

# Victorious

Chicago

Hungry as a fire  
Waiting for the flicker  
Waiting for the black hook  
Slow burn of love  
Sitting in an armchair  
Lovers in a cold war  
Brittle as a brick wall, oh

But I want you  
With all of my might  
'Cause I think we can make  
This thing right, baby

Give me your heart  
The touch of your hand  
The sound of your voice  
And I will be victorious  
Hold on to me  
Like I hold on to you  
Make it come true  
And I will be victorious

You were such a stranger  
Lying there beside me  
Moving like a river, oh  
I was so afraid that  
I was gonna lose you  
That I could never have you  
Here in my arms

But I want you  
With all of my might  
'Cause I think we can make  
This thing right, baby

Give me your heart  
The touch of your hand  
The sound of your voice  
And I will be victorious  
Hold on to me  
Like I hold on to you  
Make it come true  
And I will be victorious

But I want you  
With all of my might  
'Cause I think we can make  
This thing right, yeah

Give me your heart  
The touch of your hand  
The sound of your voice  
And I will be victorious  
Hold on to me  
Like I hold on to you  
Make it come true  
And I will be victorious

Oh victorious

I want you to make this thing right  
I want you to make it right  
And I will be victorious  
Like I hold on, like I hold on to you  
And I will be victorious