

Secret Service

"Jo-Anne, Jo-Anne"

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Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
Heard a sound in the night
Of footsteps that walked the floor
Saw I face in the light
At face from the time before
I couldn't stop from recalling
As the night wind dried my eyes
Sweet young emotions never die

Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
When the night meets morning
And that tide will meet the sun
We'll meet again Jo-Anne Jo-Anne

Ripples in your hair
With yesterday holding on
Feelings that we share
The magic is just as strong
And then the time passed softly
As the night wind dried my eyes
Sweet young emotions never die

Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
When the night meets morning
At the tide will meet the sun
We'll meet again Jo-anne Jo-anne

Jo-Anne Jo-Anne
When the night is burning
I will take you by the hand
When the tide is turning
And the rocks turn into sand
We'll meet again
Jo-Anne Jo-Anne

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