

# Don't Stop Swaying

Sophie B. Hawkins

I saw you there  
All I wanted was to start with you  
Was the hardest thing I ever had to do  
'Til I made you care

Yo, brother  
You sure heard me  
Banging on the big drums for your love  
You called me baby then  
Talked to me like your best friend  
When the time was right you were so good  
Asked me what I like  
And I said

Don't stop swaying, baby  
You soothe my soul, and I stop searching  
When I get lost in the rhythm  
Everything stops hurting  
Don't stop swaying, baby  
Take it slow  
And I keep yearning

Oh

Again I fall  
Lighter than the morning dew (fresh)  
'Cause I always never knew  
What I'm stumbling on

(Yo, sister) yo, sister  
(You sure heard me) you sure heard me  
(Singing in the rain for some love) singing in the rain for some love  
You took me unaware  
Said things to make me care  
Now, the time is ripe, and you're so good  
Ask me what I like, and I say

Don't stop swaying, baby  
You soothe my soul, and I stop searching  
When I get lost in the rhythm  
Everything stops hurting  
Don't stop swaying, baby  
Take it slow  
And I keep yearning

Don't stop swaying, baby  
You soothe my soul, and I stop searching  
When I get lost in the rhythm  
Everything stops hurting  
Don't stop swaying, baby  
Oh  
And the Sun goes down  
Don't stop swaying, baby

Hansel and Gretel are holding hands deep in the forest. They are lost.  
This is their own story. The two have fallen in love, and so, after a long quietness amidst the creatures of the night, they begin to kiss.

Traveling like heat through each other's bodies, they pass through centuries  
of insecurity and into a rhythm where they are not afraid.  
(Don't stop swaying baby)  
Mamma has led these children into the wild unknown for reasons known, with f  
ather's help, of course,  
they tried very hard to get back home, but, of course, they could not.  
(Don't stop swaying baby)  
And so, they find themselves through the darkness, through the sadness, maki  
ng love, making peace, making music.  
They find themselves, through the chaos, making sense. This is what they wan  
t. This is who they are. These are the things they need.  
When the Sun goes down  
(Don't stop swaying baby)  
And I'm next to you  
(Don't stop swaying baby)  
Oh  
(Don't stop swaying baby)