

## Between Sheets

Imogen Heap

You and me between the sheets  
It just doesn't get better than this  
The many windswept yellow stickies of my mind  
Are the molten emotional front line  
I couldn't care less I'm transfixed in this absolute bliss  
Sweet sleepless, tumbling night  
Oh, and the morning on the your skin and loved up light  
Tracing patterns in the maze of your back  
Softly, softly the goose bumps like that  
And then a kiss...  
Maybe another,  
And another one