

# Tanita Tikaram, I Love You

Johnny was a peculiar guy  
Brought up on love and the reasons why  
but the reasons why ought not to be said  
and so I'm left hands held to my head

I love you  
I love you  
I love you

It's a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful thing  
It's a beautiful, beautiful thing

Chances, changes are all that you have  
As you take the hard stuff and lie on your back  
The smoothness, strangeness  
Fits like a glove  
But the comfort of tease  
Still rises above

I love you  
I love you  
I love you

But is it possible, possible, possible babe?  
Is it possible for you and me?

Gold and waves and Betty Blue  
Are the images that lead to the clues of why  
I can't love you  
I can't love you  
I can't love you  
It isn't possible