

Fueled for Houston

Wilson Phillips

I missed all my calls this morning
The coffee may still be burning
I'm in a yellow taxi racing down to LAX
boy you'll be next? I can't wait.

(I'm moving around, moving around...)
I'm ready baby, ready baby, yeah
I'm moving around and I want to get down
I'm on my way

The jet is fueled for Houston
I'm coming for you, for you, for you
I didn't bring my enemies or my worries
I'm on my way to you

The pilot says we're climbing
I can feel the engines burning
And it won't be long 'til I get down to Texas yes
The Wild Wild West
I'm on my way.

(Movin' around) I'm ready baby, ready baby, yeah
I'm moving around and I want to get down, I moving around
I'm on my way

The jet is fueled for Houston
I'm coming for you, for you, for you
I didn't bring my enemies or my worries
I'm on my way to you

Movin' at a real fast pace, don't wanna slow down
Movin' at a real fast pace, don't wanna slow down
Movin' at a real fast pace, don't wanna slow down, 'til I see y
our face.

(Movin' around) I'm ready baby, ready baby yeah
I'm moving around and I want to get down
I'm on my way...Aaaahhhh

The jet is fueled for Houston
I'm coming for you, for you, for you
I didn't bring my enemies or my worries
I'm on my way to you

"I don't have any bags, just get me off this plane!"