

Rene Froger, More Than A Feeling

I looked out this morning and the sun was gone.
Turned on some music to start my day.
I lost myself in a familiar song.
I closed my eyes and slipped away.
It's more than a feeling,
when I hear that old song they used to play,
more than a feeling.
I begin dreaming (more than a feeling),
till I see Marianne walk away.
I see my Marianne walk away.
I see my Marianne walkin' away.
So many people have come and gone.
Their faces fade as the years go by.
Yet I still recall as I wander on,
as clear as the sun in the summer sky.
It's more than a feeling,
when I hear that old song they used to play,
more than a feeling.
I begin dreaming (more than a feeling),
till I see Marianne walk away.
I see my Marianne walk away.
I see my Marianne walkin' away.
When I'm tired and thinkin' cold,
I hide in my music, forget the day,
and dream of a girl I used to know.
I close my eyes and she slips away.
She slipped away.
She slipped away.
It's more than a feeling,
when I hear that old song play,
more than a feeling.
When I begin dreaming (more than a feeling)...