

# Olivia Newton-John, If I Was Close To You

I could kiss your fingernails  
and tell you tales of dreams that I've been dreaming

You could smile and lean on me  
And we would see our shadows on the ceiling

If I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you  
I wish I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you

We'd sit on your windowsill  
Or better still, pick flowers from your garden  
And I would be content with life  
And so polite, 'excuse me, beg your pardon'

If I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you  
I wish I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you

Sliding on my shoulder in summer morning sun  
Shake your snowfall from my hair  
When winter has begun

I'd never want to leave your side  
Or speak to anyone  
If I was close to you

We'd sit on your windowsill  
Or better still, pick flowers from your garden  
And I would be content with life  
And so polite, 'excuse me, beg your pardon'

If I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you  
I wish I was close to you my love  
If I was close to you