

# You Come To My Senses

Chicago

**E**

I picture you on the beach

**B**

Lying in the sand

**E**

Out of reach of my trembling hands

**A**

**B**

I picture you in a car

**E**

Blonde hair in the wind

**A**

**B**

I picture you in my arms

**E**

And the touch of your skin

**A**

The smile on your face

**B**

The way that you taste

**E**

You come to my senses

**A**

Every time I close my eyes

**B**

I have no defenses

**E**

You come to my senses

**A**

I can't stop this ache inside

**B**

I have no defenses

**E**

You come to my senses