

Rodney Atkins, Sing Along

Yeah.

If you could read my mind, you might slap my face.
If you could see inside my heart, you'd see it's in the right place.

See, it's like bunnies in a Bramble, or honey bees in a hive.
Whenever I'm beside you, that's my paradise.
Might be a twisted way of sayin', I ain't proud, an' no offence,
But I been thinkin' 'bout you, baby, in the future tense.

We'll take it slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.
Yeah, we'll get tighter than your grandma's girdle.
Oh, I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.
If you're feelin' what I'm singin', baby: sing along.

Ain't no moonshine maker, ain't no man of the cloth.
Ain't no kangaroo lawyer, but I will get you off.
'Cause anything worth doin's worth doin' again,
An' again, an' again, an' when,

We're dancin' slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.
Gettin' tighter than your grandma's girdle.
Oh, I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.
If you're feelin' what I'm singin', baby: yeah, sing along.
Yeah.

I want you, I need you, an' I'll never do you wrong.
If you're diggin' what I'm singin', baby: just jump on in an' sing along.

Slower than a broke-knee'd turtle.
Tighter than your grandma's girdle.
Don't say a word:
Mmm sing like a bird.

Don't say a word:
Yeah, sing like a bird.

Slower than a broke-knee'd.
Tighter than your grandma's.
Yeah.

To Fade.