

Sundream

Rufus

I want to feel that you want it
I want to feel by the morning
I want to feel that you want it
Oh let me feel what you are
Flashes on match heads
Splashes of ashes
Embers arising
Smoke fills the skies in
Wind blows in then crashes
Waves over the ashes
Hills washed up in violet
Eyes close up to hide it
I want to feel that you want it
I want to feel by the morning
I want to feel that you want it
Oh let me feel what you are
I want to feel that you want it
I want to feel by the morning
I want to feel that you want it
Oh let me feel what you are
Freefall in Paris
Sundreams in flashes
Growing and rising
Rain fills the skies in
Sunday morning crashes
Flickering of lashes
Sink into the mattress
Fall into the atlas
Flashes on match heads
Splashes of ashes
Sink in the mattress
Tell me that you want it
I want to feel that you want it
I want to feel by the morning
I want to feel that you want it
Oh let me feel what you are
I want to feel that you want it
I want to feel by the morning
I want to feel that you want it
Oh let me feel what you are

Songwriters

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