

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