



WHERE'S THE GUY

(T: K. Scholz)

In the morning when I wake up I'm in love
I wanna tell him I can never get enough
So here I've come up with another tune
Not knowing who to send it to

I've always been the one with music in her heart
So many times, love all but tore me all apart
And I've been wondering is there anybody there
Who says he'd love to care

Where's the guy who writes about it ?
Where's the guy who sings about it ?
Where's the guy who thinks about it,
And thinks he just can't live without it...

My eyes, the smile upon my face,
My tender touch, my warm embrace,
It's all right here to have and hold
Now all I want to know is

Where's the guy who writes about it ?
Where's the guy who sings about it ?
Where's the guy who thinks about it,
And thinks he just can't live without it...

Now, my mama told me I should sit it out and never doubt
That I must wait so patiently
She used to say: "You'll hear him sing a song, then sing along."
But how will he know that it is me ?
(How will he know that we're to be ?)
So happy endlessly...

Where's the guy who writes about it ?
Where's the guy who sings about it ?
Where's the guy who thinks about it,
And thinks he just can't live without it...