

Charlotte Church, Call My Name

I like the sound of your belt dropping
Your door locking, you jangle your keys, yeah
I like the sound of your heart stopping
Of lips locking, the grazing of knees, yeah
I like the sound of skin touching
Hands fumbling, you do as you please
I like the sound of back on the wall, yeah
Shelves falling , oh yes indeed

And I love it when you call my name
I love it when you call my name
Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame
Yeah I love it when you call my name, n-n-name
I like the sound of your shirt ripping
My will slipping under the table
I like the sound of your hand slapping
Your whip cracking, this could be painful
I may like the rain, I may like the symphony
I may like the feel of your frame on my frame

But I love it when you call my name
I love it when you call my name
Both ends of the candle burnt by the flame
Yeah I love it when you call my name, n-n-name

I may like the rain, I may like the symphony
I may like the feel of your frame on my frame
I may like your touch, I may like you next to me
I may like the sound of your name on my lips
I may like your touch, I may like your remedy
I may like the feel of your hands on my hips
I may like your talk, like your breathing heavily
I like a lot ob things baby, you know me