

Close Encounters of the First Kind

Smokey Robinson

A look
Everything always starts with a look
A stolen glance
You see somebody quite by chance
The eyes
So much can be revealed through the eyes
That certain glow
That little sparkle that let's you know
This could be the start of everything
Bigger than the both of you
You know what it is
When he wants to be hers
And she wants to be his

Close, close encounters of the first kind
Close, close encounters of the first kind

A touch
You'll never know what you'll feel from a touch
Sweet chemistry
If this is the time, then let it be
Take this magic moment
And run away to ecstasy
You know what I mean
Touching somebody with nothing in between

Close, oh, close
Close encounters of the first kind
Close encounters
Close, ooh, close
Close encounters of the first kind

Close
Close

A kiss
Who knows the end results of a kiss
Where will it lead
I think a kiss is just what you need
To stimulate the part that makes
Holding out became giving in
You know what it's called
When what you're thinking 'bout
Is giving it all

Close, oh, close
Close encounters of the first kind
Close encounters
Close, ooh, close
Close encounters of the first kind
Close encounters

Close encounters, yeah, close encounters
Close encounters of the first kind
Close, close, close, close, close encounters
Close encounters, yeah
Close encounters of the first kind...