

Blondes

Peach PRC

Get another round and taste it
Tequila and a lip gloss chaser
You just wanna dance all night
I just wanna call you mine
Put on that dress he don't like
We can stay up past midnight
Crash on my sofa bed
Sleep in my room instead

I'm not usually this forward but now I wanna be
With your hands on top of me
I know your type and honestly
It's not serious
It's just an experience
I'll be your experiment
We'll do it for the hell of it

Call your boyfriend
Tell him he's fine
He's just no longer your type
You've got someone else on your mind
Call your boyfriend
Play him this song
Tell him he did nothing wrong
You just decided you prefer blondes

I got a question for you
Does he make you feel like I do?
I got a feeling you'd be (Better off with me)

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