

This is her first time  
Hope not for last time  
New dimension seen  
We've met on Tuesday turned into Friday  
It happened quietly  
Make love with yourself makes me pleased...  
With the morning rain  
Falling in love will make me wake.  
In the morning rain

Too late to fall to a bottom  
Too close, touched desire

Torn, baby  
Talking to your soul  
Torn, baby I've walked into the sun  
And I ought to make it fun  
To feel that well  
Make love with yourself makes me pleased  
With the morning rain  
Falling in love will make me wake in the morning rain

Too late to fall to a bottom  
Too close, touched desire