

I Gotta Fever

X

One, two, three, four

You're good tonight
You're cool and white
You ask me inside
'Cause I got no place to hide

This is the way we had planned
I got a fever in my hands

I'm a thief with a wooden head
Your skin is smooth as molten lead
You got a diamond touch
You know way too much

This is the way we had planned
I got a fever in my hands

You fill me up with the TV ink
Much too much for me to think
Drive me up to electric heights
No control, you're mine tonight

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I got a fever in my hands
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