

Like White On Rice

© 2011 Will Stanley

Recuperatin' from a bad love affair
When I saw this angel with curly blonde hair
She was the girl of my dreams
In a tank top and skin tight jeans
I couldn't hesitate, there was no time to waste
Or spare.

I was all over her, like white on rice
Like heat on a desert, like cold on ice
I went for broke and didn't think twice,
Cuz I couldn't let her get away
Without becoming my wife

She was the perfect antidote
I was no longer dejected, and devoid of all hope
Now that she was my goal
I had a purpose, and a sense of control
I started scheming, and dreaming how it
Would go.

I was all over her, like white on rice,
Like kids on cake, like dots on dice
I jumped right on it, I was so darn psyched
Cuz I couldn't let her get away
Without becoming my wife

You know what they say, persistence pays
And persistence ought to be my middle name
Eventually she couldn't resist
I turned on the charm, as she fell in my arms we kissed.

...Now that she is mine,
I'm gonna keep her till the end of time
Instead of cryin', I'm always smilin' and sighin'

Cuz I'm all over her like white on rice,
Like heat on a desert, like cold on ice
Now that she's mine, it sure feels nice
I'm so glad this angel said yes
To becoming my wife.

I was all over her, like white on rice,
Like kids on cake, like dots on dice
I jumped right on it, I was so darn psyched
Cuz I couldn't let her get away
Without becoming my wife