

Color It Red

"A Hand-painted Sky"

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There's a hand painted sky
Out tonight, out tonight
And it's perfect, perfect
Perfect for love, perfect for us

Yeah, us
And as the night air cooled
The beads of perspiration
From my bow

I trembled in expectation
Of what is to come
When lips touch lips
And tongue meets tongue

Lips touch lips
And tongue meets tongue

My roaming hands
Begin to explore

Ask for more, ask for more
And as the night air called
The beads of perspiration
From my bow

I trembled in expectation
Of what is to come
Until my skin presses against your skin
And everything begins to peak
Slowly, gently, you thrust me deep.

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