

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Hold You

(Crowe)

This time is no different
I control my urge to feed
Stalking your scent
Through the kitchen
This type of social gathering
Leaves openings for speech
And I would talk to you
But I'm twisting

If you knew what I was thinking
You'd probably drown me
In what you were drinking
I'd swim for sure
To hold you
To hold you

Tiny little shivers
From across a crowded room
Every time I see you
You haunt me
I know that it's possible
I have dreamt that it came true
That you left him
And you want me

Which mode are you in
Is this the poor little girl
My princess
My queen
I'll take them all
And hold you
Hold you

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To hold you