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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...

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