

Emma Dean "Henry"

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Aching to be in the room 'cos no one can tell me just
what to do
And everything's going my way a little
too much these days

I just don't know what to do
I just don't know what to do
I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you

Aching to feel Satan's breath over my shoulder
Saying, "Your demise will be so sweet for
the delicate minds that you've
disrupted like beehives"

I just don't know what to do
I just don't know what to do
I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you

I can't think enough of you
Henry I, I don't know what to do
Let us take a walk and talk about the songs that
we'll write for one another
And drink mochas with marsh mellows and make snow
people in New Zealand

Should I overcome this?
Have I over sung this?
Could this be my big break?
Oh who knows for heavens sake?

Aching over because lovers say that
everything's ok, when
it's not
But are you different do you love me or will you hate
me when, when I'm gone? X 2

I just can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you
I can't think enough of you
Henry I, I just don't know what to do

Let us take a walk and talk about the songs that
we write for one another
And make mochas with marshmallows and make snow
people in New Zealand

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