Pink

Julia Michaels

He's got a thing for fitness, seven days a week
But I don't really care unless he's working out with me
He's got a thing for flowers, but only certain kinds
And by certain kinds I mean, only if it's mine

Don't get enough, he don't get enough
I don't get enough, he don't get enough of me
Don't get enough, I don't get enough
He don't get enough, I don't get enough

There's no innuendos, it's exactly what you think
Believe me when I tell you that he loves the color pink
Pink

We get palpitations when the week is slow
Yeah baby we get anxious mostly on the days we don't
Use physics to fit in our love
Use physics to fit in our love

Don't get enough, he don't get enough
I don't get enough, he don't get enough of me
Don't get enough, I don't get enough
He don't get enough, I don't get enough

There's no innuendos, it's exactly what you think
Believe me when I tell you that he loves the color pink
Pink, that he loves the color pink

Open up your mind
Wanna walk through the corridors and open doors
I wonder if they're pink
Open up your mind
Wanna walk through the corridors and open doors
I wonder if they're pink

Don't get enough, he don't get enough
I don't get enough, he don't get enough of me
Don't get enough, I don't get enough
He don't get enough, I don't get enough

There's no innuendos, it's exactly what you think
Believe me when I tell you that he loves the color pink
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Believe me when I tell you that he loves the color pink

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