

Trisha Yearwood, Sweet Love

Summer breeze easin' back the curtains in my bedroom.
Ceilin' fan stirrin' up the heat of the afternoon.
I'm puttin' on my lipstick, my ruby red lipstick...
Nice an' thick, baby.

It ain't the gettin', it's the wishin';
It ain't the catchin', it's the fishin'.
Anticipation got me waitin' for your sweet love, baby.
Sweet love.

Cotton sheets out there on the line, swingin' to and fro.
Clawford tub drip, drip, drip, ah, honey, nice an' slow.
I'm puttin' on my new dress,
My pretty new blue, blue dress, oh yes!

It ain't the gettin', it's the wishin';
It ain't the catchin', it's the fishin'.
Anticipation got me waitin' for your sweet love, darlin'.
Sweet love.

Let's get your whispers, honey, tangled up with mine.
Hurry on over an' just take your sweet, sweet time.
Oooh.

[Instrumental break]

(Take your time, baby.)

It ain't the catchin', it's the reachin';
It ain't the Heaven, it's the preachin'.
Anticipation got me waitin'.

It ain't the gettin', it's the wishin';
It ain't the catchin', baby, it's the fishin'.
Anticipation got me waitin' for your sweet love, baby. (Sweet, sweet love.)
Sweet love.

Sweet love, darlin'.
Mmm, mmm, mm.

Summer breeze, straight through my cotton sheets.
Mmm, mmm, mmm, sweet.
Oh, you can leave your hat on baby.
Sweet, love. (Sweet, sweet love.)

[To fade]