

You Come To My Senses

Chicago

I picture you on the beach
Lying in the sand
Out of reach of my trembling hands
I picture you in a car
Blonde hair in the wind
I picture you in my arms
And the touch of your skin
The smile on your face
The way that you taste

You come to my senses
Every time I close my eyes
I have no defenses
You come to my senses
I can't stop this ache inside
I have no defenses
You come to my senses