

# Gettin' You Home

Chris Young

Tuxedo waiters, black tie,  
White table clothes and red wine,  
We've been planning, this night,  
Looking forward to it, for some time  
Now honey I know you love getting dressed up,  
And you know I love showing you off,  
But watching your baby blue eyes,  
Dancing in the candle light glow,  
All I can think about, is getting you home, Walking through the front door,  
Seeing your black dress hit the floor,  
Uh honey there sure ain't nothing,  
Like you loving me all night long,  
And all I can think about is getting you home  
I don't need this menu, no I don't,  
I already know just what I want,  
Did I hear you right, did you tell me,  
Go pay the waiter and lets leave,  
Now honey I know by that look in your eyes,  
And your hand drawing hearts on mine,  
That our night out of the house,  
Ain't gonna last too long,  
When all you can think about, is getting me home, Walking through the front door,  
Seeing your black dress hit the floor,  
Uh honey there sure ain't nothing,  
Like you loving me all night long,  
And all I can think about is getting you home  
Walking through the front door,  
Sseeing your black dress hit the floor,  
Uh honey there sure ain't nothing  
Like you loving me all night long,  
And all I can think about, all I can think about  
Is gettin' you home.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>