

Brite Side

Blondie

Whenever I collapse, whenever I fold in your arms, that's when
I know I'm holding you.

Holding you within my grasp.

Whenever I feel trapped, held by the inescapable, I try to put
my mind at ease, protect the heart worn on my sleeve.

That's when I feel brand new.

I'm looking on the brite side.

I've got my visuals.

I'm looking on the brite side.

My 20/20's true.

I'm looking on the brite side.

That's when I know it's you.

You.

Whenever I'm in red a guardian angel's flying round my head.

I feel your touch warm as red's embarrassment, innocence' blush

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That's when I feel brand new.

I'm looking on the brite side.

I've got my visuals.

I'm looking on the brite side.

My 20/20's true.

I'm looking on the brite side.

That's when I know it's you.

You.

You.

Whenever I'm in bed I see myself in wide-
screen love scenes close-up.

I'm holding you, holding you.

We're wrapped in blue.

I'm looking on the brite side.