

## Southern Girl

Incubus

Is everything a baited hook?  
And are there locks on our doors?  
If your looking for an open book  
Look no further, I am yours

We'll behave like animals  
Swing from tree to tree  
We can do anything  
That turns you up and sets you free

You're an exception to the rule  
You're of a bonafide rarity  
You're all I ever wanted  
Southern girl  
Could you want me?

So come outside and walk with me  
We'll try each other on to see if we fit  
And with our roots, become a tree  
To shade what we make, under it

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