

Licking up tables  
Licking up tables

Walking around  
Something ain't right with you  
Not making a sound  
Ignore the game for two  
You know that I try  
I'm bad at saying goodbye  
Believing everything you say  
I was never right for you my dear  
But it's you  
Ahh  
It's you

I see you you with a collar round your neck  
It's leather, plastic, cotton, soaking wet  
When I see you, you're on empty, and you're panting  
And you're dancing like a dog  
With the lights out, licking up tables  
Sleeping with cotton eyed Joe  
I've been married a long time ago  
Where'd you come from you little hoe

And I wanna get your number  
I wanna feel your thunder  
I'm walking around  
Something ain't right with you  
Not making a sound  
Ignore the game for two  
You know that I try  
I'm bad at saying goodbye  
Believing everything you say  
You know that I'm right for you my dear  
Cause it's you  
Ahh  
It's you