

Chicago "You Come To My Senses"

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I picture you on the beach
Lying in the sand
Out of reach of my trembling hands
I picture you in a car
Blonde hair in the wind
I picture you in my arms
And the touch of your skin
The smile on your face
The way that you taste
(chorus)

You come to my senses
Every time i close my eyes
I have no defenses
You come to my senses
I can't stop this ache inside
I have no defenses
You come to my senses

Driving home in the cold
January rain
I've got to find my way out of this pain
I reached for you in the night
I dreamed of your kiss
I woke before it got light
With your name on my lips
Alone in my bed
Your voice in my head
(chorus)

I picture you in my arms
And the touch of your skin
The smile on your face
The way that you taste
You come to my senses
Every time i close my eyes
I have no defenses
You come to my senses
I can't stop this ache inside
Oh, i have no defenses
You come to my senses
Ah...

