

Charlotte Church "Call My Name"

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I like the sound of your belt dropping
Your door locking, you jangle your keys, yeah
I like the sound of your heart stopping
Of lip locking, the grazing of knees, yeah

I like the sound of skin touching
Hands fumblin', you do as you please
I like the sound of back on the wall, yeah
Shelves falling, oh yes, indeed

And I love it when you call my name
I love it when you call my name
Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame
Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

I like the sound of your shirt ripping
My will slipping under the table
I like the sound of your hand slapping
Your whip cracking, this could be painful

I may like the rain, I may like the symphony
I may like the feel of your frame on my frame

But I love it when you call my name
I love it when you call my name, yeah
Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame
Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

I may like the rain, I may like the symphony
I may like the feel of your frame on my frame
I may like your touch, I may like you next to me
I may like the sound of your name on my lips

I may like your touch, I may like your remedy
I may like the feel of your hand on my hips
I may like your talk, like you breathing heavily
I like a lot of things, baby, you know me

But I love it when you call my name
I love it when you call my name
(I love it when you call me, ooh)
Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame

Yeah, I love it when you call my name

But I love it when you call my name

I love it when you call my name

(I love it when you call me)

Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame

Yeah, I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

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