**IN**

How Many Girls Have I Known?

How Many Girls Have I Seen?

How Many Times Have I Done My Best?

To Talk Them Out Of Their Jeans?

Sometimes We Sat On The Couch

Sometimes We Sat On The Chair.

Sometimes We Got Right Down On The Floor.

Did My Best To Get There.

Try To Get In

Living In Sin

Tell Them How Much I Care.

Just For The Moment

Nothing Means More

Touch Of The Breast

Special Taste

Silken Hair

Must Of The Musk

To Precious For Lust

Must Be For Real

Oh So Rare.

Give And Receive

Love And Believe

We Can Be One

If You Dare.

Then As We Blend.

Meld Once Again.

Ask Not

When

Why

Or Where.

Just Let Me In.

Your Hi Friend.

Solace Of Men

Not To End But Begin

Draw To Me Now

To The Pair

Sweet Breath Of Life

Man And A Wife

Touch So Deep

And So Fair

Bodies Entwined.

Dance Of The Mind

Nothing More Precious

Or Dear

So Many Moments

So Many Sighs

To Bring Two Souls

Perfectly Wear

Please Say Its So

Real Not A Dream

Eyes To The Soul

Natures Great Scheme

You’re You.

I Am Too.

We Gaze At The Heart

A Lover’s

Soft

Special

Mirror

See What To Be

Really Means

Not Oneself

But To Be

With The Only

No Guile Or Soft Strength

Joy Of The Two

Joined Now With You

We Are Real.

We Are Here.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 05/14/2005*

*For Kate*

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