

Average White Band

"Flutter"

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I walk across Storrow to the water.
I thought I'd watch Boston wipe the sleep from it's eyes.
And as the sun goes down over Cambridge
I look around and find that there is no one I can share
this with.
I've got your number in my pocket
But I don't think I can call it ever.
Because I feel like I'd start to frequent
These walks alone at the break of morning if I did.
This all starts to feel so typical
There are things that I hope and the things that I know.
When it's you and the city at 5am
These thoughts tend to flutter and there's no way to
stop them
I'm just waiting for the sun to come up.
I'm not sure what exactly happened
It seemed alright and then it vanished with those
words.
I remember how your body felt
And how hours later I could still smell your skin.
I've got your number in my pocket
But I'll never call it, because I don't think that I should.
I couldn't stand to start to frequent these walks alone at
the break of morning
While everything sleeps.
This all starts to feel so typical
I wanted to stay but I knew I should go.
And when it's you and the city at 5am
These thoughts tend to flutter and there's no way to
stop them.
I'm just waiting for the sun to come up.

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