

# Grenadine

John Waite

Yeah, I got pockets full of change, yeah  
Keys and your number  
Been sitting on a bar stool, baby  
And it's 3 AM and I'm still sober  
I need to find a door  
To shut you out  
I've got my reasons, baby  
And all you've got is doubts

Think about your kiss  
And you're here

It's the color of grenadine  
On your lips  
The color of grenadine  
I seem to miss  
It's more than mad antic  
Yeah, baby  
Grenadine, yeah

I'm might just walk home again alone  
'Cause the forecast calls for rain  
Oh yeah, yeah yeah  
And I'll count those streetlights, baby  
And think about your eyes  
And I'll be in pain  
As usual

Yeah, it just reminds me  
Of your kiss

Of the color of grenadine  
On your lips  
The color of grenadine  
Yeah, that's what I miss  
I miss you so much, baby  
A thousand times I'd go  
For the color grenadine

Grenadine

The color of grenadine  
On your lips  
The things that I miss the most  
Your fingertips  
The little things I can't  
Live without at all  
The things that I need, baby  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah, you've got them all  
You've got them all  
Got them all  
Yeah yeah yeah