

# Collin Raye, On The Verge

Well they shouldn't have played that good  
I got carried away and let the music go to my head  
Well she shouldn't have worn that dress  
The way it curled around when she was spinning  
Just killed me dead

My heart had began to tell my body and my soul,  
that it had gotten in the mood to lose control

Chorus:

Oh, no. When did neon lights turn into moonglow  
when did that jukebox turn into a rainbow  
I'm about to give into this urge  
One more slow dance, with her arms around me  
One more long glance, nothing will slow down me'  
I got no chance, if i'm not in love i'm on the verge

All I wanted to be was cool  
It ain't my style to overheat, much less burn  
But as we floated across the floor  
All at once I flashed right past the point, of no return

And when we said goodnight, the sun was on the rise  
and any stars that hadn't set had fallen in my eyes

Chorus