

Eric B. & Rakim

"Poetry Girl"

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Ohhh.....sing to me...baby...oh...

She was a poetry girl I adored
Late at night I'd hear songs from her window
Myrrh and frankincense seeped through her door
And they lingered on...

As her fingers caressed her guitar
Felt like the strings of my heart she was strumming
With her words we made love from afar
As she sang her song...

They were songs of change, joy and pain
All the love she made (like she took the words from)
Every dream I'd known, every love outgrown
Singing on and on like she took the words from my
heart
(Like she took the words from my heart)

And to the poetry girl down the hall
Late at night I would answer her calling
Like the lyrics from one of her songs
She made love to me (makin love to me, yeah)

Now our bodies and souls intertwined (so close)
On the wings of passion we were soaring
Then by the flickering candle at night
She would sing to me... (yeah, yeah)

They were songs of change (they were) joy and pain
(oh yeah)
All the love she made (mmm... like she took the words
from)
Every dream I'd known (my dreams) every love
outgrown (and my loves)
Singing on and on (ohhh) like she took the words from
my heart

Oooooohhhhhh... ohhh.. baby..

Love is often unkind when we fall

For now my poetess sings to another
But when I think of those nights down the hall
From somewhere deep inside

I sing songs of change, joy and pain
All the love I've made (and I take those words from)
Every dream I've known, every love outgrown
Singing on and on (and I take those words from)
Songs of change, joy and pain
All the love she made (like she took the words from)
Every dream I'd known, every love outgrown
Singing on and on (like she took the words from my
heart)
[repeat]

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