

Making Love

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To be lonely is my only trust
In my silent movies
I can expose my lust
Taking snapshots in the light
That I do recall when I retire
Playing with my fantasies I let the curtain fall
In my desire
Still I need that touch for real
To discover and to feel
You're the one that breaks my heart
And it's tearing me apart
Making love to you baby
Making love it's all I want
Making love to you baby
Making love
Every subway-every crowded street
Feeding my emotions
We pass but never meet
My touch is two dimensional
I slowly close my eyes and think of you
More or less invisible
Still you're my point of view
I can't get to you
Still I need that touch for real
To discover and to feel
You're the one that breaks my heart
And it's tearing me apart
Making love to you baby
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