

Met, this girl down by the vine
Had long tan legs and big brown eyes
Seemed the type I would wanna make mine

She said I can tell you're not my type
You're Mr. Wrong, I'm Mrs. Right
This could never be what you wanna be tonight

I said don't you worry, don't you fray
I've got twenty-four ounces of Bombay
Can we work it out? You don't have to be alone

She said nine to five, I'm killing time
But twenty-four-seven, three-six-five
I'd have to be where I feel your sunshine

One to two-step, three-step, four
She's everywhere out on the dance floor
She's everything you could ever want and more

She said boy, these are the terms to play
If you hit and run, there is no way
We could ever be what you plan to be, ayy, ayy

I said girl, I'll set the record straight
I've got shelves of them, just go press play
We could spin it all, you don't have to be alone

She said nine to five, I'm killing time
But twenty-four-seven, three-six-five
I'd have to be where I feel your sunshine

From the sand, to my surprise
She comes to me and locks my eye
Says boy, you know what, I guess you're alright

She said I don't mean to make this hard
But trust me, boy, I've got these scars
If you hit and run, you know that won't get you far

I said girl, you've got it set in stone
If you lay the mat, I'll call you home
I'll make you mine and you'll never be alone

She said nine to five, I'm killing time
But twenty-four-seven, three-six-five
I'd have to be where I feel your sunshine