

Tara McLean, Poor Boy

Poor boy
No one on his arm
He's got, tongue for talent
Got, 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 like mmm
It's the, cure for anything
You want my deepest thoughts
Want to catch me hot
Well, everybody's got their going rate