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 Whooooooooa

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





Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych