Wings of Desire

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I've often thought about the nature of our meeting: a handshake for a greeting, a look of tenderness in your eyes. Your hand, it felt warm. I held it tight in both of mine, the way I'd cling to a cup of steaming tea in winter.

It's not that I was cold, although the autumn breeze blew cool er at the shore.

It's that when we touched I saw a glimpse of my future and I hoped in holding on I'd see a little more.

Now I still thirst for that vision, I still hunger for that tou ch.

I hardly know what to do with myself, I want you so much.

But my heart will burst before I die of hunger or thirst for the love I feel but try and contain.

If you only knew then I could let it grow freely for you.

You'd seel how much has been asked of my self-restraint.

If I could soar like a bird on these feathered wings of desire...

Yeah, I love you. Could you ever love me too?
YouD don't know how good to you I'd be.
I'd make you feel like the wildest of your dreams were real.
I'd show you every day how much you mean to me.

I could soar like a bird on these feathered wings of desire