

Leaning In

Blues Traveler

No longer care where I am
One smile remains to trace for the fingers on my hand
Search for your face in every crowd
Hope it springs internally 'til it runs over and out

If I could touch your lips to mine
Soft and sweet for about a half a million times
Pressing ever deeply as I take you in my arms
And hold on 'til we both forget where we are

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Wake up staring at a phone
And it is so messed up, the cliches alone
But there I am dreaming clumsily
And love, it comes so difficult for a boy like me

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Smiling at your message today
I know I face uncertainty but still I am on my way
Once again those daydreams begin
I caress your cheek, finally leaning in

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