

Roxette, Fingertips

You're sliding down a dream, o yea.
Where nights are born in blue,
that's the truth.
You're swimming in a stream, o yea.
Fish are jumping too, next to you.
Suddenly you notice someone's at the door,
you could swear you've been through this all before.

Then she runs
her fingertips through your hair.
Your life has just begun.
Her fingers, they are everywhere.
You're floating light like air,
leaving the ground
and she shines on just like the sun.

You're gazing at the sky, o my.
The stars are out tonight,
shining bright.
You're waving to a cloud, bye-bye.
You're drowning in the smile of his eyes.
Suddenly you feel there's no time for a deal
though a voice tells you it's for real.

And she runs
her fingertips through your hair
and life has just begun.
Her fingers, there and everywhere.
You're floating light like air,
leaving the ground.
She-she shines on just like the sun.

It's just a sunny afternoon.
Somebody's singing songs of love, child.
You love a lazy afternoon once in a while.