Pretenders, The "Tradition Of Love"

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Don't you go away Come on, get close to me The hassles of the day Have made a real mess of me

The moon is in the sky
And the stars are out tonight
They shimmer in the pools of your eyes
In the moonlight

You're so nice to touch Lovely to look at Touch, touch In the tradition of love

Hear the summer breeze All the night time's listening Your eyes are sparkling now And their oceans glistening

Sail upon a sea
Of love filling the room
Lilacs seem to be
Everywhere with their perfume

Love, love Love, love Love, love

You can in a breath Blow the storm clouds out the sky A hurricane retreats In the blinking of your eye

A flame within my heart Is ignited by your voice Come on, baby, now Let's make love our final choice

Ooh, you're nice to touch Lovely to look at

Touch, touch
In the tradition of love

Love, love Love, love Love, love

Shri gouranga Jaya gouranga Gour, gour gouranga nam Gour, gour gouranga nam

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