

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...