

# Bill Withers, All Because Of You

A sparkle in my eye  
Satisfied  
All because of you pretty one  
A bubble in my desire  
And I've suddenly become

High as birds that fly above the clouds that rain on you and me  
Deep as words you never say out loud but whisper tenderly  
La, la, la

A spark that lights my fire  
Takes me high  
All because of you pretty one  
A bubble I can't deny  
And I've suddenly become

High as birds that fly above the clouds that rain on you and me  
Deep as words you never say out loud but whisper tenderly

A spark that lights my fire  
Takes me high  
All because of you pretty one  
A bubble I can't deny  
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