

# Natasha Bedingfield, Tricky Angel

I like to think I know how to look out for myself  
I've got ways and means to filter wrong guys out  
When the B.S. meter is slamming into the red  
I just walk away 'cause I'm not interested

I've never met a boy who didn't hit on me  
I did not suspect reverse psychology  
You know, if you'd knocked I wouldn't have let you in  
How'd you get the code to my security system

I think some tricky angel  
Just knocked me on the head  
Made me look at you different  
Made me see some sense  
Tricky angel got me falling  
Without my consent  
And I'm so glad he did  
'cause I didn't know you were heaven sent

I was writing you off, making a huge mistake  
His intervention rescued us from fate  
I don't know how, but somehow you got me down  
You just broke into me and ignored that it wasn't allowed

Someone's being sneaky, sneaky  
'cause I'm so hard to please  
I was so picky, picky  
So cupid take the boxes for me

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Under the radar  
You slipped into my heart  
You gave me a taste for  
What I didn't know that I wanted  
When I wasn't looking  
You did what I least expected  
Tiptoed in while I was sleeping  
And I'm wide awake now

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