

You Come To My Senses

Chicago

E

I picture you on the beach

B

Lying in the sand

E

Out of reach of my trembling hands

A

B

I picture you in a car

E

Blonde hair in the wind

A

B

I picture you in my arms

E

And the touch of your skin

A

The smile on your face

B

The way that you taste

E

You come to my senses

A

Every time I close my eyes

B

I have no defenses

E

You come to my senses

A

I can't stop this ache inside

B

I have no defenses

E

You come to my senses