

Like Someone In Love

Nancy Wilson

This change I feel puzzles me.
It's strange, a real mystery.
Maybe you see it.
If you do see it
What on earth can it be?

Lately I find myself out gazing at stars,
Hearing guitars like someone in love.
Sometimes the things I do astound me,
Mostly whenever you're around me.

Lately I seem to walk as though I had wings,
Bump into things like someone in love.
Each time I look at you I'm limp as a glove
And feeling like someone in love.

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