

## M

### "Picture Show"

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A hopeless romantic that's what I've been called.  
So don't talk 'bout love 'cause I'll fall.  
Moved by the way you walk, talk.  
The color of your eyes.  
I want to hug and kiss you when you walk by.  
The way you eat your cereal  
So cute reading Shakespeare in your birthday suit  
Just a hopeless romantic.  
Hopelessly in love with you  
I wanna hold your hand take you to a picture show.  
I wanna hold your hand.  
In my script there's a love scene.  
Just picture it.  
Candles and warm apple cider.  
Sly Stone on the radio.  
Caress your funky dreads in the candle glow.  
Whisper in my ear.  
'Cause I'm in the mood for love.  
I'm just a hopeless romantic.  
Hopelessly in love with you.  
Kiss and hug you.  
Baby squeeze you tight.  
I wanna hold your hand

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