got nothing to lose
You look so "Whoa!" in those high heeled shoes
You ain't no tramp, you're a classy little dame
Fastest thing in town baby...what's your game?

Cryin', dyin'...everybody sees me
Cryin', dyin'...honey why do you tease me?

You look so fine with your hair hangin' down
I'd love to come over 'n' twist it around
Got my sights on you and I shoot to kill...
Gonna get you now, you bet your ass I will

Give you my number, you van call any time
Could even come over, that suits me fine
No foolin' this time, honey, that is for sure
Love in my blood...and there ain't no cure