Chris Andrews "Mit Unserem Gl?Ck Ist Alles Okay"

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Venus must have heard my plea; She has sent someone along for me.

I have waited a long long time For somebody to call mine, And at last he's come along. Baby, ah, nothing can go wrong.

We meet every night at eight, And I don't get home till late. I say to myself each day, "Baby, ah, long, long live love," Uh-huh!

True love must be the greatest thing. I know now; I sing and sing
Of the moon and stars above.
How I longed to be in love.

We meet every night at eight, And I don't get home till late. I say to myself each day, "Baby, ah, long, long live love," Uh-huh!

Now, of one thing I'm more than sure: Since love's come, I don't want more Than to kiss him every night 'N make everything all right.

We meet every night at eight, And I don't get home till late. I say to myself each day, "Baby, ah, long, long live love," Uh-huh!

We meet every night at eight, And I don't get home till late. I say to myself each day, "Baby, ah, long, long live love," Uh-huh!

Long, long live love.

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