

Mandy Moore, Help Me

Help me
I think I'm falling
In love again
When I get that crazy feeling, I know
I'm in trouble again
I'm in trouble
'Cause you're a rambler and a gambler
And a sweet-talking-ladies man
And you love your lovin' (lovin')
But not like you love your freedom

Help me
I think I'm falling
In love too fast
It's got me hoping for the future
And worrying about the past
'Cause I've seen some hot, hot blazes
Come down to smoke and ash but
We love our lovin' (lovin')
But not like we love our freedom
Hey

Oh
Didn't it feel good
We were sitting there talking?
Or lying there not talking
Didn't it feel good?
You dance with the lady
With the hole in her stocking
Didn't it feel good?
Didn't it feel good?

Help me
I think I'm falling
In love with you
Are you going to let me go there by myself
That's such a lonely thing to do
Both of us flirting around
Flirting and flirting
Hurting too
We love our lovin'
But not like we love our freedom

(Falling, falling)
(Falling, falling)
(Falling, falling)