

Breakfast, London Style

Martina Balogová

When you're lying here right next to me,
I can feel that our spirit's free.
When you close the windows to your soul,
And I know that you're dreamin' of me.
When the moon highlights your shadow,
Oh I love the way your skin glows.
I can feel your love surroundin' me,
just how it should be.

And I'm so deeply the way we grow as one,
I know we'll never let it go.
And you're completely. You fill me till I overflow,
reaping what we sow. You're mine, oh my.

R.: My breakfast in bed Sunday morning,
away with the night, new day dawning,
My husband, daughter, son know why,
a beautiful song in the key of life.
A sweet memory, a childhood dream,
a hot cup of coffee with extra cream.
Winter, summer, spring or fall,
I guess, my love, you've got it all.

So whatever it is that you're doin' to me,
just keep it comin', and you'll see
that I'll dedicate my life to you,
reciprocate the things you do.
And one day, when we're old and grey
and ready to walk through heaven's gate
We'll make our amongst the stars,
just how it should be.

And we'll fly freely.
No questions asked and no demands,
the world is in our hands.
Just you and me.
To a place that's still untouche by man,
wher it all began.

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