

# 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....