Girl

Terence Trent D'Arby

Girl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to beThe sky has no shelter in the summer
The sun is so dazzling without a cloud
The people are floating but then I see her
And now I'm floating
(Contact, I want contact!)
I think that I'm falling in loveGirl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to beI'm having a vision and we are standing
Upon the shoulders of a moonbeam
Her eyes are closing for our first kiss
She is a vision
(Contact, I want contact!)
I think that I'm falling in loveGirl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to be!

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