

where's my wedge

Kaskade

(Where, where's my, where's my wedge?)

No one said that the high road was shiny
Diamond ring shoulda stayed in the cart
Make some peace with your six-floor story
Soft landing in all the wrong spots
Walked it off when my heart was hurtin'
Couldn't hide what I knew'd leave a scar
Lily white 'til your new seats got dirty
Tourniquet with your Gucci scarf

Call it Venetian red
Lux lush with a butter-soft edge
Stitched up with a gold thread
Can't get bitter when your ice tea's spent
Yellin', "Where's my wedge?"

(Where's my wedge?)
(Where, where's my, where's my wedge?)
(Where's my wedge?)

Checkmate from my rich rose garden
Sweet scent, ever tried it on?
Best seat, I can catch you marvelin'
Love when a smug honeysuckle earns a fresh gold star
Oh, he knows, he knows
He knows my cheeks turn red
Like a black widow's hourglass fleck

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Yellin', "Where's my wedge?"

(Where's my, where's my, where's my?)
(Where's my, where's my?)
(Where's my?)

Blue ribbon citrus
It's every bit as delicious
It's hot and it's nutritious
It's grantin' all of his wishes
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