

# Sports car – Tate McRae

Hey, cute jeans  
Take mine off me  
Oh, golly gee  
I can't take no more  
I'm goin' weak in my knees  
Where'd you put those keys?  
We can share one seat  
We can share one seat  
In the alley, in the back  
In the center of this room  
With the windows rolled down  
Boy, don't make me choose  
In the alley, in the back  
In the center of this room  
With the windows rolled down  
Boy, don't make me choose  
I think you know what this is  
I think you wanna uh  
No, you ain't got no Mrs  
Oh, but you got a sports car  
We can uh-uh in it  
While you drive it real far  
Yeah, you know what this is  
Yeah, you know what this is  
Pretty blue streetlights  
And my hazel eyes  
And if it feels right  
We could go again like three, four times  
So my type  
Got butterflies  
So good it hurts  
Thinkin' 'bout what we did before this verse  
On the corner of my bed  
Oh, and maybe on the beach  
You could do it on your own  
While you're lookin' at me

I think you know what this is  
I think you wanna uh (Do you?)  
No, you ain't got no Mrs  
Oh, but you got a sports car  
We can uh-uh in it (We can uh)  
While you drive it real far  
Yeah, you know what this is  
Yeah, you know what this is  
I think you know what this is (Oh)  
I think you wanna uh (You wanna)  
No, you ain't got no Mrs  
Oh, but you got a sports car  
We can uh-uh in it (Uh-uh, uh-uh, mm)  
While you drive it real far  
Yeah, you know what this is  
Yeah, you know what this is  
Oh my guy  
You don't wanna waste my time (My time)  
Let's go ride (Let's go)  
Let's go ride (Come on)  
Oh my guy  
You don't wanna waste my time  
(You don't wanna waste my time)  
Let's go ride  
Let's go ride  
[Outro]  
I think you wanna, wanna (Oh)  
But you got a sports car (Oh)  
While you drive it real far  
(Ah) Yeah, you know what this is



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych