

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