

The Kiss

Michael Franks

Another year has come and gone
Who cares if time gives us a leaking
If like that famous wristwatch
We just keep on ticking
If you'll forgive me this cliché
You are the gift that keeps on giving
To coin a phrase it's true
You make my life worth living

At eleven fifty-seven
Our embrace stops time and space
My arms will not release you till next year
Love, let me lose myself in you
Until we can't tell who is who
The dialogue of bliss
Begins each time we kiss

No matter where this journey ends
As long as I have you beside me
I know I'll carry all my happiness inside me
If you'll forgive me this cliché
You are the gift that keeps on giving
Two coin a phrase it's true
You make my life worth living

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