John Norum "Counting On Your Love"

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Sitting in your waiting room

As a patient to your heart

Hung up by some circumstances

Setting us apart

You've got the moves to remember

You opened up my mind

Make me believe it

One more day

Come on and touch my life

Let me be your private toy

Let me be your lover boy

Play me with your surgeon hands

Manipulate, incinerate

You've got the moves to remember

You opened up my mind

Make me believe it

One more day

Come on and touch my life

I've been counting

I've been counting on you love

I've been counting

I've been counting on your love

You've got me wrapped round your finger

You've opened up my mind

But don't close that door

Cause I know what you need

Oh how I need that cure

I've been counting

I've been counting on you love

I've been counting

I've been counting on your love

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