

THE WARMTH OF THE SUN

What good is the dawn that grows into day?
The sunset at night, or living this way?
For I have the warmth of the sun within me at night.

The love of my life, she left me one day.
I cried when she said, "I don't feel the same way."
Still, I have the warmth of the sun within me tonight.

I'll dream of her arms, and though they're not real,
Just like she's still there, the way that I feel.
My love's like the warmth of the sun, it won't ever die.