

Searching For The Real Thing

Gladys Knight

Ooh
There's that old feeling again
When our eyes met, and then
That old, deep old fascination
Making us feel those warm sensations
We wanna call it love, but chill and just be patient

I don't know what it is but
We running in circles trying to find out where love live
I don't know what it is, no
Don't have to be perfect but don't let it hurt me

[R:]
Looks like another one
Feels like thee other one
Not here for fun
I think I better run (away)
All the things you say
All the games you play
Not for me
I'm on my way
Searching for the real thing

Had a little talk with myself
I told me get more information
Before give him conformation
Loves not a game or just a thrill
Your heart keeps trying to tell ya
That ain't really what love is

I don't know [x2]

We keep running in circles
Trying to find out where love lives
Don't know why [x2]
Don't have to be perfect but don't let it hurt me

[R x2]

Thought I didn't see ya now (didn't ya, didn't ya)
Thought ya could play me now (didn't ya, didn't ya)

Seen that face before
Go head, head on out the door

Thought I didn't know ya now (didn't ya, didn't ya)
Thought ya could throw me now (didn't ya, didn't ya)

I've seen that face before
Now I'm gonna head on out the door

[R x3]