

Tide on a Tuesday

[Verse]

He leaned in close at the end of the bar
Said, "I don't know what that is, but it's taking me far"
His eyes went soft and he smiled real slow
Said, "Whatever you're wearing, darlin', don't let it go"

[Pre-Chorus]

I laughed a little, tucked my hair back behind my ear. Said, "Honey, before you fall too hard, let me make it clear"

[Chorus]

It ain't perfume from Paris, it ain't roses and wine.
It ain't some secret potion I cooked up to make you mine.
It's just Tide on a Tuesday, a cold rinse and spin.
Sun-dried in my back yard, let me tell you again.
You fell for the look I'm wearin', ain't that something sweet.
Thank Procter and Gamble boy, not some kind of mystique.

[Verse]

He said, "Call it what you want to, it's still doing me in".
Said, "I'd walk a thousand miles, just to breathe you in again".
I said, "Aisle seven, Walmart, orange jug on the shelf".
He just shook his head and laughed and said, "I can't help myself".

[Pre-Chorus]

He pulled me to the dance floor, spun me under the light. Said, "Tide on a Tuesday girl, is my new favorite night".

[Chorus]

It ain't perfume from Paris, it ain't roses and wine.
It ain't some secret potion I cooked up to make you mine.
It's just Tide on a Tuesday, a cold rinse and spin.
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[Bridge]

Mama always told me, "Clean livin' opens hearts".
Never thought a load of laundry would be how it'd start.
Something like this, something like you.
Guess love don't need expensive, when it's already true.

[Chorus]

It ain't perfume from Paris, it ain't roses and wine.
But the way you love it, darlin', now I think you might be mine.
It's just Tide on a Tuesday, a cold rinse and spin.
Sun-dried in my back yard, but I let you lean in.
You fell for the look I'm wearin', and ain't that something sweet.
Thank Procter and Gamble boy. But maybe it was meant to be.

[Outro]

Mmm, aisle seven, orange jug...Who knew?