

Browne Jackson**"MY PROBLEM IS YOU"**

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To love and get away before the walls have arisen
You've got to be free
But to go on attempting to break into the prison
You'd have to be me
I wait for the sun to rise over the mountain
I wait for your touch
I wait for your angels to carry me home
But I wait too much
Waiting for you
I have no problem telling right from wrong
Fiction from what's true
No problem telling the dream from the dawn
My problem is you
Waiting here for you

I wanted to live in the realm of the senses
You've got to know how
And for some kinds of pleasure there are no defenses
I know that now
Our love is a crackling ladder of lightning
Our love is a fire
Our love is a wave moving deep in an ocean
Of need and desire
Waiting for you
I have no problem with this crooked world
I play the cards I drew
No problem with the changes life has hurled
My problem is you
Waiting here for you

I need your wonder and I need your light
I need your tender touch to heal the night
I need you laughing and I need you free
And I need to lock you away deep inside of me
Waiting for you

I have no problem telling right from wrong
The way some people do
I know exactly where these arms belong
My problem is you
Waiting here for you

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