Passion

Shirley Brown

He's as gentle as a sun to a raindrop
As warm as a noonday sun
It's all in how he makes love to me
It makes me call him passionWhen he's away, his love is still with me
And when he's here, joy is no remedy
I love the way he calls me baby, baby
It makes me call him passionHe's my lover and I need him so much
He's just as sweet as he can be
Especially when he touches mePassion, call him passion
Passion, Mr. PassionA sweeter man, I know I'll never, never know
'Cause in his arms there's joy I've known before
Although I know that he's not perfect
But still I call him passionPassion, call him passion
He's as warm, warm as a noonday shine
When he holds me
He loves me like a man should
They call him Mr. Passion
I love the way he loves meHe as gentle as a sun to raindrop
He's alright with me, hey, hey, hey
What do you call the way we love

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