

Dearly Beloved

Atmosphere

Now what's a player to do? People label me rude
I just wanna be inside you like your favorite food
Dearly beloved, let's go crazy
Purple rain on your parade and let me kiss your paisley park
You gimme a condition of the heart
Let's pretend we're married just to rip it all apart
It's a love bazaar, like, do me baby
Like you never done before, who's that lady
Cab driver? My Uber says "Arriving Soon"
I'm at the cherry in a spoon under the cherry moon
From Alphabet Street down to Electric Avenue
I'm lookin' for the girl with the Drag-On tattoo
And it's a sign of the times, but sometimes
It snows in April, let's play in the sunshine
Now take a sip and pass until the cup's dry
Mini apple pie, you can hear the doves cry

Huh, nah, gimme a proper hug
Let's dance and celebrate modern love
We could shout and let it all out
But what happened in the past is not what this is about
You've come a long way and it's good to see
But here's an S.O.S., just be good to me
And I'll be good to you, we can look to do
Some things like get together and cook some food
To clarify, I'm not shy or an introvert
That's a typical stereotype of men at work
Different strokes for different folks
Sail in the same water, but sittin' in different boats
You're breakin', baby, you look confused
I'm Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo
You're still hangin' out with Cheryl and them?
We'd probably been hangin', too, if I was your girlfriend

Baby, I'm a star like a alien on Mars
Thought I made it far 'til you came and raised the bar
Made me wanna play guitar, but I gotta play it off
'Cause I can't play a lick, but I play it off slick
Your body got me in a frenzy, I feel it all in my kidneys
We litty like Mork and Mindy drivin' through Erotic City (Skrtrt)
In the bubble Lex ES, left on 94 West
Time to flex, got me crushin' on you like The Jets
And I don't care where we go, just take me with you
Reservations at The Lexington, table for two
I feel blessed to be in the presence of so much excellence
All this estrogen got me flexin' again
I wanna be your lover, my future baby mother
Let's see you play up a number
Run up a check, ball out and run game on each other
Your luxurious appearance got me curious, I'm serious
Every time you call my phone I get delirious

"Tu sais à la fin de la filé, comment-ils annoncent qu'ils vont faire une chanson qu'ils ont encore jamais fait auparavant et ils expliquent que c'est le fil de ton quel que la chanson te dira tout-de-suite quoi me dire. Elle est vachement émue, elle attrait et dès les premières notes de guitare tu reconnais la chanson, c'est pas d'problème. Et tu vois c'est-à-dire ce qui décou

vre cette chanson pour la première fois et en même temps témoigne de l'artiste mythique que presse devient sur scène parce mon mal-être à l'impression d'y être, c'est un méchant de poule..."