

Agnetha Fltskog

"When You Walk Into The Room"

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I can see a new expression on my face;
I can feel a strange sensation taking place.
I can hear the guitars playing lovely tunes,
Everytime that you walk in the room.

I close my eyes for a second and pretend it's me you
want,
Meanwhile, I try to act so nonchalant.
I see a summer night with a magic moon,
Every time that you walk in the room.

Maybe it's a dream come true,
Standing right alongside of you.
Wish I could show you how much I care,
But I only have the nerve to stare, oh oh.

I can feel that something pounding in my brain,
Just anytime that someone speaks your name.
Trumpets sound and I hear thunder boom,
Every time that you;
Every time that you;
Every time that you walk in the room.

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