

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