

# Love, Love, Love

Poor little rich girl dressed in gold  
Got more money than your purse can hold  
Feels like your life has left you cold  
Your sweet young heart has been bought and sold

You put up a guard we all can see right through  
You come home late at night feelin' bored and blue

(chorus)  
You need love  
To educate you  
Love, to saturate you  
Love, to fascinate you  
Love,  
Love, love, love

Race around in a blaze of heat  
Barefoot and pretty in the drivers seat  
You pick up strangers in your fantasy  
You flash a smile as you wave at me

Tonight tell me who will be the lucky guy  
To put the sparkle back into your empty eye

(repeat chorus)

Tonight tell me who will be the lucky guy  
To put the sparkle back into your empty eye

(repeat chorus)

*Written by Frankie Moreno / B.T. Brunelle  
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