

Reba McEntire, Why Do We Want What We Know

(don king, david woodward)

Some come for the music
Some for romance
You gotta be with the boy that brought you to the dance
Then across the room comes a casual glance
And you be making some dime even half the chance

Now some like to look
And some like to touch
All the things that they can't have
Way too much
Some like to get real close to the flame
Once you feel the heat
You know they're never the same

Why do we want
What we know we can't have
Why don't we want
What's in the palm of our hands
Why we always looking
At what's just out of our grasp
Why do we want
What we know we can't have

Well susie was out driving her new corvette
She hadn't made that second payment yet
She rear ended a semi
But not by choice
She was a rubbernecking a new rolls royce

Repeat chorus x2