

Like Someone in Love

Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers

Lately, I find myself out gazing at stars,
Hearing guitars like someone in love.
Sometimes the things I do astound me,
Mostly whenever you're around me.
Lately I seem to walk as though I had wings,
Bump into things like someone in love.
Each time I look at you,
I'm limp as a glove,
And feeling like someone in love.

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