

Paul Weller, All On A Misty Morning

I come to you
When you least expect
I call to you
To come with me now
I ask of you
To drop all things
Of absolution
And whatever may be
In your hands

All on a misty morning
I come to you with love
All on a misty morning
I come to you
I come to you with love

I talk to you
As a lover should
With a voice
Close to your ear
If I may
Get so near enough
You might hear
What I hear

It was all on a misty morning
I come to you with love
All on a misty morning
I come to you
I come to you with love

Let my hands be nimble
Let my tongue be quick
Let my loins move slowly
Against your skin

Let my face and mind
Disappear for a while
Let my kisses rain
Down like silk

Let our spit and sweat
Mingle into one
Let it form a stream
Of union
That would always run
Forever on

It would have no start
And know no end
It would have no start
And know no end

All on a misty morning
I come to with love
All on a misty morning
I come to you
I come to you with love