

# 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)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>