

Gimme Some Lovin' Charlene

Bon Jovi

I don't need a credit card
To buy your love
I don't need no Cadillac
To match your leather gloves
'Cause I am going crazy
When I take your hand
I need your attention
Not some blank psycho stare

Gimme some lovin' Charlene
Gimme some lovin' Charlene

I know your mama and she don't like me
But I'm not the type of boy
She wants you to see
But I wanna take you home and go for a ride
'Cause I got the poison
Let me inside
Gimme some lovin' Charlene
Gimme some lovin' Charlene, Charlene

I like your made-up-eyes
They glow like fire
I like your moves
'Cause you never tire
And you're familiar with the backseat
Take your sweet time
You build me up so hot
Love's a crime
Gimme some lovin' Charlene
Gimme some lovin' Charlene, Charlene
Charlene...