

Nuno Bettencourt, Crave

Got the right house but the wrong address
I should have my head examined
I finally found the difference between
A kiss and germ warfare
I siphoned gasoline

Your eyes, your ears, your mouth, your nose
Your arms, your legs, your heart, your soul
Touch me, touch me, touch me, touch me
My body craves your touch

A snapshot of you tucked in my shoe
So close and yet so far
I'm sitting at the back of the bus
I picture you driving
Your rear-view mirror eyes

Your eyes, your ears, your mouth, your nose
Your arms, your legs, your heart, your soul
Touch me, touch me, touch me, touch me
My body craves your touch

I crave you
I crave you

A prisoner and the warden too
Nothin' worse than self-made misery
If Moses truly parted the sea
Then can I quit smoking?
My miracles run weak, yes they do

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Your arms, your legs, your heart, your soul
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