

Rodeo Drive

Bryan Adams

Would I ever give you bad advice?
Have I ever steered you wrong?
Well, maybe I did, once or twice
But now we're singin' a different song

There ain't no limit on a platinum card
My God, the damage you could do
He can afford it, let's hit him hard
Just remember, it's all about you

With this kind of money, honey
You're gonna make his day
So start to make your way to
Rodeo Drive, baby!

Black dress, white dress
Stay up all night dress
Trust me, you're gonna have some fun

Red shoes, blue shoes
I you make the right moves
He'll wanna see you with your buttons undone

So get what you can, honey
Cause there's nothin' he won't do
C'mon they're waiting for you on
Rodeo Drive, baby!

I always thought you deserved the best
Can't wait to see you in a classy dress
This is your moment, don't settle for less
You know you can't go wrong

You don't belong on the Boulevard
You're so much more than you think you are
Give Beverly Hills my regards
Cause that's where you belong
Yeah, where you belong

There ain't much that he ain't got
And girl if I was you
I'd have a blast, I'd go for broke
Hey, what else you gonna do?

Take what you can, honey
Cause you're gonna want a lot
He's gonna think you're hot, hot, hot

Rodeo Drive, baby