

All Around Me

Savage Garden

Well you know everytime I look at that expression printed
on the page
I think I hear you,
Whispering the magic and the compliments I need so badly
So baby come on, yeah, so baby come on
Now I've been running circles around the notion that you'd
find me baby,
One day maybe.
But all the psychic powers of suggestion I've been sending
your way,

So can't you hear me say?
I want your arms all around me,
I want your face, yeah, all around me,
I want your perfume, all around me,
I like the way you move,
And do the funky groove.

All around me I want you.
All around me I need you.
All around me I want you.
All around me.

So can't you hear me say?
I want your arms all around me,
I want your face, yeah, all around me,
I want your perfume, all around me,
I like the way you move,
And do the funky groove.

Like cold chardonnay chilled for a day,
You're smooth and crisp and on display.
Like Cartier, Armani, like TAG, Gucci, Versace.
In the middle of the night you're a kiss so long.
You're the only good thing when all is wrong.
You're a magic time reversal clock.
You're the fries on the side with a cherry on top.
You're sleek, velvet, gold lame, patent leather, enchante.
You're a legend, you're a glamor queen.
God I'm running out of words but you know what I mean...

All around me I want you.
All around me I need you.
All around me I want you.

So can't you hear me say?
I want your arms all around me,
I want your face, yeah, all around me,
I want your perfume, all around me,
I like the way you move, and do the funky groove.

So slide into your Jaguar, or Porsche baby, there you are.
Well chop chop darling au revoir.
Pick up your things you're a star