Phillip Boa "I Want Your Love"

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Used to lie awake

Frightened of the dark

Used to count the ghosts out in the hallway

Childhood fancies flee

And we learn to trust the night

But I'm haunted by a different kind of story

And through my sleep, you're shining, filling my eyes

I want your love

I need your love

I'm holding on

Getting tangled up so badly

You're giving me such a time

Don't play the game

Don't make me feel a fool

I'm not superstitious, your love is the richest

I'm not superstitious, this could be the special one

April swept the streets

Pools of rain

She was borne upon a silver steamer

Then, one afternoon

Someone ushered Summer in

I was forced to make a choice before the dream had

settled

And through my sleep

You're shining, filling my eyes

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