Under neath that ex-terior so precise and so superior under neath that Briani tailored vest

Under lies and innuendo under Porsches and Nintendo there’s a secret that he needs to put to rest.

He comes close and then he flies away he touches then he hides away He senses who I am but cannot say

Here’s a man I can count on here’s a plan that’s a sound one and its all about to fall right at my feet

He’s the path to my glory Life will be a lovely story and even more I love him gosh ain’t that neat!

He’s afraid to discover what he’s keeping under cover but I only want to ease him through the day.

(Duet) When I hold him in my arms I am home and so is he, and the sun’s a golden star that is born from our love

And the sky’s a silken comforter the earth a place to rest and I know him so well he’s my own.