

## About You

Royal Wood

The holiest of words that you'll ever hear  
Are the words that I love you  
Upon a welcome ear  
Oh oh oh

But I'm seeking asylum from what I have done  
I've broken the heart of  
My dear and closest one  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh

Our routine was nearly perfect but so well rehearsed  
Seemingly so flawless  
But truthfully coerced

Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you  
Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you

But the amber is dead now  
No bellows could it save  
No forced air or maneuvering  
By the most zealest of faiths

Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you  
Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you  
Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you  
Oh, oh Anne  
I'm thinkin' about you

Oh oh oh oh oh oh