

# Help Me

[Miss A \(ë̄ ìŠǎì—•ì•´\)](#)

Help me I think I'm falling in love again  
When I get that crazy feeling, I know I'm in trouble again  
I'm in trouble 'cause you're a rambler and a gambler  
And a sweet-talking ladies man  
And you love your lovin', lovin'  
But not like you love your freedom  
Help me, I think I'm falling in love too fast  
It's got me hoping for the future and worrying about the past  
'Cause I've seen some hot, hot blazes  
Come down to smoke and ash  
But we love our lovin', lovin'  
But not like we love our freedom  
Oh, didn't it feel good we were sitting there talking?  
Or lying there, not talking, didn't it feel good?  
You dance with the lady with the hole in her stocking  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?  
Help me, I think I'm falling in love with you  
Are you going to let me go there by myself?  
That's such a lonely thing to do  
Both of us flirting around flirting and flirting hurting too  
We love our lovin', lovin'  
But not like we love our freedom  
Falling  
Falling  
Falling  
...

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