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Making Love Alone

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A log thrown on a fire.
Two profiles met as one.
The igniting of desire in the air.
But when there's just one profile, and yet desire grows
Despite the fact there's no one else to care.
Must romance be abandoned as it's fanning its own flame.
Waiting to burst full blown?
No, there's a special kind of bliss,
Not engendered with a kiss,
Surreptitiously indulged in, less well known.
For when one can not make love with another,
one can still make love alone.

There's a certain special magic to the touch of your own hand.
And the special thrill of knowing that you will for sure
soon be feeling grand.
And the tender smell of rapture, you don't have to try to postpone,
That's what it's like when you're making love alone.
Oh the sweet, sweet sound of your own breathing,
as the sky turns pale pink to hot,
And the special thrill of knowing
that you will not catch God only knows what.
It's the kind of love that fits hand in glove
and bursts like a bud full blown.
That's what it's like when you are making love alone.

Who can describe the special sweetness of knowing the speed
that you're going is right?
And is there anything as thrilling as trying to keep the book open
to page twenty four all night?

How reassuring to know when it's finally time to go
that you'll still be there when you leave.
And as dawn is breaking you hear yourself making
a date for New Years Eve.

It's the kind of love that fits hand in glove.
Especially when the glove is your own.

For the days when you can't see their faces,
the one who knows all the best places.
Who'll never ask your sign on the phone,
No, no, no sign.

Due to the simple magic of making love,
Not taking, faking, mistaking love.

The simple magic of making love alone,

(spoken)

Save on cologne!

(sung)

That's what it's like,
when you're making love alone,
Alone!