

Blues in E

Seal

The dark eyed, brown haired lover,
From hard time Isreal,
Is looking for a soul to take over,
She's looking for some love to sell.

The speed that we go is faster,
Than anything in soul and mind,
She's trained to touch your body, baby.
She's trained to blow your fuckin' mind,

But you seem to hold on,
Hold on,
Hold on,
Hold on to your love.

Making love is just a fairy tale,
And all she ever wanted was to be herself,
Oh yeah.

Woa yeah.

What, what, what is good for me,
Is good for her,
Is good for us in time.

Tame the transcendental meditation.

Oh, why.

Something in my mind is trying to tell me;
"No it's not the way it's supposed to be,
If you want her, you're doomed."

But you say,

Hold on,
Hold on,

Hold on to your love.

Baby, baby.

'Cause making love is just a fairy tale,
And all she ever wanted was to be herself.

Oah ho.

Oooa, we got them babies makin' babies.
And it's not too good a time,
For your love, baby.

For your love.

Oa-ha.

The dark eyed, brown haired lover
From hard time Isreal,

Looking for a soul to take over,
Looking for some love to sell.

The speed that we go is faster,
Than anything in soul and mind,
Trained to touch your body, baby,
Trained to blow your fuckin' mind,

But you say,
Hold on,
Hold on,
I say hold on,
I say hold on,
Hold on baby,
To your love, baby.

Oa-ho

Making love is just a fairy tale,
And I say that all you ever wanted was to be yourself.

Woa yeah,
Yeah, yeah
Yeah-ah

She's your lover, baby.
She's your lover.
She's your lover, baby.
Lover,
Lover,
Lover,

Aaahh.