Fingertips

Your fingertips... your fingertips Sometimes I feel it burning That deep and primal yearning I feel it burn, burn, burning I try live without it But then I think about Those fingertips, those fingertips, those fingertips

Anyone will do, anyone will do Could be you

It's in the way they move and They catch that simple groove and They tell a story all their own about the human heart alone I try to get a grip but I find I always slip on fingertips Those fingertips, those fingertips

Sometimes I get so lonely The time it passes slowly, so so so slowly I know I'm just a fool 'Cause they're writing all the rules Those fingertips, those fingertips, those fingertips

Whoever, whoever you are I got my light on Whenever, whenever you can I'll be there I swear I swear...

Let it be me Let me be your love