

Miss your hair
I like the way you stare
Into my eyes
Most the time
The way you touch me
Is like a curse that can't be broken
But it hurts
Most the time

And if there was a place
That I had to choose
Or a memory that fades
That I cannot lose
If there was a place
That I could call home
Before I'd die you'd ought to know
It would be in your arms tonight

The green in your eyes
Are like the leaves in the summer
And it changes
With the weather
The pink in your cheeks
When you slightly lose your temper
Makes me love you
Even more

And if there was a place
That I had to choose
Or a memory that fades
That I cannot lose
If there was a place
That I could call home
Before I'd die you'd ought to know
It would be in your arms tonight
It'd be in your arms tonight
It'd be in your arms tonight