Fox the Fox - Typical You

If I would have a sense for sin
I'd wrap my body round your skin
If I could set passion free
I sure would spend it lavishly

Such love is so physical It bites you, and that's typical

Typical you

Typical you

Typical you

Typical you

If luck would strike upon my dice
I'd place my bet on number nine
We'd dine in Paris, dance in Spain
You'd drive me to your private place

Your dreams are too wonderful To be in, and that's typical

Typical you

If angel hearts were to control

I'd linger in lavender skies I'd keep my faith, never let go Until your kiss open my eyes

Your mind is too colorful It blinds you and that's typical

Typical you

Typical you