

The Four Tops, Bernadette

Bernadette, people are searchin' for
the kind of love that we possess.
Some go on searchin' their whole life through
and never find the love I've found in you.

And when I speak of you I see envy in other men's eyes,
and I'm well aware of what's on their minds.
They pretend to be my friend, when all the time
they long to persuade you from my side.
They'd give the world and all they own
for just one moment we have known.

Bernadette, they want you because of the pride that gives,
But Bernadette, I want you because I need you to live.
But while I live only to hold you,
Some other men, they long to control you.
But how can they control you Bernadette,
when they can not control themselves, Bernadette,
from wanting you, needing you,
But darling you belong to me.

I'll tell the world, you belong to me,
I'll tell the world, you're the soul of me,
I'll tell the world, you're a part of me, Bernadette.

In your arms I find the kind of peace of mind
the world is searching for,
But you, you give me the joy this heart of mine
has always been longing for.

In you I have what other men long for.
All men need someone to worship and adore,
that's why I treasure you and place you high above,
for the only joy in life is to be loved.
So whatever you do, Bernadette, keep on loving me,
Bernadette, keep on needing me,
Bernadette.

Bernadette.
Your the soul of me,
more than a dream, your a plan to me.
And Bernadette, you mean more to me,
than a woman was ever meant to be.