

Where do I begin

Where do I begin to tell the story of how great a love can be,
The sweet love story that is older than the sea,
The simple truth about the love he brings to me?
Where do I start?

With his first hello he gave new meaning to this empty world of mine.
There'll never be another love, another time;
He came into my life and made the living fine.
He fills my heart.

*He fills my heart with very special things,
With angels' songs, with wild imaginings.
He fills my soul with so much love
That everywhere I go I'm never lonely.
With her along, who could be lonely?
I reach for his hand, it's always there.*

How long does it last? Can love be measured by the hours in a day?
I have no answers now, but this much I can say:
I know I'll need him till the stars all burn away,
And he'll be there.

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