

High, high concept, baby, what does it mean?
Ooh, I wanna love you but I'm not a machine
Your hotel kitchen made me wanna scream
Ooh, can I collect you like a DVD?

We're sittin' on a ledge
Dancin' to the end
Losin' my cool
Regaining composure

My meditation was ice-cream
I was interrupted as I began to dream
Never had control of a doggone thing
Ooh, seein' things never before seen

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