

Mint

Kathleen Edwards

The taste of it, you were a field of it
Oh I couldn't say no, to the taste of it
God knows I want to, haaa
God knows it need to, haaa
God doesn't know you like I do

You're the taste of it, under a midnight flirt
And why I couldn't just go, and try to sleep on it
God knows I want to, haaa
God knows it need to, haaa
God doesn't know you like I do

And I do-hu, sha la la la la la la la la
I do-hu, sha la la la la la la la la

And it's like you're heaven sent
Nothing good, could come from this
Lord knows I tried to be true

God knows I want to, haaa
God doesn't know you like I do

And I do-hu, sha la la la la la la la la
I do-hu, sha la la la la la la la la (2x)