

Gentleman

Mckenna Grace

Listening to your old cds
In your old gray truck
And I'm not so quick to trust
But your green eyes make me blush

Late nights, and the midnight sky
On mulholland drive
And I think it might be love
Or close enough

And I start to think you're heaven sent
God must be pickin' favorites
How are you this perfect

Guess I'm not used to gentleman
And I know it's just the basics
But I love the way that, you

Pick me up, hold the door
Say I'm yours
And then hold my hand in public
Drive an hour, buy me flowers
Kiss me now
Cause you know I fucking love it
Fix my hair, the little things
That show you care
No I'm not used to such a gentleman
I think I love a gentleman

LA when the night gets cold
Now I wear your coat
Cause you said its mine to keep
And it looks so good on me

Picnic on a sunset beach
For the first date please
I think it might be love
Or at least that's what it seems

And I start to think you're heaven sent
God must be pickin' favorites
How are you this perfect

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The way you're kissin' my lips
In the rain think I'm dying
Like some dumb cliché
But you know that I like it
They say chivalry is dead
But I think you revived it
So classic
It's magic
I'm crazy for the way you-

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Say I'm yours
And then hold my hand in public
Drive an hour, buy me flowers
Kiss me now
Cause you know I fucking love it
Fix my hair, the little things
That show you care
No I'm not used to such a gentleman
But now I love a gentleman