

# Curls In The Wind

Mark Ambor

You've been stuck inside a picket fence  
I told you we could run away from common sense  
Doesn't matter where it starts or where it ends  
Just take my hand, take my hand

Want to waste all my seconds away  
Getting lost in a beautiful place  
Open fields when I look at your face  
To forever face

A little bit of heaven on the weekend  
Ocean on the sequins  
Curls in the wind like ooh

A little bit of sun out when it's freezing  
I don't need a reason  
Tell me what you want to do

I like the way I feel with you  
Said I like the way I feel with you  
I like the way I feel and I don't know much  
But I like the way I feel with you

Want you all over me  
Set fire to a chemistry  
Melting on a leather seat  
Its paradise, oh

Don't you let go of me  
My pain, my remedy  
No place I would rather be, than in your mind

Want to waste all my seconds away  
Getting lost in a beautiful place  
Open fields when I look at your face  
To forever face

A little bit of heaven on the weekend  
Ocean on the sequins  
Curls in the wind like ooh

A little bit of sun out when it's freezing  
I don't need a reason  
Tell me what you want to do

I like the way I feel with you  
Said I like the way I feel with you  
I like the way I feel and I don't know much  
But I like the way I feel with you

And I don't know much but I like the way I feel