

# Poetry In Motion – Johnny Tillotson

When I see my baby  
What do I see  
Poetry  
Poetry in motion

Poetry in motion  
Walkin' by my side  
Her lovely locomotion  
Keeps my eyes open wide

Poetry in motion  
See her gentle sway  
A wave out on the ocean  
Could never move that way

I love every movement  
And there's nothing I would change  
She doesn't need improvement  
She's much too nice to rearrange

Poetry in motion  
Dancing close to me  
A flower of devotion  
A swaying gracefully

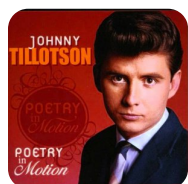
Whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoooooooooo

Poetry in motion  
See her gentle sway  
A wave out on the ocean  
Could never move that way

I love every movement  
There's nothing I would change  
She doesn't need improvement  
She's much too nice to rearrange

Poetry in motion  
All that I adore  
No number-nine love potion  
Could make me love her more

Whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych