

Ewa Bem, Something

Something in the way he moves
attracts me like no other lover.
Something in the way he woos me.
I don't want to leave him now,
you know I believe, and how.

Somewhere in his smile he knows
that I don't need no other lover.
Something in his style,
something in his style he shows me.
I don't want to leave him now,
you know I believe, and how.

You're asking me will my love grow,
I don't know, I don't know.
You stick around and it may show,
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

Something in the way he knows,
and all I have to do is think of him.
Something in the things he shows me.
I don't want to leave him now,
you know I believe, and how.

You're asking me will my love grow,
I don't know, I don't know.
You stick around and it may show,
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

Something in the way,
something in the way he moves