

About You

Royal Wood

The holiest of words that you'll ever hear
Are the words that I love you
Upon a welcome ear
Oh oh oh

But I'm seeking asylum from what I have done
I've broken the heart of
My dear and closest one
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh

Our routine was nearly perfect but so well rehearsed
Seemingly so flawless
But truthfully coerced

Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you
Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you

But the amber is dead now
No bellows could it save
No forced air or maneuvering
By the most zealest of faiths

Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you
Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you
Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you
Oh, oh Anne
I'm thinkin' about you

Oh oh oh oh oh oh