

Groove Me

Roberta Flack

Every time I look up in my skylights
I see your face flashing through the dark of the night
And when I'm walking up and down the streets in the day
I hear your voice, loud above the roar of the crowd

Whoa, if you knew what you were doing to me
You'd come rushing to my arms and hold me
And you'd whisper pretty little words to my ear, oh yeah
You'd groove me

I said everything I want, wish and I hope for
Seems to revolve around the beauty of the soul that you are
And when the rain is pouring from the sky every day
That's how I'd feel if you're running away

Oh, if you knew what you were doing to me
You'd come rushing to my arms, hold me
You'd whisper, oh yeah
You'd groove me, oh, oh

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, oh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Every time I look up in my skylight
I see your, your face flashing through the dark of the night
And when I'm walking up and down the streets in the day
I hear your voice, loud above the roar of the crowd

Whoa, if you knew what you were doing to me
You'd come rushing to my arms
You'd whisper pretty little words, oh yeah
You'd groove me

Come on, whisper pretty little words
Good God, ooh yeah
You'd whisper pretty little words in my ear
And groove, ooh, ooh, hmm, yeah, yeah, uh-huh, mhm
I said you'd groove me