Under My Skin

Peter Bradley Adams

She whispers to me
She whispers her secrets to me
And I feel her breath as it brushes my cheek
And her voice is the only sound I hearAnd if I don't move
She pulls me off of my bed
And she makes me dance to the songs in my head
And it's late, but please just sing it againShe's under my skin
She's under my skinAnd if I say no
She kisses the scar on my chin
And before I can speak, we're dancing again
We turn, and spin right out of controlWherever she goes
She carries a smile in her hand
Like a thief, she can steal any grin that she can
And I watch, I wait, to see her againShe's under my skin
She's under my skin
She's under my skin
She's under my skin
Under my skin

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