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, 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