

Wishful Thinking

Pulp

When I was with this girl last night
She held me tight, it turned me on
The moon was dark and those clothes were tight
Her perfume strong, it turned me on
Fleeting moments touched in the night
Then so strong but banished by the light
Her presence gone, memories remain
Of how she kissed and turned me on
Now, there's this love inside of me
I've got this love inside of me
And I still have dull aching pain
Desire to reach and touch you once again
Distractions cannot sate the need
It grows once more, it grows once more
I've got this love inside of me
I have this pain inside of me
Why can't you see, why can't you see?
I'm stranded here with no way home
Please rescue me, oh, won't you rescue me?
I've got this love inside of me
I've got this love inside of me
I've got this love inside of me
I've got this love inside of me

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