

It was early in the evening
About ten o'clock I think
When you said 'barkeep, get the lady a drink'
You sidled up beside me and said 'that's a nice dress
It would look great lying next to my bed!'
Then you handed me a quarter
You pointed to the phone
Said, 'call your boyfriend, tell him you ain't coming home'
Then you felt it in your cheekbone
As it turned a pretty pink
Barkeep whispered, 'man, that's gotta sting!'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick...

You could take me to bermuda
You could take me skiing in the snow
You could take me any where I wanna go
You could spend a lot of money
But I wouldn't be impressed
And in the end you'd have to tell your friends I said

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

One day you might say that I'm special
And you've never felt this way before
You love the way my heel sounds when it hits the floor
You might tell me that you love me
But I'd know what that means
It means, 'I'd love to see you out of those jeans'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

I'm not falling, not falling
I'm not falling, not falling for this
I'm not falling, not falling
I'm not falling, not falling for this