

Tammy Wynette, (Or) Is It Love

Each time you touch me
That little tingle goes up and down my spine
I feel a trembling on my lips
When you press yours to mine.

And these butterflies
Won't let me eat at suppertime
Have I lost my mind
Or is it love?

--- Instrumental ---

You make my heart beat
Until it's sounding like it's on over time
The chill of winter goes up and down me
But it's still summertime.

And why am I walking
Way up on this cloud so high
Have I've grown wings to fly
Or is it love?

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Way up on this cloud so high
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