You give a little, you get a little, then you take a little more. I give a little, I get a little, but I want you more. I feel the swell of perspiration.

You are a direct inspiration. The hidden camera in the corner relaying all of our behaviour. Your trademark wink — you just do it,

I know you don't think, but it puts me on the brink. You could tell me anything. I would still believe your innocent smile. You give a little, you get a little, then you take a little more. I give a little, I get a little, but I want you more.

I feel the swell of apprehension whenever there's a subtle tension, but I'd forgive you almost anything — you are a direct inspiration. We wend our way through the longest part of the day, the part where it starts to fray. You could tell me anything. I would still believe your innocent smile. You give a little, you get a little, then you take a little more. I give a little, I get a little, but I want you more.

There are things that I'd like to do. I'd like to do them all with you. There are places you want to see so come discover them with me. I feel relief when I'm with you.

Every night I lie with you feels like the tide is turning, too. Where do we go from here?