I first saw you
You had on blue jeans
Your eyes couldn't hide anything
I saw you breathing, oh
I saw you staring out in space

I next saw you
You was at the party
Thought you was a queen
Oh so flirty
I came against

Didn't say excuse
Knew what I was doing
We looked very fine
'Cause we were leaving

Like Saint Joan Doing a cool jerk Oh, I want you Like a kanga roo