

Lola's Love

Sawyer Brown

Look at her move inside of that skin tight dress
Don't it make your heart want to break right through your chest
And if she should softly speak your name
You can feel yourself bein' drawn into the flame

Like drownin' in honey
Bein' beaten with a velvet glove
Shot with a golden bullet
Still you can't get enough of Lola's love
No you can't get enough of Lola

Drivin' that hot pink rag top Lincoln car
Hair flyin' back just like a movie star
She pulls off the road the door flies open wide
She says "hey boy looks like you need a ride"

Like drownin' in honey
Bein' beaten with a velvet glove
Shot with a golden bullet
Still you can't get enough of Lola's love
No you can't get enough of Lola

Late one night you'll be on the lawn starin' up Lola's room
While the red hot blues flow out of her radio
You're gonna wind up in her bed sure as there's a moon above
And son that feelin' ain't never gonna let you go

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