Henry

Emma Dean

Aching to be in the room 'cos no one can tell me just what to do
And everything's going my way a little too much these daysI just don't know what to do
I just don't know what to do
I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of youAching to feel Satan's breath over my shoulder
Saying, "Your demise will be so sweet for the delicate minds that you've disrupted like beehives"I just don't know what to do
I just don't know what to do
I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of youI can't think enough of you
Henry I, I don't know what to do
Let us take a walk and talk about the songs that we'll write for one another
And drink mochas with marsh mellows and make snow people in New ZealandShould I overcome this?
Have I over sung this?
Could this be my big break?
Oh who knows for heavens sake?Aching over because lovers say that everything's ok, when it's not
But are you different do you love me or will you hate me when, when I'm gone? X 2I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you
Henry I , I just don't know what to do
Let us take a walk and talk about the songs that we'll write for one another
And make mochas with marsh mellows and make snow people in New Zealand

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