

Tony Rich Project, Like A Woman

I don't know, what I do to you,
But I find myself at the East river, waiting to meet with you,
Late at night, I keep dreaming of you,
We're making love, on the sofa, that belongs to you.

We fly higher than kites, when we're face to face,
Searching for time, alone, in this here violent place,
We don't know who we are, or why we've met,
That is strangely good, in some sort of freakish way.

The things we'll do, will make you feel like a woman,
Falling in love, with a man she doesn't even know,
The words we'll say, will send your mind on a journey,
Looking for self-understanding, of the things we've done.

Catch your breath; your heart beats too fast,
You feel my presence, in your arms, will not last,
I have an urge; I must kiss your hand,
The first scent of this woman's fragrance, lies deep in my head.

So we slit our wrists, and we join our blood,
To symbolise, some type of, crazy oath,
Sometimes it feels so wrong, but it could be good enough,
To sacrifice our freedom for each other's hearts.

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