

## High on You

L.A. Guns

I like your wooden door, baby  
I never want to leave, baby  
If I could rule the night, baby  
I'd turn it into white  
There wouldn't [?]  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
High on you  
I like your rugged cross, baby  
I don't pray in churches, baby  
I got nowhere to worship, baby  
Because it isn't him  
I don't need a [?] man  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
High on you  
Terrorist in my heart  
Tearin' it all apart  
Terrorist in my heart  
Tearin' it all apart  
I love the way you feel, baby  
The mornin' startin' drunk, baby  
Drinking of your soul, baby  
And everything I know  
Digs the way your body glows  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
High on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high on you  
I'm getting high  
Corrupting in the air  
I really need you  
You got two play rides  
I really love them  
My we're getting high  
Are we getting high