## Keith Anderson, Wrap Around

Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.)

You should see her every mornin', In my faded flannel shirt. Wearin' her Big Bear slippers... She's so sexy that it hurts. And when I take her to the city, You should see her turnin' heads. They never seen nothin' so pretty, She can't help but knock 'em dead, yeah, yeah.

She got a kiss that burns me down. She got a touch that makes me come unwound. She got a smile that knocks me to the ground... My baby got the kinda love a man can wrap around. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.)

She's the perfect combination, Of Ginger and Mary Anne. Down home sophistication... Ain't no lines in her tan, no. Sometimes she likes to hear Sinatra, Sometimes ZZ Top. But if you crank the Cucaracha. (Cucaracha.) She'll dance until you, she'll dance until you drop.

She got a kiss that burns me down. She got a touch that makes me come unwound. She got a smile that knocks me to the ground... My baby got the kinda love a man can wrap around, yeah.

No, I don't think God ever, Never made anything better.

She got a kiss that burns me down. She got a touch that makes me come unwound. She got a smile that knock me to the ground... My baby got the kinda love.

She got a kiss that burns me down. She got a touch that makes me come unwound. She got a smile that knocks me to the ground... My baby got the kinda love a man; You know, my baby got the kinda love a man; Yeah, my baby got the kinda love a man can wrap around.

Oh yow, wow, wow. Wrap a-wrap around. Ay, ay, ay, yow, yow.

Wrap around, wrap around. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Yeah, yeah. Do it!. (Wrap around, wrap around.) Ay, ay, ay ay. (Wrap around, wrap around.) (Wrap around, wrap around.) Wrap around, wrap around. (Wrap around, wrap around.)

(Wrap around, wrap around.) (Wrap around, wrap around.)