

Needing You

I hear you call and know you need a hand.
I come to you to show myself the man
Who's privileged to care for you, defend your dreams and cheer for you
Yet try not show my need to know
You're needing me . . . You're needing me.

I rub your back, your shoulders, neck and arms
Your moans and groans betray your trusting charms
And when your feet are tired & sore, One by one, I glad rub more
Yet try not show I love to know
You're needing me . . . You're needing me.

Just when we're nestled down to sleep at last,
You softly share -- your thirst forgot its glass
I rise and turn the lights back on, & soon return, your brave Don Juan
Yet try not show, 'tis joy to know
You're needing me . . . You're needing me.

Each smile you share renews warm fires within,
Just sensing your delight when I step in,
Deep within my manly soul, I'm fulfilled each time you glow
What need I else if I but know
You're needing me . . . You're needing me.

I've yet much more to learn to meet your needs
Your heart is deep yet mine yearns to succeed.
Your gift of trust I hold in prayer, whatever' you need that I'll be there
Yet try not show how much I care
You're needing me . . . You're needing me.

In tender youth I prayed for such a one
Who'd trust her heart to me--whatever'd come.
Dear God don't let this joy subside...come softly love, come softly by
To bless my bride as I confide
My need to know, She's needing my
Needing her.