

Brightwood "Wide Open"

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On a Sunday, two dreamers,
A small town, a little money,
A gold heart, and a basket of sweets,

Could she be happy (could she be happy),
Could she be sincere (oh-oh-oh),
Could this be true love because it feels so real.

Waiting till the timing's right
To tell her how he feels inside,
But will I, how can I,
I have to let her know,

When he said "I love you, girl,"
He caught her with her eyes half-opened,
But did he, he loves me,
I think I feel it, too

A few years later, up all night,
Making conversations in a car,
Left it running to keep out the cold,

Could we belong here (could we belong here),
Could he be the one (oh-oh-oh),
Could this be forever because it feels so real.

Waiting till the timing's right
To tell her how he feels inside,
But will I, how can I,
I have to let her know,

When he said, "I love you, girl,"
He caught her with her eyes half-opened,
But did he, he loves me,
I think I feel it, too

When I said, "I loved you, girl,"
I said it with my heart wide-open,
But will I, how can I,
Yeah, there's no turning back,
Stay with me forever, girl,
Because I could never be without you,

Forever, I'll love you,
Just say you love me, too.

Say you love me,
Oh oh, oh oh,

Baby, say you love me,
Just say you love me, too

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