

Mr. Right

Kathy Mar

When the conversation turns, always has the right remark
Eyes that pierce into your soul and teeth that glisten in the dark

Every touch a warm caress, every movement filled with grace
And letter-perfect love cliches, welcome almost every place

Every mother's perfect catch, every maiden's shining knight
Dropped out of some fairy tale, for their salvation
A dream creation, call him Mr. Right

Just like colored Christmas lights, keeps his ladies on a string

Every time they start to fade, he turns them on like anything
Swears his vast undying love until she makes that sweet surrender

And by the time they've sobered up she's just another lost-weekender

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Dropped out of some fairy tale, for their salvation
A dream creation, call him Mr. Right

With a sizzle in his touch, and passion flowers in his eyes
They won't get to see too much of what is under his disguise
So take the words of warning here, the reason for this little song

If you give in to Mr. Right, you'll find that you're his Mrs. wrong

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