

Stephen Colbert

"The Walk Home"

Visit "[The Walk Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The walk home
Was cold
But I'm wrapped in a soft blanket of self-satisfaction

Questions posed
Of the right clothes
But I'm caught up in this beautiful kind of interaction

You have me completely wrapped around your tiny little
finger
Be careful how you move

If I were inanimate I'd be a ring clutched onto your
finger
Play with me as you choose

Take note
Renewed hopes
Catch myself smiling at the people passing by as I pass
em by

How did time pass me by
It's not that I was wasn't breathing just not living
Your one big surprise
You got me thinking
I don't mind sinking into you

When it comes
It floods
Love come take me
Never stop come fill me up

And well just let time go by
Enjoy the feelings of each other breathing
Never compromise
Find that one love
The one you dream of and never let go

