

She made the blood Brieve Morison

My life was a mess I could do no good
I was twenty six when she pulled me from the wreck.
She gave me a number to dial direct
Said will you remember
I won't forget
She makes the blood pound in my neck

We met in a month
And things were looking good
We rediscovered each other
In the Hotel Select
She had her sister in the car
My things to collect
Will you remember
I won't forget
She makes the blood pound in my neck

In the morning her father
Screamed lack of respect
Wouldn't speak to me
At least not directly

But her mother understood
Like a mother would
And now we're ready to repay the debt
Everything is ready
Everything is set
We're gonna do
The best thing yet.
She makes the blood pound in my neck.x4