I Write Her A Song Every Day

Jon McLaughlin

Well I write her a song every day in my mind
And my heart is a symphony every night
Her presence is big as a chorus that hits
Then she's gone and I fall into dissonance

I can hear it
Taking over, feel it
The only problem is when
I open my mouth
The only thing that comes out, is

Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh...

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Ooooh-ooh-ooh-oooh-ooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh...

(Aaah...
Aaah...
Aaah...
Aaah...)

If you ask me how I feel
I could answer in color
But whenever she's around
I never recover

Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...

Ooooh-ooh-ooh-oooh-ooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh...
Ooooh...

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