

## YEAH

*words & music by Sven-Erik Seaholm*

Something's burning, I think it might be me  
Ceiling's turning, spiraling endlessly  
Is there a taste of cinnamon on your lips?  
Or a crimson fire in your fingertips?  
Something's burning, I think it might be me

Do you really want to know what's on my mind?  
Are you sure that you could go with what you'd find?  
Cause it's so much darker when it gets that deep  
And you know the kind of company that secrets keep  
Are you positive you really want to know this time?

Is the question that you'd ask of me  
If my eyes like what they see?

Yeah

Are you certain that I've made my motives clear?  
Because it's obvious to me that you're still here  
Don't be misdirected by an easy laugh  
Everybody smiles for a photograph  
It's just a muscle twitch away from a sneer

The smell of your skin  
The passion within  
Am I burning to begin?

Yeah

Out of my element, over my head  
So deep in myself that I'm shallow in bed  
Sex is all we think about  
When love is what we need

Yeah