

For Her

Chris Lane

She got a smile that makes your worst day feel like it's your birthday
She's got a laugh like confetti would change her name if she'd let me
She's got a way of changing the game the way that you play is never the same

(She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Ride around, windows down, yell with the radio
(She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Drop your plans, drop a grand, hell where the money goes
She make you wanna fight for her, she make you wanna die for her, yeah
She make you wanna fall, make you want it all, make you wanna call
She make you wanna die for her

The way that she moves is like a soft glow, flicker of a candle
She turns my cool into disaster, heart is pumping faster
She's head to toe, body and soul, so beautiful, she don't even know

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She make you wanna die for her
Yeah...
She make you wanna die for her
Yeah...

For her I would walk a straight line
Wear out the soles of my shoes for her
I would run through the night just to kiss her one more time, if she wanted me to

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