

I want to love you I want to love you
I want to love you
Without ego without pride
I want to know you I want to know you
I want to know you
Outside inside without side
You make me want to die
Now I'm caught in your slip stream
Love is pulling me on
Passed the suitors you spurned
And the lovers you burned
You may think I'm old fashioned
But I'm not in your class
My voice steams up the windows
While yours can cut glass
Still you make me transcend.
I want to hold you I want to hold you
I want to hold you
Without holding you at bay
I want to hear you I want to hear you
I want to hear
Every single word you say
You make me want to cry.
No I'm not superstitious
But I can't help touching wood
With my head in my hands
And you doing no good
In the interests of courtship
I'll walk you back home
Through the streets here in heaven
When we're alone
You make me transcend.
No I'm not superstitious
But I can't help touching wood
With my head in my hands
And you doing no good
Is it all over nothing
Does that make you feel sad
It's not the standards of living
That make dying so bad
It's the fear of the end
You make me transcend.