

kissing

Whitney Ballen

The red light of the sun
Slowly descending
The sky is all I see
It's never endingWe could fly
You and I
On a cloud
Kissing, kissingThe wind plays with the leaves
The weather turns colder
But as long as we believe
Love doesn't get olderWe could fly
You and I
On a cloud
Kissing, kissingOn a journey of the heart
There's so much to see
And when the sky is dark
You'll be right here, right here with meRight here with me
KissingKissing, kissing
Kissing, kissingA journey of the heart
A journey of the heart
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