

Eric Roberson

"Love's Withdrawal"

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(Ft. Omar Hardwick)

In my arm, oh my, like she's all mine

Till I invade her dreams

Cause time moves fast as it seem,

Guess we blur the line between lovers and friends

Where does it start, where does it end?

Situations like this really end so well

I can't focus on the future now,

Too lost in your smile now

Maybe is the cure for all our craze,

Opening doors to better days!

Chorus:

Going through a night of love!

Staring at the clocks or at the door

Wondering when we'll share some time again,

Hope it is tonight!

Going through a night of love and joy

Staring at the clocks or at the door

Waiting to share again!

Laying here, wondering will she call

Just so. will help these my love control

Somewhere she stare with innocent eyes

Down at me between her thoughts

Still smell her perfume while laying there,

Must the clock be so!

As I wait for her to appear

If not in my arms, at least in my dreams

By any means I need their scene!

Chorus:

Going through a night of love!

Staring at the clocks or at the door

Wondering when we'll share some time again,

Hope it is tonight!

Going through a night of love and joy

Staring at the clocks or at the door

Waiting to share again!

Was that the doorbell? No!

Maybe I share my phone again,

I mean, sometimes it does not even ring at all!

She didn't call!

Leave me a message!

.anyway, you got me waken out form a dream I just had

About having a dream, about you having a dream
about me
Safe to say I'm mad!
Trying to pick the locks .
I've been Facebook God
He say is a space looking, but he say he got too much
cleaning
I'm a mad! I'll do the master all night
I'll be listening to Prince Rogers remixes, and
playing faster and faster
Trying to read your mind, but I guess I'm too sick to
learn!
And piano key they've become my mad!
And you play 'em so good 'till they burn
.touch your fingers too much
But I'm stubborn so I, so I'm back on stage
for mad!
.but when a man in pain showers
I was born the minute I kissed you, but I died an
hour mad!
Your face still lingers, is too much
Your eyes open like gates to Heaven
Like when my words need mad!
But the longer you awake, I need you more like
etcetera and mad!
Baby, I'm trying to get where I fit in, I'm trying
to be the part to your mad!
'so I'm waiting to be brought back by your mad!
The liens to my palms are too young to be that strong
But if I don't taste you soon, I'm done!

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