

like a hand in a glove

The overhanging was liked best to be  
 and many more, we saw from a  
 fine overhanging and the overhanging  
 The right one for me, the one in  
 the hair soft as feathers or black as the night  
 I'll be your back if you'll be my light  
 I'll meet in our minds like a hand in a glove  
 Barber and hair, a searching for love  
 I'll be there in your presence with holding tight  
 from the hair, the hair, all these cold lonely nights  
 I'll be the hand on I'll be the glove  
 Pure wild and free, together in love  
 The night one the hair, the hair, over the hair  
 your voice in a crowd like a melody float  
 Our eyes have met but the words wouldn't come  
 I'd be your back if you'll be my light  
 I'll meet in our minds like a hand in a glove  
 Pure wild and free, together in love

Time is a river