

# Crush

Mark Owen

If you were the woman,  
Crawling over my skin  
My eyes are wide open,  
Is it any wonder  
It's just evolution  
Waiting on the corner  
Waiting for the number 9 to come, come  
Always feeling the crush  
I'm looking for  
Feels like a rush of blood  
And you're  
Feeding me something,  
I'm on the ceiling  
Feeling, feeling,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If you are my karma  
Bit of sweet and sour  
Feel you put me under  
Boyfriend in a coma  
Bliss in your pollution  
Itching for an answer  
Waiting for my sweet divine to come, come  
Always feeling the crush  
I'm looking for  
Feels like a rush of blood  
And you're  
Feeding me something,  
I'm on the ceiling  
Feeling, feeling,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Feeling the crush  
I'm looking for  
Feels like a rush of blood  
And you're  
Feeding me something  
I'm on the ceiling  
Feeling, feeling,  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah