

SOMETHING IN THE WAY SHE MOVES

There's something in the way she moves
Or looks my way, or calls my name
That seems to leave this troubled world behind
If I'm feeling down and blue
Or troubled by some foolish game
She always seems to make me change my mind

**And I feel fine anytime she's around me now
She's around me now
Almost all the time
And if I'm well you can tell she's been with me now
She's been with me now quite a long, long time
And I feel fine**

Every now and then the things I lean on lose their meaning
And I find myself careening
In places where I should not let me go
She has the power to go where no one else can find me
Yes and silently remind me
The happiness and the good times that I know, but as I had got to
know them

It isn't what she's got to say
But how she thinks and where she's been
To me, the words are nice, the way they sound
I like to hear them best that way
It doesn't much matter what they mean
She says them mostly just to calm me down