

I'm afraid of you

Please the Trees

As the heat rises and you sleeveless in shorts
Your summer palm leaves a mark where I place my thought
We touch in buses, trams, trains and planes
I'm afraid of you
If I only could know your name

And we're getting more of each other than we aimed
We're sinking into each other deeper than we can

As the heat rises and you wear just a blouse and sunglasses
I'm afraid of being able to see through
We touch everywhere else but our faces
We make love everywhere but our beds

And we're getting more of each other than we can bare
We're sinking into each other deeper than we can
We're merging into each other more and more
But where can we get like this really if we never talk
If we never talk.