Oh, yeah

High maintenance, I got the right hands for you You know I like a little attitude, is that really all natural? Oh

I want all your serving, make you pay for all that curving I won't take it personal, oh yeah

I should have some shame when you hit me at 5 a.m When I get the chance to pay you back I can't help but give in, give in

'Cause you're not my girl, but you still my muse
Make me wanna get my money up and spend it on you
You're not my girl, but you still my muse
You supposed to be my number one, and not his number two, woah

My muse
My, my, my, my, my
My muse
My muse, oh yeah, oh yeah

I think I've waited long enough to confess my lovin' and my sin s

I could write like a hundred songs all about you, I could touch you without skin

G'd up in her boss era, undressing in a foggy mirror Toes done even in the winter, she a real winner, oh-oh, yeah

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