

# 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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You'd probably drown me  
In what you were drinking  
I'd swim for sure  
To hold you  
To hold you  
To hold you