

Ark, The "Patchouli"

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I've got sunshine in the palms of my hands Generating slowly Into somekind of a wave of a trance Oh, I'm reacting madly If I was home I wouldn't be late to tell you

'Cause sure I would like to burn But if I'm gonna burn Oh, then it must be fire Oh, but now it burns, burns, burns, burns So it must be fire But tell me love Ain't this desire I can't tell love from desire But it sure feels good

Must be something in the air that I breathe Oh, that affects me wildly And to put it as it makes my blood seethe Is to express it mildly Oh no, oh no! I wouldn't dream of dreaming that dream...

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I can't tell love from desire But it sure feels good

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