

# Stephen Sondheim, Johanna

I feel you, Johanna  
I feel you

I was half convinced I'd waken  
Satisfied enough to dream you  
Happily, I was mistaken  
Johanna...

I'll steal you, Johanna  
I'll steal you

Do they think that walls can hide you?  
Even now I'm at your window  
I am in the dark beside you  
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair

I feel you, Johanna  
And one day, I'll steal you  
Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there  
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair...