Finishing eight or nine, tell me what's the perfect time Told you I'd be waiting, hiding from the rainfall Come into my bedroom Tell me what's the joy of giving if you're never pleased On my last strength against all that you believed Come into my bedroom Please, as our faces know Young as I want to know, I will never let you go Trade in a baseball, never as our faces know Come into my bedroom Uh-oh... Come into my bedroom Finishing eight or nine, tell me what's the perfect time Told you I'd be waiting, hiding from the rainfall Tell me what's the joy of giving if you're never pleased On my last strength against all that you believed

I said I'm on my last strength against all that you believed You know I'm on my last strength against all that you believe