

Send It Over

Mattiel

It's casted over, it's yours and mine
Yeah, honey, that'll do just fine
You think you're walking a thin line
It ain't no special sign
Send it on over, send it on over to me
You hold this too hard, forgetting to breathe
Anyway, you've got no mind to feed
What about your back-up and your lead?
Anyway, you've got no mind to feed
Send it on over, send it on over to me

Don't let those motivations hide under your nose, whoa-oh-oh
Under the darkest folds of your shiny clothes
You think nobody knows but they know
You think nobody knows but they know

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