

Exit Wound

Rick Springfield

You say "Romeo, keep your hands off the wheel"
In the afterglow you're immune to my sex appeal
Your body glows from the, from the sweet hardcore
You grab your clothes and you, you head for the door
I can't shake the memory of your heat
Cause I'm already falling at your feet

If you're gonna leave me baby, can I come too?
Got an exit wound the shape of a heart
I'm crying in my sleeve and crazy because of you
Saw our sex it bloomed you tore it apart
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

There's rain on my roof, I'm nothing to you
You're so so so bulletproof and I'm so code blue
Used to believe we'd ignited, ignited a flame
Once you and I united I was never the same
Girl damn you were so fucking fine
I'm not ready to cut that line

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