

Bill Withers, Sweet Wanomi

In a room with soft satin pillows,
Cracklin' fireplace keeps us warm.
Whisprin' wind through weepin' willows,
And sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms.

In a soft light her eyes are gleamin'
Pretty little hand covers up her mouth when she yawns.
Wake me up, I must be dreamin' that
Sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms.

Sleepy kisses, warm me softly
Get much warmer later on.
I reach for the light and turn it off,
Uh, huh, sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms.

Sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms
Sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms
Sweet Wanomi restin' in my arms.