

Those Three Words

Brad

I could have written a story out of those three words
But as it stands my organ's pumping notes to the skill of your smile
All the while I ask for flowers
To be placed by your cheek so the mornin' is sweet the pleasure is close
Tick tick tick tick my dear can't you see? I could have written a story out of I love you, yeah
I could have given, I could have given something new
But as it stands my organ's humpin' somethin' old
And all the while I ask for flowers to be placed by your cheek
So the mornin' is sweet, yeah Somehow from beginning to end is right here holding your hand
And shining your shoes and pouring the wine
And lately, seems like everything I'm a slave, I'm a master
And sometimes my heart, and sometimes my soul
And sometimes my fingers walk round my eyes And precious thoughts, and diamond dreams
Somehow, from beginning to end is right here holding your hand
Somehow, from beginning to end is right here holding your hand
Somehow, Wednesday will come

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