

Lenny Kravitz, Justify My Love

I wanna kiss you in Paris
I wanna hold your hand in Rome
I wanna run naked in a rainstorm
Make love in a train cross-country
You put this in me
So now what, so now what?

Wanting, needing, waiting
For you to justify my love

Hoping, praying
For you to justify my love

I want to know you
Not like that
I don't wanna be your mother
I don't wanna be your sister either
I just wanna be your lover
I wanna be your baby
Kiss me, that's right, kiss me

Yearning, burning
For you to justify my love

What are you gonna do?

What are you gonna do?
Talk to me -- tell me your dreams
Am I in them?
Tell me your fears
Are you scared?
Tell me your stories
I'm not afraid of who you are
We can fly!

Poor is the man
Whose pleasures depend
On the permission of another
Love me, that's right, love me
I wanna be your baby

I'm open and ready
For you to justify my love
To justify my love
Wanting, to justify
Waiting, to justify my love
Praying, to justify
To justify my love
I'm open, to justify my love