

Bobby Caldwell

"Donna"

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If I had one wish
It would be for Donna
One pair of lips
Only hers on mine

No, I can't resist
Any thought of Donna
Takes a hold of my heart
Like a clinging vine

Have you ever wanted something
So bad it makes you blind?
And each night
It's the last thing on your mind

Oh Donna all I wanna do
Is somehow make you mine
Maybe your heart's
Not the hurting kind

I've been getting worse
Hypnotized by Donna
In a social decline
That's what people say

If I can't converse
It's because of Donna
Don't be asking me
For the time of day

Have you ever wanted something
So bad it makes you blind?
And each night
It's the last thing on your mind

Donna Donna I gave up on
Trying to be fine
What's been running
Up and down my spine

Have you ever wanted something
So bad it makes you blind?

And each night
It's the last thing on your mind

Oh Donna all I wanna do
Is somehow make you mine
Maybe your heart's
Not the hurting kind

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