

Poetry In Motion

Bobby Vee

When I see my baby,
what do I see,
Poetry,
Poetry in Motion

Poetry in Motion, walking by my side, her lovely locomotion,
keeps my eyes open wide.
Poetry in Motion, see her gentle sway, a wave out on the
ocean, could never move that way.

I love every movement, and there's nothing I would change,
she doesn't need improvement, she's much too nice to rearrange.

Poetry In Motion, dancin' close to me, a power of the devotion,
swaying gracefully.

Poetry In Motion, see her gentle sway, a wave out on the
ocean, could never move that way.

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