

Closer To Him

Eleni Mandell

My man's so debonaire
Filthy rich, feathers in his hair
Taking off from where he stands
Loves his girlfriend

Drives around
Tells me to sit in the middle closer to him
Taking off, we're bound to land
Kissed my lips and holds my hand

Some boys tell stories
Some boys are cruel
Sometimes I worry
But I know he's better than the rest of them

My man, without a care
Time to spend flying through the air
Taking off from where he stands
Loves me truly

Some boys tell stories
Some boys are cruel
Sometimes I worry
But I know he's better than the rest of them

Drives around
Tells me to sit in the middle closer to him
Taking off, we've left the ground
Kissed my lips and holds my hand