

Twist Me Around

Mocca

Strolling along down the road in the evening with the moon and
the sky
Hey diddle-
diddle the cat on the fiddle my heart jumps over the moon

My hands are held while we're crossing the street
It's all I could hope for
Seeing your smile when I tickle your tummy is all I ever wish for

Sometimes you're sweeter than a pie made of lemon
But sometimes full of secrets like Clark Kent

Twist me around
All I need is someone who's willing to stroke my hair
Like a soft blowing breeze...
My poor sentimental side
Twist me around

I've always dreamed of being couple like Daisy and the
famous Donald Duck
Harry and Sally or Bonnie and Clyde all you have to do is knock

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