

I May Not Be Fred Flinstone But I Can Make Your Bed Rock

Set It Off

Oh I've been wishing and waiting,
For just one look or just one shot at you.
And I can tell you're debating
On whether or not to let me into your
Perfect world
Oh baby believe me these eyes can make you swing
Your hips are stealing the show and we know your fake

Oh I can tell you're running game now
But you better play it like monopoly,
I'm asking you collect your money and go to jail
Nobody will be stopping me I'm sorry girl I'm out of reach.

I've watched you wrestle lips with
The boys you play for toys all day
I'll take take take the time to
Show you what a beating heart feels like
It's not some game on which we feed
If you prick them do they bleed?
Your lip gloss glimmers but your pulse fades.

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But you better play it like monopoly,
I'm asking you collect your money and go to jail
Nobody will be stopping me I'm sorry girl I'm out of reach.

Please believe me,
I know it's not easy,
To get someone to dance.

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