

LYATT

Bo En

Now dad, this is a very sensitive subject

Cool breeze

The type that makes you shiver, makes you freeze
Baby look, it's plain to see
The reason why you're waiting here in dungarees
My mind's at ease

You make the sugar get dull
You are my favourite plus one, and nine
And you are the reason why my heart multiplies
So I can love you a million times

Yay-ay-ay

You get it?

Hear me?

Got it?

Good

You get it?

Hear me?

Got it?

Good

It don't matter at all
I feel ten feet tall
And you are the reason why
La-da-da-do-die

If I slip, you're there
You care, yeah
Cold when you're by my side
Don't mind, 'cause you're my winter valentine

You, all the ti-
Yeah!

The way you kiss
Something about your coldness in your kiss
I swear I'm losing it
Discombobulated; I never thought I'd ever use that word in phrases
See what you did?

There's um, nothing above you
Nothing at all
I swear there's nothing above you
Nothing at all

You're the A-P-P-L-E
You're my E-Y-E
Freeze to death for you
I just might gladly

Hah