

Flying Circus, The Competition Song

Touch, turn, look and see
There's something that you want from me
But it's something that I do not have
It's something I aint got to give
(I said) Love, lie, think and talk
There's something 'bout the way you walk
There's something 'bout the way you see
Something when you look at me
Baby why don't you come and play with me
We can hide away from this old world
And everything it's got to give
Baby why don't you fly away with me
We can look for something we can't have
And talk about something we can't see
Love, lie, think and talk
There's something 'bout the way you walk
There's something 'bout the way you see
Something when you look at me
Love, lie, think and deal
There's something 'bout the things you steal
Something 'bout the things you take
Somethink you can't take from me
Baby why don't you come and play with me
We can hide away from this old world
And everything it's got to give
Baby why don't you fly away with me
We can look for something we can't have
And talk about something we can't see
In-sync, you and me
We are in-side, you and I
We are in-sync, in competition
You gotta look to see
Believe, believing
Way down inside you gotta let it go
You gotta let it slide
Baby why don't you come and play with me
We can hide away from this old world
And everything it's got to give
Baby why don't you fly away with me
We can look for something we can't have
And talk about something we can't see