

Eskimo Joe, Love List

How can we list, can we list our love?
How about in alphabetical order?

You say yes and then you correct me
I think it might get messy
I'm going to have to drunkenly, confess to you
That you drive me crazy
And you know it's true
And yeah, maybe
I might have to kiss you

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I know it's just your way of complaining
That all boys are no good
And I'm just pretending, that I'm a sucker for you
Please believe me
I'm here for you
And yeah, maybe
I might have to kiss you

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