

# Blues Traveler, Leaning In

No longer care where I am  
One smile remains to trace for the fingers on my hand  
Search for your face in every crowd  
Hope it springs internally until it runs over and out

If I could touch your lips to mine  
Soft and sweet for about a half a million times  
Pressing ever deeply as I take you in my arms  
And hold on  
until we both forget where we are  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in

Wake up staring at a phone  
And it is so messed up the cliches alone  
But there I am dreaming clumsily  
And love, it comes so difficult for a boy like me

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Leaning in

Smiling at your message today  
I know I face uncertainty but still I am on my way  
Once again those daydreams begin  
I caress your cheek  
Finally leaning in

Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in  
Leaning in