

Good Scare

Torres

Are you planning to love me through the bars of a golden cage?
Don't make yourself sick with the wanting, skittish thing
When you said you couldn't swing it
You gave me a good scare for a minute there
I had never seen that look from you before
You were eyeing all the exits

Feels like I've been on your heels for a lifetime
Flew north to find you without knowing that was why
You make me want to write a country song
Folks here in New York get a kick out of
I'd sing about knocking you up under Tennessee stars
In the bed of my red Chevrolet pickup

You might give me a good scare for a minute there
But I'll say "Well, I've seen that look from you before"
When you start eyeing all the exits
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