

# Savage Garden, All Around Me

Well you know everytime I look at that expression printed on the page I think I hear you  
Whispering the magic and the compliments I need so badly  
So baby come on, yeah, so baby come on

Now I've been running circles around the notion that you'd find me baby  
One day maybe  
But all the physic powers of suggestion I've been sending your way  
So can't you hear me say

I want your arms all around me  
I want your face, yeah, all around me  
I want your perfume, all around me  
I like the way you move  
And do the funky groove

All around me I want you  
All around me I need you  
All around me I want you  
All around me  
So can't you hear me say

I want your arms all around me  
I want your face, yeah, all around me  
I want your perfume, all around me  
I like the way you move, And do the funky groove

Like cold chardonnay chilled for a day  
You're smooth and crisp and on display  
Like Cartier, Armani  
Like TAG, Gucci, Versace  
In the middle of the night you're a kiss so long  
You're the only good thing when all is wrong  
You're a magic time reversal clock  
You're the fries on the side with a cherry on top  
You're sleek, velvet, gold lame, patent leather, enchante  
You're a legend, you're a glamour queen  
God I'm running out of words but you know what I mean...

All around me I want you  
All around me I need you  
All around me I want you  
So can't you hear me say

I want your arms all around me  
I want your face, yeah, all around me  
I want your perfume, all around me  
I like the way you move, and do the funky groove

So slide into your Jaguar, or Porsche baby, there you are.  
Well chop chop darling au revoir.  
Pick up your things you're a star