

# Jason Mraz, Warming Up To Me

In a certain row of a garden grove  
A lady learns to sleep  
While surrounded, not where all the flowers grow  
On an empty orchard street  
She is dreaming of her holiday  
From a working glass menagerie  
Oh her hands are cold  
Unimaginable that she's warming up to me

I'm a passerby in a promise land  
And I face no direction  
Somewhere between the towns of lost and found  
In the state of confusion  
Sure our dreaming is pure wonderment  
But our feelings are no accident  
Of my heart is cold it won't forever be,  
'Cause your warming up to me

And fate is not a mission  
It's an unconditional high  
When I saw you in the garden  
You reminded me  
I can see, the stars are on your shoulders now  
And what the wind and your skin have in common  
Am I taller? Well it feels as though I'm above the ground  
You're inviting me to go down

Are you warming up?  
Are you burning up?  
Warming up to love?  
Are you warming up tonight?