

She Makes Me Quiver

Stephen Duffy

She's dreamy to the max

I tried to make a joke
You didn't seem to listen
The café was full of smoke
And I was fiercely bitten
The wind outside could bite
But love for you was savage
Was my conversation trite
Or weighed down with luggage?

She's got a lot of problems
She's got a lot of problems
She makes me quiver

The soft suede of her boots
"Admit you are neurotic"
Your Maxfield Parrish suits
"Is style like a narcotic"
But if I can't be debonair
I'll just be gaunt and gothic
"Can we make a pair?"
Yes, that would be exotic

I love you massively
I love you passively
Tip toe to my kisses
Give me my best wishes