

# We Make Love

Harry Belafonte

Sometimes her hand warm from dreaming  
Finds it's way to my side of the morning  
And in between waking and sleeping  
We make love, we make love  
Sometimes she's quietly busy  
And I smile away all her intensions  
And among her forgotten excuses  
We make love, we make love  
Sometimes we just make love  
Sometimes we just make love  
Wo wo wo  
Sometimes in a room full of strangers  
In the distance of laughter and small talk  
With a look that takes only a moment  
We make love, we make love  
And after a moment of difference  
In the quiet of dying confusions  
On a blanket of gentle forgiving  
We make love, we make love  
Sometimes we just make love  
Sometimes we just make love  
Wo wo wo, we make love