

The Way Young Lovers Do

Maria McKee

We stroll through fields wet with rain
Then outside along the lane in the sunshine
The sweet, sweet summertime
The way that young lovers do
I kiss you on the lips once more
Then set back outside the door in the night time
Oh that's the right time
To feel the way that young lovers do

Then we sat on our own star and dreamed
'Bout the way that we were
And the way that we wanted to be
Then we sat on our own star and dreamed
'Bout the way that I was for you
And you were for me
Then we danced the night away
Turn to each other and say, "I love you, oh how I love
you"
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