

Fine, Fine Day

Roberta Flack

Woo, ooh

...

When his shirt that hangs inside my closet door
Makes me smile and feel his warmth surround me
And his footsteps in the hall can start me soaring
I think it's getting heavy, think they call it love

When I see his sleeping head so close to me at night
And a wave of tender feeling rushes through me
And it's only him I wanna see come morning light
I think it's getting heavy, think they call it love

It's a fine, fine day
When a love like yours comes my way
It's a fine, fine day
Living here with you
Me and you

When he smiles at me and in his eyes he shows
That I'm being loved down to my very toes
And I don't mind if everybody knows
I think it's getting heavy, think they call it love

It's a fine, fine day
When a love like yours comes my way
It's a fine, fine day
Share a life with you
Me and you

I think they call it love
(Fine, fine day)
I think they call it love
(Fine, fine day)
I think they call it love
(Fine, fine day)
I think they call it love
(Fine, fine day)