

High on You

L.A. Guns

I like your wooden door, baby
I never want to leave, baby
If I could rule the night, baby
I'd turn it into white
There wouldn't [?]
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
High on you
I like your rugged cross, baby
I don't pray in churches, baby
I got nowhere to worship, baby
Because it isn't him
I don't need a [?] man
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
High on you
Terrorist in my heart
Tearin' it all apart
Terrorist in my heart
Tearin' it all apart
I love the way you feel, baby
The mornin' startin' drunk, baby
Drinking of your soul, baby
And everything I know
Digs the way your body glows
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
High on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high on you
I'm getting high
Corrupting in the air
I really need you
You got two play rides
I really love them
My we're getting high
Are we getting high