When A Man

Alexiane

When a man's got a fever and he looks at you
You can see through the shivers, can't you?
When a man's got a fever and he chooses you
You wanna dance by the fire, don't you?

Your baby's got a hold on you
He got you singing, ooh ooh ooh
He's really got a hold on you
He got you singing

And by now you should know better
He's just a little sun in you winter
Drunk kisses and promises feel really good don't they?
A little bit of luck in your sadness

And it's brave of you to try to make it last
To hang onto his calls and messages
You try to find meaning in his nothings
But hell, if it gives you butterflies
Then maybe it's time to turn around now

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