

# Glide

Rachel Stevens

I'm livin' love in the fast lane  
Seein' the world from an airplane  
Uh uh  
Strange little thing called love  
Tastin' the air as we're racing  
Smilin' faces as we're passing  
Uh uh  
Strange little thing called love

The air is clear  
Get out of here  
Baby, grab your coat; let's take a ride  
Hold on to me  
And silver breeze  
Late into the night  
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window  
Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky  
Baby, wanna glide  
I know that you want to  
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Carryin' off into the air stream  
The city's un-so-resting  
To much  
Strange little thing called love

The air is clear  
Get out of here  
Baby, grab your coat and hitch a ride  
so come on 'round  
Go hit the town  
Late into the night  
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window  
Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky  
Baby, wanna glide  
I know that you want to  
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window  
Glide, Ooo, freeer than an airborne cloud  
Baby, fly around  
I know that you want to  
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Glide,  
Freeer than the wind blows  
(Than than the wind blows, baby)  
Glide,  
Freeer than the wind blows  
(Than than the wind blows, baby)  
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window

Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky  
Baby, wanna glide (Wanna glide, yeah)  
I know that you want to  
(Ooo, glide, baby)  
Glide, Ooo, higher than the window  
Glide, Ooo, freeer than an airborne cloud  
Baby, fly around  
I know that you want to  
(ooo, glide, baby)