

The club isn't the (1) place to
find a lover
So the bar is where I go
Me and my (2) at the table doing
shots
Drinking faster and then we talk slow
Come over and start up a conversation
with just me
And trust me I'll give it a chance now
Take my (3), stop
Put Van The Man on the jukebox
And then we start to dance
And now I'm singing like

Girl, you know I want your (4)
.....
Your love was handmade for
somebody like (5)
Come on now, follow my lead
I may be (6), don't mind
me
Say, boy, let's not talk too much
Grab on my waist and put that body
on me
Come on now, follow my (7)
.....
Come, come, follow me, follow me, follow me, follow me