

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