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