

Blues Traveler, Leaning In

No longer care where I am
One smile remains to trace for the fingers on my hand
Search for your face in every crowd
Hope it springs internally until it runs over and out

If I could touch your lips to mine
Soft and sweet for about a half a million times
Pressing ever deeply as I take you in my arms
And hold on
until we both forget where we are
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in

Wake up staring at a phone
And it is so messed up the cliches alone
But there I am dreaming clumsily
And love, it comes so difficult for a boy like me

If I could touch your lips to mine
Soft and sweet for about a half a million times
Pressing ever deeply as I take you in my arms
And hold on until we both forget where we are
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in

Smiling at your message today
I know I face uncertainty but still I am on my way
Once again those daydreams begin
I caress your cheek
Finally leaning in

Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in
Leaning in