

Tickled Pink

k.d. lang

k.d. lang/G. Matthews/F. Scott/D. Bjarnason

Knowing things that I do
And showing myself to you
My habit-forming, tradition-ignoring ways to you are fine
Well I'm tickled pink to think
That you're mine

I dug up a missing link
When I uncovered you
My lonely days are now extinct
With this evolution of you
I'm tickled pink
Seeing things that you do
And being one of the few
Whose habit-forming, tradition-ignoring ways to me are fine
Well I'm tickled pink to think
That you're mine

A glance from you
I'm on the brink of melting to the core
As told to me by my instinct
There's ecstasy galore in store
I'm tickled pink
Seeing things that you do
And being one of the few
Whose habit-forming, tradition-ignoring ways to me are fine
Well I'm tickled pink
To think
That you are mine