

Like a Hand In a Glove

No one's loving me like I need to be loved
No fire in the sky, no song from above
I've searched and I've searched hoping to find
The right one for me, the one in my mind
Golden hair soft as feathers or black as the night
I'll be your rock if you'll be my light
We'll meet in our minds like a hand in a glove
Bodies and souls, searching for love
I'll breathe in your fragrance while holding you tight
Freed from the pain, all these cold lonely nights
I'll be the hand or I'll be the glove
Pure wild and free, together in love
The nights are the pain, the days are the hope
Your voice in a crowd like a melody floats
Our eyes have met but the words wouldn't come
Locked here in my mind like a hand in a glove
Golden hair soft as feathers or black as the night
I'll be your rock if you'll be my light
We'll meet in our minds like a hand in a glove
Pure wild and free, together in love

Terrence Michael Wall