

In the morning when I wake  
And the sun is coming through,  
Oh, you fill my lungs with sweetness,  
And you fill my head with you.

Shall I write it in a letter?  
Shall I try to get it down?  
Oh, you fill my head with pieces  
Of a song I can't get out.

Can I be close to you?  
Ooh-oo-oo-ooh, ooh  
Can I be close to you?  
Ooh, ooh

Can I take it to a morning  
Where the fields are painted gold  
And the trees are filled with memories  
Of the feelings never told?

When the evening pulls the sun down,  
And the day is almost through,  
Oh, the whole world is sleeping,  
But my world is you.

Can I be close to you?  
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)  
Can I be close to you?  
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)

\*whistling\*

Can I be close to you?  
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)  
Can I be close to you?  
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)

Can I be close to you?  
Ooh, ooh.