

Roy Drusky, New Lips

These are new lips they're not your lips but they kiss me the way yours used to do
They're not your arms they're just two arms and they'll hold me until I'm over you

Makes no difference who I find to love me just as long as they take you off my mind
Anymore I just don't care who holds me I run to the nearest one I find
These are new lips...
And they'll hold me until I'm over you