

Fleming And John, Comfortable

You know how to hold my hand,
You know how to make me mad,
You know everything about me.
We've been together longer,
Than most of our friends have,
But they don't know that it's not always a party.

I gotta tell you how I'm feeling,
In case you haven't noticed,
The mystery is gone.
Infatuation's wearing off.
I gotta tell you how I'm feeling,
I think that you'll agree,
That we've become predictable,
But I really don't mind being this comfortable.

Sometimes I try to shake it up,
Tickle the passion, wake it up.
It's time to breathe a little fire,
But you just put your arms around me,
And I let go of all my anxiety,
You know you're my lazy boy recliner.

I gotta tell you how i'm feeling,
I hope you don't take it wrong,
You know that I love you and I'm not giving up.