

The Look

Keith Wallen

Walking like a man, hitting like a hammer
She's a juvenile scam, never was a quitter
Tasty like a raindrop, she's got the look
Heavily bound, cause Heaven's got a number
When she's spinning me around, kissing is a color
Her loving is a wild dog, she's got the look

She's got the look (she's got the look)
She's got the look (she's got the look)
What in the world could make a brown-eyed girl turn blue
When everything I'll ever do I'll do for you
And I go la la la la la, she's got the look

Fire in the ice, naked to the t-bone
Is a lovers disguise, banging on the head drum
Shaking like a mad bull, she's got the look
Swaying to the band, moving like a hammer
She's a miracle man, loving is the ocean
Kissing is the wet sand, she's got the look

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