

## Fine Art Of Holding A Woman

Mindy McCready

Arms, strong as timbers  
Folding around her like velvet  
That's the fine art, of holding a woman  
Eyes, that never leave hers  
Fingertips that whisper  
That's the fine art, of holding a woman

Without reason, you kiss her, just to breathe her  
Without words, you tell her, that you need her  
When you part, you always leave a fire burning  
That's the fine art, of holding a woman  
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And only moments after loving her  
She can see that you still want her  
That's the fine art, of holding a woman

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