

You Come to My Senses

Chicago

I picture you on the beach
Lying in the sand
Out of reach from my trembling hands
I picture you in a car
Blond hair in the wind
I picture you in my arms
And the touch of your skin,
The smile on your face,
The way that you taste[Chorus]
You come to my senses
Every time I close my eyes
I have no defenses
You come to my senses
I can't stop this ache inside
I have no defenses
You come to my sensesDriving home in the cold
January rain
I've got to find my way out of this pain
I reached for you in the night
I dreamed of your kiss
With your name on my lips
Alone in my bed
Your voice in my head[Chorus]
I picture you in my arms
And the touch of your skin
The smile on your face
The way that you taste

Songwriters

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