

# My Romance

Roberta Flack

I won't kiss your hand, Madam,  
Crazy for you though I am.

I'll never woo you on bended knee,  
No Madam, not me.

We don't need that flowery fuss,  
No sir, Madam, not for us

My romance  
Doesn't have to have a moon  
In the sky

My romance  
Doesn't need a blue lagoon  
Standing by;

No month of May,  
No twinkling stars,  
No hide away,  
No soft guitars.

My romance  
Doesn't need a castle  
Rising in Spain,

Nor a dance  
To a constantly surprising refrain.

Wide awake  
I can make my most fantasizing dreams come true.

My romance doesn't need a thing but you.

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