

Terence Trent Darby "Girl"

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Girl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to be

The sky has no shelter in the summer
The sun is so dazzling without a cloud
The people are floating but then I see her
And now I'm floating
(Contact, I want contact!)
I think that I'm falling in love

Girl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to be

I'm having a vision and we are standing
Upon the shoulders of a moonbeam
Her eyes are closing for our first kiss
She is a vision
(Contact, I want contact!)
I think that I'm falling in love

Girl, look at the way she smiles at me
Girl, look at how free she seems to be!

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