

Paula Cole, I Wanna Kiss You

Paula Cole/Mark Goldenberg

I wanna kiss you. I wanna kiss you.
I wanna stop the conversation,
I wanna kiss you.

Oh, lie beside me now,
Funny papers, morning sunlight streams,
Oh fantasize me now,
I'll kiss your neck and make your toast and tea,
Oh won't you marry me?
I see a little church atop a hill.
But in the meantime I wanna lose my shame.

I wanna kiss you. I wanna kiss you.
I wanna stop the conversation.
I wanna kiss you. I wanna feel you.
I wanna feel you.
I wanna lean my body into yours.
I wanna feel you.

Oh believe me now,

Walk with me upon the path I see.
Oh a cozy home,
Nestled in an English garden scene.
You will write your books,
And I will paint my paintings by the sea.
But now I'll be Lolita if you please.
I wanna kiss you. I wanna kiss you.
I wanna stop the conversation.
I wanna kiss you. I wanna hold you.
I wanna hold you.
I wanna wrestle you down to the ground.
Oh...

I wanna kiss you. I wanna kiss you.
I wanna stop the conversation.
I wanna kiss you. I wanna have you.
I wanna have you.
I wanna be a possessive girl.
I wanna have you.
Hold you, hurt you, love you, need you, love you, wrestle you down to the ground,
Bite you, love you, hold you,
I wanna kiss you.