

Skin To Skin

Harry Belafonte

She does not lazy dance
her hands on me
She does not talk, no pretty talk
She pleasures silently
But with her, I am summer
I warm easy to her heart
She fill me full, she fill me full
She make me complete

Skin to skin
Skin to skin
No cold wind blow on me
No cold wind blow on me

Skin to skin
Skin to skin
The light, it shine on me
The light it shine on me

He is a secret soldier
With pieces inside broke
He hides in his own darkness
His fire has no smoke
And, when my body songs begin
When he holds me tight
He chases all my shadows
And I burn so bright

Skin to skin
Skin to skin
No cold wind blow on me
No cold wind blow on me

Skin to skin
Skin to skin
The light, it shine on me
The light, it shine one me

Winter inside of me
Ice to fight the storm
She cannot see
What I hide in me
I can't be strong
Beside her warm

Skin to skin (She's too close)
Skin to skin (much too close)
No cold wind blow on me (she's got a hold on me)
No cold wind blow on me (she's got a hold on me)

Skin to skin (She touches soft)
Skin to skin (ah, much too soft)
The light, it shines on me (her fire is burning me)
The light, it shines on me (her fire is burning me)

Skin to skin (she's too close)
Skin to skin (ah,much too close)

No cold wind blow on me (she's got a hold on me)
No cold wind blow on me (she's got a hold on me)
Skin to skin (she touches soft)
Skin to skin (ah, much too soft)
The light, it shines on me (her fire is burning on me)
The light, it shines on me (her fire is burning on me)