

Marie Osmond, Like A Hurricane

Baby, the girls want to know about you,
they want to know what you do to make me so crazy.
'Cause lately, they see how I've turned around,
my feet never touch the ground since you've been near me.
They're asking "Is the boy really that hot?"
I tell them yes you are.
"Can you tell us what the boy's got?"
Well, that's kind of hard.
You see, it's not that easy,
I know they wouldn't believe me....

'Cause you love me like a hurricane,
you move me like a drivin' rain,
strike like lightnin' out of the blue.
You rock me like an earthquake,
you roll me like a tidal wave,
nothin's ever been the same after lovin' you.
After lovin' you.....

But baby, they didn't believe a word,
they said that they've never heard of a boy like that.
That maybe I was stretchin' out the truth,
tryin' to take them for a fool with a story like that.
They kept asking "Is the boy really that hot?"
I tell them yes you are.
"Can you tell us what the boy's got?"
Well, that's kind of hard.
You see, it's not that easy,
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