

Intimate

Smokey Robinson

Let's be intimate

I can't tell you
How much mental time you take up
Oh, why, every morning when I wake up
You are the first and the last
On my list of things I must do
There's not a night that's goes past
I don't dream of being with just you

Think about it, ooh...
Baby, think about it, yes

Secret you're longing, ah...
Sweet inhibition
Ooh, each of us waiting
Just to get the other's permission

To be intimate, come here, baby
Let me hold you in my arms

Intimate, let me love you
Keep you safe, keep you warm
Every night, every night
Truly, truly, let me and you be
Intimate, ooh, yeah

Oh, baby

Intimate with you, baby
All the time, every day
Intimate, that's the feeling
In my body, that's the way
Every night, every night
Truly, truly, let me and you be
Intimate, intimate, ooh, baby

Baby, yeah, baby, yeah
Intimate, baby, yeah, yeah, oh...
Closer, closer, closer