

Sting, Murder By Numbers

The very thought of you makes
My heart sing
Like an April breeze
On the wings of spring
And you appear in all your splendour
My one and only love
The shadows fall
And spread their mystic charms
In the hush of night
While you're in my arms
I feel your lips so warm and tender
My one and only love
The touch of your hand is like heaven
A heaven that I've never known
The blush on your cheek
Whenever I speak
Tells me that you are my own
You fill my eager heart with
Such desire
Every kiss you give
Sets my soul on fire
I give myself in sweet surrender
My one and only love
The blush on your cheek
Whenever I speak
Tells me that you are my own
You fill my eager heart with
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My one and only love
My one and only love