

## Help Me

k.d. lang

Help me  
I think I'm falling  
In love again  
When I get  
That crazy feeling  
I know  
I'm in trouble again  
I'm in trouble  
'Cause you're a rambler  
And a gambler  
And a sweet-talking  
Ladies man  
And you love your loving  
But not like you  
Love your freedom

Help me  
I think I'm falling  
In love too fast  
It's got me  
Hoping for the future  
And worrying  
About the past  
'Cause I've seen  
Some hot hot blazes  
Come down to smoke  
And ash  
We love our loving  
But not like  
We love our freedom

Didn't it feel good  
We were sitting  
There talking  
Or there not talking  
Didn't it feel good  
You dance with the lady  
With the hole  
In her stocking  
Didn't it feel good  
Didn't it feel good  
Didn't it feel good  
Didn't it feel good

Help me  
I think I'm falling  
In love with you  
Are you going to  
Let me go  
There by myself  
That's such  
A lonely thing to do  
Both of us  
Flirting around  
Flirting and flirting  
Hurting too  
We love our loving

But not like  
We love our freedom