

For Her

Chris Lane

She's got a smile
That makes your worst day feel like it's your birthday
She's got a laugh
Like confetti would change her name if she let me
She's got a way
Of changing the game
The way that you play
Is never the same (She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Ride around, windows down
Yell with the radio
(She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Drop your plans, drop a grand
Hell where the money goes
She make you wanna fight for her
She'll make you wanna die for her yeah
She'll make you wanna fall
Make you want it all
Make you wanna call
She'll make you wanna die for her
The way that she moves
Is like a soft glow, flicker of a candle
She turns my cool
Into disaster, heart is pumping faster
She's head to toe
Body and throat
So beautiful
She don't even know (She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Ride around, windows down
Yell with the radio
(She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Drop your plans, drop a grand
Hell where the money goes
She make you wanna fight for her
She'll make you wanna die for her yeah
She'll make you wanna fall
Make you want it all
Make you wanna call
She'll make you wanna die for her
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah) She'll make you wanna die for her
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah) For her I would walk a straight line
Wear out the soles in my shoes
For her I would run through the night just to kiss her one more time

If she wanted me to (She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Ride around, windows down
Yell with the radio
(She's the kind that makes you wanna)
Drop your plans, drop a grand
Hell where the money goes
She make you wanna fight for her
She'll make you wanna die for her yeah
She'll make you wanna fall
Make you want it all
Make you wanna call
She'll make you wanna die for her (Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
She'll make you wanna die for her
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>