Lindsey Buckingham "Bwana"

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Written by Lindsey Buckingham

The nighttime filled with the cold winter chill
The rain is music on my window sill
The days are short, the nights are long
Won?t someone show me where I belong?
I turn around when you walk by
You?re just the kind of thing to catch my eye
I come up fast, I go down slow
So tell me darlin?do you want to go

(Let?s go)
Slow dancing in the moonlight
(Let?s go)
Want to slow dance with you all night

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