

Coupé DeVille

Laila!

Will you write me poems
About your luxury?
Boy, your little notes detail
How you're in love with me
Oh, how you're in love

I'm your golden
Cadillac Coupé DeVille (Coupé DeVille)
I'll take you anyway
I'll take you, I'll take you through the hills
I'm your golden
Cadillac Coupé DeVille (Coupé DeVille)

Do you sell dope
To get your luxuries?
Do you hope
To live your fantasies?
How high, how high?

Bought me a golden
Cadillac Coupé DeVille (Coupé DeVille)
Something in the way you are
Take me out, won't you show me
Bought me a golden
Car that was made before I was born (Coupé DeVille)
Give me what I want
Give me what I want

I want, I want
What I want, what I want
What I want, what I want
What I want, what I want
What I want

(Take a stab it)
Um

I just want to love you more
Every day, I
I love you more and more
I do
Just say what
What I've been waiting for
Waiting for you, waiting for you
Waiting for you to let me in
And once you do, once you do
Will that turn me up, baby?

I'm your golden
Cadillac Coupé DeVille
Something in the way you are
Take me out, won't you show me
Golden
Car that was made before I was born
Give me what I
Give me what I want

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah
Hope you enjoyed that