

# Cologne

[Alexz Johnson](#)

He's nice, smells like summer wind,  
what's inside of him I cannot see.  
Games, like a puzzle piece,  
come fit into me, so I can play.(What...?)  
I bet I look good on your arm.  
I bet you look good with your black tux on;  
even better after jack and soda,  
even more handsome as you grow older.  
I bet I could right all your wrong,  
I see you on the dancefloor making it feel like prom.  
I know that it's bad to want,  
but baby from here I can't take it, take me home.  
(I do regret, I knew it all along...)  
(So can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)  
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)  
(Can you help me out? A bit of your cologne...)You spell my name in the sand.  
I watch you take my hand, it feels so wrong.  
Nights out with presidents,  
fire and breath mints; it's almost dawn.I think I can roll with the best.  
I think we can fool all the rest puffing up your chest.  
I bet we look good in a photo.  
I bet they won't know that you're so much older.  
I bet I could fix your mistakes,  
I could find and erase all of your heartache.  
I bet that I'm naive.  
I bet after this they'll be giving me the thrid degree.  
(I do regret, I knew it all along...)  
(So can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)  
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)  
(Can you help me out? A bit of your cologne...)(I do regret, I knew it all along...)  
(Can I get, a bit of your cologne...?)  
(I'm on my knees, I'll twist and shout...)  
(Can you help me out? A bit of your, a bit of your cologne...)Uh, uh, uh, uh.  
(A bit of your cologne...)  
Uh, uh, uh, uh.  
(A bit of your cologne...)

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