

Julia Fordham, Your Lovely Face

Your lovely face, your lovely face, your lovely...

I'm standing in my kitchen, I'm driving in my car
Lying on my bed in my room wondering where you are
I keep meaning to call you, but I never find the time
Doesn't mean to say that you're not weaving through my mind!

What I wouldn't do right now to see your lovely face
What I wouldn't do right now to see your lovely face
What I wouldn't do right now to fill in all this space
That I've gone and built just for myself.

Sitting in this restaurant, I'm running 'round some park
Swimming in some clear blue water wondering where you are
I keep meaning to tell you that things aren't what they seem
Doesn't mean that you're not weaving through my dreams!

What I wouldn't do, what I wouldn't do,
What I wouldn't do right now to see your lovely face...

Your lovely face, your lovely face, your lovely
Your lovely face, your lovely, your lovely face

Smiling on the ocean, I'm flying through the air
You know I'm travelling so much travelling these days
Then what should I, should I care?
Finally arriving where I was born to be
Doesn't mean to say your lovely face can't be with me...