

Not a Word

Robert Palmer

Not a word in your room
I watch your hand stroking your hair
You know I look, you don't watch me

Does the time stand still? You move so slow
I hear you softly, sigh for me, only for me

I know you, let me see
I see your kiss painted for me
You know I do but you don't watch me

Magnificent, immodesty
I place myself at your command
Give it to me

Just a word in your ear
I feel your arms close around me
You want me there, I want you here

I meet you now, you meet me too
You take a kiss so tenderly for me, from me