I Want You

Traci Lords

It's four in the morning and I'm praying for rain
A boom crash crazy, running through my veins
With your thin white lips and your hair so red
I need to climb inside your pretty headI, I, I-I-I, I want you
I, I, I-I-I, You know I doI know that you're a Sunday child
A boom crash baby obliged to be wild
I'm looking at you through a telescope
I get high on love, I get high on hopeBut I, I, I-I-I, I want you
I, I, I-I-I, You know I doWhen the party's over and your make-up's run
A boom crash baby, we can speak of love
But from now until that time I will be your sacrificeBut I, I, I-I-I, I want you
I, I, I-I-I, You know I do

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