

This is her first time
Hope not for last time
New dimension seen
We've met on Tuesday turned into Friday
It happened quietly
Make love with yourself makes me pleased...
With the morning rain
Falling in love will make me wake.
In the morning rain

Too late to fall to a bottom
Too close, touched desire

Torn, baby
Talking to your soul
Torn, baby I've walked into the sun
And I ought to make it fun
To feel that well
Make love with yourself makes me pleased
With the morning rain
Falling in love will make me wake in the morning rain

Too late to fall to a bottom
Too close, touched desire