

# Barbra Streisand, The Way He Makes Me Feel (S

There's no chill and yet I shiver  
There's no flame and yet I burn  
I'm not sure what I'm afraid of  
And yet I'm trembling  
There's no storm yet I hear thunder  
And I'm breathless why I wonder  
Weak one moment  
Then the next I'm fine  
I feel as if I'm falling every time I close my eyes  
And flowing through my body is a river of surprise  
Feelings are awakening  
I hardly recognize as mine  
What are all these new sensations?  
What's the secret they reveal?  
I'm not sure I understand  
But I like the way I feel  
Oh why, why, why, why, oh  
Why is it that every time I close my eyes he's there?  
The water shining on his skin the sunlight in his hair  
And all the while I'm thinking things  
That I can't wait to share with him  
I'm a bundle of confusion  
Yet it has a strange appeal  
Did it all begin with him  
And the way he makes me feel?  
I like the way he makes me feel, he makes me feel  
I like the way, I like the way he makes me feel