

Hugh Cornwell, My Kind Of Loving

Spare a thought for me while you are far away
I have them for you every minute of the day
You're never far from me your picture's in my mind
You'd still be there even if God should strike me blind
You're my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
There is no meaning in life's pleasures without you
Can't be a substitute and women make me blue
My bed is empty like a shell the nut is gone
When you return will be the birth of having fun You're
my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
And when I ask myself why is life so rough?
I wait for your touch
I can't get too much
You help me know myself and learning can be tough
I wait for your touch
I can't get too much of your
Kind of loving
You're my kind of loving You're my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
No need to worry I'll be here when you return
The flame you lit's still bright and continues to burn
I kiss your picture in the stillness every night
Not sure of many things but this I know is right
You're my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
You help me know myself and learning can be tough
I wait for your touch
I can't get too much of your
Kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving
You're my kind of loving