

Still

Tamia

Usually when two people are together
For a long time things seem to change
It's been said that nothing good lasts forever
But this love is better every day

We get all excited inside,
Every time that we get along
He still got love in his eyes,
And I still got love in my soul

Still, feels like the first time we met
That I kissed and I told you I love you
We still run around like teenagers
Even though we are grown and marry with kids (and we still)

We still, talk on the phone for hours when I'm away,
He still writes letters and sends me flowers every other day (every other day),
The question everybody asks, is how we make it last,
I tell them I still, he still, we still

Now I still smile in the morning,
When I realize I'm still in his arms
We know everything about each other,
But we still keep holding on yeah

We never gonna break up, we'll be always there to make up
As long as we stick together we'll climb higher
I'm gonna ride with him to the wire,
Our love is never gonna end,
We're on fire

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That I kissed and I told you I love you
We still run around like teenagers
Even though we are grown and marry with kids

We still, talk on the phone for hours when I'm away,
He still writes letters and sends me flowers every other day,
The question everybody asks, is how we make it last,
I tell them I still, he still, we still

We go through problems just like everybody else,
But I really don't mind (I don't mind), 'cause it makes us keep it fresh,
Now it's sadder than an argument, is the thought we may have never been
He is my lover, my baby's father, my lifetime partner and my friend

Still the man of my dreams,
And still the man for me,
And I'm still in love with him, so (deep) deeply,
I think I'll sing it again now,

He's the man of my dreams,
And still the man for me,
And I'm still in love with him, deep deeply

Still, feels like the first time we met

That I kissed and I told you I love you
We still run around like teenagers
Even though we are grown and marry with kids
We still, talk on the phone for hours when I'm away,
He still writes letters and sends me flowers every other day,
The question everybody asks, is how we make it last,