

Spanish Moss Interlude

I fall prey
To little sighs you make
I can't walk away
I'm losing my will

Our bodies need
Nothing in between
I can only breathe
When I'm holding you

Like Savannah in the spring
The scent of your body so sweet
Spanish moss;
Your naked skin...
I lay you down tenderly
Tasting your lips, I dream
I'll never awake again...

Warm nights:
Gentle breeze
In your soul, I see
All I'll ever need
Or want from this life...

Like Savannah in the spring
The scent of your body so sweet
Spanish Moss against your naked skin...
I lay you down tenderly
Tasting your lips, I dream
I'll never awake again...