

# Angels, I Aint The One

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

She's my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too  
she'll burn you up with everything she do  
she's a heart scorcher, love, torture  
my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too  
She'll cool you out before you count to ten  
she'll put you down and pick you up again  
get a temperature rise looking in her eyes  
she's danger zone, her heart beats to the end  
When she's loving she's a human oven  
eighty bucks and magic look the age of nine  
her kisses blow my mind  
She'll hook you in and then you'll understand  
paper money burns right in her hand  
she's a hard habit, but she must have it  
a painless game, you're part of her plan  
Take you higher, everytime you try her  
gonna paint her man red, white and blue  
ain't nothing he could do  
She's my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too  
she gonna burn you up with everything she do  
she's a heart scorcher, love, torture  
my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too  
ain't you met her? man you better!

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