

# Lisa Loeb, Sandalwood

she can't tell me that all of the love songs have been written,  
'cause she's never been in love with you before.

your skin smells lovely like sandalwood.  
your hair falls soft like animals.  
i'm tryin' to keep cool, but everyone likes you.

i want to kiss the back of your neck,  
the top of your spine where your hair hits,  
and gnaw on your fingertips and fall asleep,  
i'll talk you to sleep.

but i'll be the one, i will have chosen.

i'm tryin' to keep cool, but everyone here likes you  
i'm not the only one.

your skin smells lovely like sandalwood.  
your hair falls soft like animals,  
and nothing else matters to me.

she can't tell me that all of the love songs have been written,  
'cause she's never been in love with you before.

your hand,  
so hot,  
burns a hole in  
my hand.  
i wanted to show you.