

Ryan Montbleau, Honeymoon Eyes

Tell me your number.
Tell me your name.
Tell me your shoe size, little darling,
You can tell me anything,
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me
You've got better things to do.
I'm talking 'bout long walks in the sunshine,
I'm talking 'bout loving you.

Tell me that I'm
Out of my mind for trying.
Tell me to save my two cents
For another dollar-girl to be denying.
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me
You've got better things to do.
I'm talking 'bout nothing short of spectacular, honey,
I'm talking 'bout loving you.

From the very first moment
That I laid my eyes upon you, now,
The sunshine of life came rolling,
Rolling into view.
Bet another dollar I can make my two cents sound more crazy
But I do believe I'm falling in love
With every inch and every mannerism of you.

Little flip of your hair.
And the shape of your feet.
And the way you're looking at me sideways
As we're walking down the street.
I think I like to love to hate to leave you
Need you, want to squeeze you all the time.
Paint me pink with polka-dots, honey,
And take a look at my heart-shaped honeymoon eyes.

Tell me your number.
Tell me your name.
Tell me your favorite color, little darling,
You can tell me anything.
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me,
You've got better things to do.
I'm talking 'bout long walks in the sunshine,
Long walks in the moonshine
Take another step and you're all mine,
I'm talking 'bout loving you.
Loving you.
Loving you.