

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

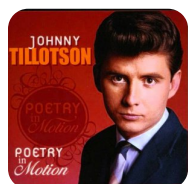
Whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoooooooooo

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