

Whitney Houston, Love is a contact sport

You've been avoiding me
Like a cat tryin' to dodge a dog
I never see ya shine
You're as cold as the London fog
You claim you want my love
Well I wouldn't know by the way you behave
If you want to feel the thrill of my touch
You better come outa' yo' cave
It's so perplexing
Why you fight it, won't you try it
Love's electric
Turn me on and see
Chorus:
Love is a contact sport
You gotta move in tight
If you wanna do it right, here I am
Love is a contact sport
You gotta act untamed
If you wanna play the game
So grab my hand and.... slam!...
I hate to sound aggressive
But I'm tired of waitin' for your move
Cut the formalities
'Cause you've got a few things to prove
If you really want my love
I need to feel it down deep from within
Don't make me wait to long
I'm ready now, come and stroke my skin
Well all this talkin'
Worthless chatter, just don't matter
Time for stalkin'
Come get next to me
chorus.