

if i could borrow from the future
and I'd spend it with you, darling, in a very special
I'd treat you to a sundae on a Saturday afternoon
and we'd spend the night together throwing snowballs at the moon

we'd be aiming high and we'd be aiming low,
winding up together, lord, and lettin' them snowballs go
and after every throw we'd share a little kiss
make sweet love together every time we'd miss

oh I'd like to meet the artist who painted up the sky
and I'd ask him what that color was he brushed against your eyes
and could he paint a picture of two lovers in one balloon
who go flying off together to throw snowballs at the moon

we'd be aiming high, we'd be aiming low
winding up together, lord and letting them snowballs go
and after every throw we'd share a little kiss
make sweet love together everytime we'd miss

if we could stop the world from spinning take it nice and slow I bet that we could hit once just before we go

but we keep aiming high, we keep aiming low chorus