

The Corrs, When He's Not Around

He's uncool and unsophisticat
He's a tightrope walker on an open path
He's a maze of curiosity
He is the living bread that cures my appetite

(chorus)
I find that i can't breathe and i can't sleep
When he's not around
Everyday is bluey grey
When he's not in town

His mystique is one of innocence
I feel i'm lounging in lovely in his big blue eyes
And i would be preening in paradise
If i were always beside him like a Siamese

(chorus)

Can i keep him in my galaxy
Can he live within my fantasy

(chorus)

Can i keep him in my galaxy
Can he live within my fantasy

(chorus)