Call My Name

Charlotte Church

I like the sound of your belt dropping Your door locking, you jangle your keys, yeah I like the sound of your heart stopping Of lip locking, the grazing of knees, yeah

I like the sound of skin touching Hands fumblin', you do as you please I like the sound of back on the wall, yeah Shelves falling, oh yes, indeed

And I love it when you call my name I love it when you call my name Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

I like the sound of your shirt ripping My will slipping under the table I like the sound of your hand slapping Your whip cracking, this could be painful

I may like the rain, I may like the symphony I may like the feel of your frame on my frame

But I love it when you call my name I love it when you call my name, yeah Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

I may like the rain, I may like the symphony I may like the feel of your frame on my frame I may like your touch, I may like you next to me I may like the sound of your name on my lips

I may like your touch, I may like your remedy I may like the feel of your hand on my hips I may like your talk, like you breathing heavily I like a lot of things, baby, you know me

But I love it when you call my name I love it when you call my name (I love it when you call me, ooh) Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame Yeah, I love it when you call my name

But I love it when you call my name I love it when you call my name (I love it when you call me) Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name