

Friday afternoon and all the worries just float into the air
we're going to our secret spot and no one else knows how to get
there

the words just poured out of you like a melody
I just could not believe the things you're telling me

Come closer, come closer

Nothing could be half so compelling
as you and me, our senses telling us where to go
you give me quite a show
we're stretched out horizontal throttle down
upon the ground and always taking it slow
here we go

I taste the salt on your skin and then it's really beginning
I got the message you're sending
Go again and again 'til we're spent
I hear somebody coming

Maybe a year went by
Could be two lifetimes
But I know it's building up again