

The Pretenders, Tradition Of Love

Don't you go away
C'mon get close to me
The hassles of the day
Have made a real mess of me

The moon is in the sky
And the stars are out tonight
They shimmer in the pools of your eyes
In the moonlight

You're so nice to touch
Lovely to look at
Touch, touch
In the tradition of love

Hear the summer breeze
All the nighttime's listening
Your eyes are sparkling now
And their oceans glistening

Sail upon a sea
Of love filling the room
Lilacs seem to be
Everywhere with their perfume

Love, love

Love, love
Love, love

You can in a breath
Blow the storm clouds out the sky
A hurricane retreats
In the blinking of your eye
A flame within my heart
Is ignited by your voice
C'mon baby now
Let's make love our final choice

Ooh you're nice to touch
Lovely to look at
Touch, touch
In the tradition of love

Love, love
Love, love
Love, love
Shri gouranga
Jaya gouranga
Gour gour gouranga
Nam
Gour gour gouranga
Nam