

Demis Roussos, Sometimes When We Touch

SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH

You ask me if I love you
and I choke on my reply,
I'd rather hurt you honestly
than mislead you with a lie.

For who am I to judge you,
in what you say or do,
I'm only just beginning
to see the real you.

And sometimes when we touch,
the honesty's too much,
and I have to close my eyes and hide.
I wanna hold you till I die,
till we both break down and cry.
I wanna hold you till the fear in me subsides.

Romance with honest strategy
leaves me battling with my pride,
but through the insecurity
some tenderness survives.
I'm just another writer,
still trapped within my truth,
a hesitant prize-fighter,
still trapped within my youth.

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the honesty's too much,
and I have to close my eyes and hide.
I wanna hold you till I die,
till we both break down and cry.
I wanna hold you till the fear in me subsides.

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At times I'd like to break you,
and drive you to your knees.
At times I'd like to break through,
and hold you endlessly.

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At times I understand you,
and I know how hard you try.
I've watched while love commands you,
I've watched love pass you by.
At times I think we're drifters,
still searching for a friend,
a brother or a sister
but then the passion flares again.

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the honesty's too much,
and I have to close my eyes and hide.
I wanna hold you till I die,
till we both break down and cry.
I wanna hold you till the fear in me subsides.