

Chicago, Victorious

Hungry as a fire,
Waiting for the flicker,
Waiting for the black hook,
Slow burn of love.
Sitting in an armchair,
Lovers in a cold war,
Brittle as a brick wall, oh...
But I want you with all of my might.
'Cause I think we can make this thing right. Baby,

Give me your heart,
The touch of your hand,
The sound of your voice
And I will be victorious.
Hold on to me,
Like I hold on to you.
Make it come true,
And I will be victorious.

You were such a stranger,
Lying there beside me,
Moving like a river, oh...
I was so afraid that
I was gonna lose you,
That I could never have you
Here in my arms.
But I want you with all of my might,
'Cause I think we can make this thing right.

Give me your heart,
The touch of your hand,
The sound of your voice
And I will be victorious.
Hold on to me,
Like I hold on to you.
Make it come true,
And I will be victorious.