

# Hootie And The Blowfish, Show Me Your Heart

You always ask for flowers and candy, baby,  
never knowing I was your chocolate rose.  
You always tell me that you like what I'm wearing,  
but you think I look better here without any clothes.  
Get out of my head. Show me your heart.  
Get out of my head. Show me your heart.  
You play a game of attack and surrender.  
Always leaving me halfway there.  
Well I've got something that you should remember.  
Until you draw blood, baby, nobody cares.  
Get out of my head. Show me your heart.  
Get out of my head. Show me your heart.  
Sometimes I'd swear you were from Venus, now, oh.  
If I didn't already know your type.  
You'd rather tell me you're an angel, darling,  
then show me by floating gracefully by.  
Get out of my head. Show me your heart.  
Get out of my head, oh. And, show me your heart.  
Get out, get out, get out of my head.  
Yeah, and show me your heart.  
Show me your, oh.  
Get out of my head. And, show me your heart.