

Wicked Little High

Bird York

You're a wrong turn
a big fat No
you're the fifth drink before a long drive home
you're the thing to avoid
the bars to my cage
you're all I think about everyday
you've got that thing
that my wildest dreams are made of
you set my world on fire

I die everytime you walk by
I can't hide that I'm drawn to you
Desire is such a wicked little high
when the one you want is blind to you

you're the third scoop
the second pack
you're the reason for therapy
why I should go back
Hey Mister Wrong
you're the tingle in my jeans
you're everything I don't want
but everything I need
I see other guys
but their kisses don't mean nothin'
'cause you're what I have in mind
I die everytime you walk by
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