

## **K. D. Lang**

### **"Help Me"**

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Help me, I think I'm falling in love again  
When I get that crazy feeling  
I know I'm in trouble again

I'm in trouble 'cause you're a rambler and gambler  
Like a sweet talking ladies man  
And you love your lovin'  
But not like you love your freedom

Help me, I think I'm falling in love too fast  
It's got me hoping for the future  
And worrying about the past

I've seen a lot of hot, hot blazes  
Come down to smoke and ash  
And we love our lovin'  
But not like we love our freedom  
Sweet freedom

Didn't it feel good?  
We were sitting there talking  
Or lying there not talking  
Didn't it feel good?

You dance with the lady  
With the hole in her stocking  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?  
Didn't it feel good? Didn't it feel good?

Help me, I think I'm falling in love with you  
Are you gonna let me go there by myself  
That's such a lonely thing to do

Both of us flirting  
And flirting around and hurting too  
We love our lovin'  
But not like we love our freedom  
Sweet freedom

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