



Words by Carl Sigman

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 she brings to me? Where do I start?

With her first hello she gave a meaning to this empty world of mine; There'd never be another love, another time,

She came into my life and made the living fine.

She fills my heart, she fills my heart with very special things

With angel songs, with wild imagining.

She fills my soul with so much love

That anywhere I go I'm never lonely.

With her along, who could be lonely?

I reach for her 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 her till the stars all burn away And she'll be there.