

All Things To You

Tanita Tikaram

When she said my looks were stolen
From the deepest night
In a picture show

I said: "No, no, no"
Don't you know
I need you so

I wanna be all things to you

I wanna be your pardon and Hallelujah
I wanna be the melody
Rushing through your memory

I wanna see the oceans
And the tides pulled by the moon
In your eyes

I wanna be the stars of a restless night
I wanna hold you close and make it right
I wanna be your black
I wanna be your white

I wanna be the day you dream of the night
I wanna say the things
That make you come to me
Be the air you breath

I wanna see the oceans
And the tides pulled by the moon
In your eyes

I wanna be the stars of a restless night
I wanna hold you close and make it right
I wanna be your black
I wanna be your white

I wanna be the day you dream of the night
I wanna say the things
That make you come to me
Be the air you breathe