

Wade Hayes, Tore Up From The Floor Up

(J.B. Rudd/Bob Regan)

The first time I laid eyes on you
Me and my heart didn't have a clue
What it was we were gettin' into
But oh, we soon found out
You said "hi"; my heart strings popped
My lips lost track of my train of thought
I started falling, couldn't stop
Look at me now

I'm tore up from the floor up
You're dynamite, you're a real humdinger
I'm unwound from the top down
Wrapped around your little finger
Been sideways all day just thinkin' about last night
I'm tore up from the floor up
This must be what love feels like

My legs told me to find a chair
You said "is it hot in here";
We walked in the cool night air
Then your hand touched mine
I felt the ground begin to shake
I tried to keep my head on straight
Then we kissed, earthquake
The ten point kind

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I tore up from the floor up