

She Brings Me The Music

Richard Ashcroft

Just walking the street and what do I find
People walking in the wrong way
Grab something to eat, praying to her
Baby, someday, somewhere
She brings me the music
And I am slowly falling down again
She brings me the music
And my feet won't touch the ground, oh, again
Ah, logic can't prove it
And I don't know where I am bound
She brings me the music
And now I'm floating in her sound
And now I'm floating in her sound
I love this town but I'm flying home
You know I take a little on my way
Well, boys, it's been sweet, love and death
We deal with our shit in our own ways
She brings me the music
And I am slowly falling in her grace
Man, she don't prove it
She just walks in a room, you just see her face
She brings me the music
And I am slowly falling down again
She don't have to prove it
'Cause I'm falling in her sound
And I am a-falling in her sound
And I'm a-falling, falling, oh, baby
For you, falling, falling, oh, baby
Just a-calling you, calling you, oh, my baby
I'm a-calling, calling you, oh, yeah
Oh, I'm a-calling you, calling you, oh, baby
I'm just calling you, calling you, oh, baby
I'm just calling you, calling you all night
I'm just a-calling, calling, through the darkness
I'm a-calling you, calling you, oh, bring me home
I'm a-calling you, calling you, bring me home
(I know I'm calling for you, now bring me home)
Take me home
Take me home

Take me home

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