

Shotput

Still Woozy

Yeah
Oh, oh

What can I say?
You'll always get your way with me
She's barely five foot, you hit like a shot put
And you got me

Can't keep a straight face, that's not how I was made
I know you are the saint, so fuck with this charade
I can see you blushing, wrecked, and I know you hate that
But I can't help it if I like it, so I don't react

But I
Know something's growing
Never can stop it from showing
Nothing compares, just gotta get going, oh

What can I say?
You'll always get your way with me
She's barely five foot, you hit like a shot put
And you got me

Feels right
Baby, it feels right
Yeah, it just feels right
Right to me
In the night, in the dead of the night
We make the wrong things right eventually

Well, I wasn't holding out, hold for me
Already making up my mind that I'd be lonely
Then I know they'll crave for the way that I know just what you want from me
Guaranteed

My heart
Oh, my heart is stone
Melting
Just like honeycomb

Feels right
Baby, it feels right
Yeah, it just feels right
Right to me
In the night, in the dead of the night
We make the wrong things right eventually

In the dead of night
In the dead of night
In the dead of night
In the dead of night