

Victorious

Chicago

Hungry as a fire
Waiting for the flicker
Waiting for the black hook
Slow burn of love
Sitting in an armchair
Lovers in a cold war
Brittle as a brick wall, oh

But I want you
With all of my might
'Cause I think we can make
This thing right, baby

Give me your heart
The touch of your hand
The sound of your voice
And I will be victorious
Hold on to me
Like I hold on to you
Make it come true
And I will be victorious

You were such a stranger
Lying there beside me
Moving like a river, oh
I was so afraid that
I was gonna lose you
That I could never have you
Here in my arms

But I want you
With all of my might
'Cause I think we can make
This thing right, baby

Give me your heart
The touch of your hand
The sound of your voice
And I will be victorious
Hold on to me
Like I hold on to you
Make it come true
And I will be victorious

But I want you
With all of my might
'Cause I think we can make
This thing right, yeah

Give me your heart
The touch of your hand
The sound of your voice
And I will be victorious
Hold on to me
Like I hold on to you
Make it come true
And I will be victorious

Oh victorious

I want you to make this thing right
I want you to make it right
And I will be victorious
Like I hold on, like I hold on to you
And I will be victorious