

Luther Vandross, Knocks Me Off My Feet

I see us in the park strolling the summer days
Of imaginings in my head
And words from our hearts
Told only to the wind of even
Without being said

I don't want to bore you with my troubles
But there's something bout your love
That makes me weak and knocks me off my feet

There's something bout your love
That makes me weak and knocks me off my feet
Oh baby said you knock me off my feet

I don't to bore you with it
Oh But I love you I love you I love you
I don't want to bore you with it
Oh But I love you I love you I love you

More and more
We lay beneath the stars
Under a lovers tree that's seen
Through the eyes of my mind

I reach out for the part
Of me that lives in you baby
That only our two hearts can find

But I don't want to bore you with
The troubles

But there's something bout your love
That makes me weak and knocks me off my feet

There's something bout your love
That makes me weak and knocks me off my feet
Oh baby said you knock me off my feet

I don't to bore you with it
Oh But I love you I don't to bore you with it
Oh But I love you I love you I love you
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Oh But I love you I love you I love you