

Glide

Rachel Stevens

I'm livin' love in the fast lane
Seein' the world from an airplane
Uh uh
Strange little thing called love
Tastin' the air as we're racing
Smilin' faces as we're passing
Uh uh
Strange little thing called love

The air is clear
Get out of here
Baby, grab your coat; let's take a ride
Hold on to me
And silver breeze
Late into the night
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window
Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide
I know that you want to
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Carryin' off into the air stream
The city's un-so-resting
To much
Strange little thing called love

The air is clear
Get out of here
Baby, grab your coat and hitch a ride
so come on 'round
Go hit the town
Late into the night
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window
Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide
I know that you want to
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window
Glide, Ooo, freeer than an airborne cloud
Baby, fly around
I know that you want to
(Ooo, glide, baby)

Glide,
Freeer than the wind blows
(Than than the wind blows, baby)
Glide,
Freeer than the wind blows
(Than than the wind blows, baby)
Oh, yell it

Glide, Ooo, higher than the window

Glide, Ooo, out into the neon sky
Baby, wanna glide (Wanna glide, yeah)
I know that you want to
(Ooo, glide, baby)
Glide, Ooo, higher than the window
Glide, Ooo, freeer than an airborne cloud
Baby, fly around
I know that you want to
(ooo, glide, baby)