

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

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Ocean on the sequins
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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