

Ashley Kutcher, Boy From Carolina

I think I might
Know you the best after midnight
Tipsy on red wine

Black dress, skin tight
Hands fit so well on my waist line
You say "you're all mine"

So how do I know your skin, how do I know your touch
But you never let me in, you never open up
I don't know what this is,
Is it me is it you is it us
But I know

I could pick him right out of a line up
Southern looking boy from Carolina
With blue eyes, but I just don't know what's behind them
It's a fine line, and I'm walking on the wire

I wish I could read him I've been trying to
Make sense of what's been goin' on inside his sweet mind, but I don't know, know what he's
Hiding
He's a good guy, and a damn good liar

Long day
Tracing
Freckles that paint constellations
Pull me back in
Half smile dark hair
Cologne that lingers through the air
Now I smell it everywhere

So how do I know your skin, how do I know your touch
But you never let me in, no you never open up
I don't know what this is,
Is it me is it you is it us
But I know

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I know he's lying but he's still coming home
And I don't want to sleep here all alone
I know he's lying but I bet you he already knows
That I'm not gonna be the one to let this go
Oooooohh

I could pick him right out of a line up
That's my boy, my boy
With blue eyes, but I just don't know what's behind them
It's a fine line, and I'm walking on the wire
I wish I could read him I've been trying to
Make sense of what's been goin' on inside his sweet mind, but I don't know, know what he's
Hiding
he's a good guy, and a damn good liar