

Tara MacLean, Poor Boy

Poor boy
No one on his arm
He's got tongue for talent
Head off and your feet on
You want it
Hungry now and begging for my skin

You said You said
I feel good all over
You said You said
There's never been another
Like me Like me
There's nobody like me
Baby it's a shame
That you can't say the same

You wrap me in
Take a look Take a lick mmm
It's the cure for anything
You want my deepest thoughts
Want to catch me hot
Well, everything's got their going rate

You said You said....