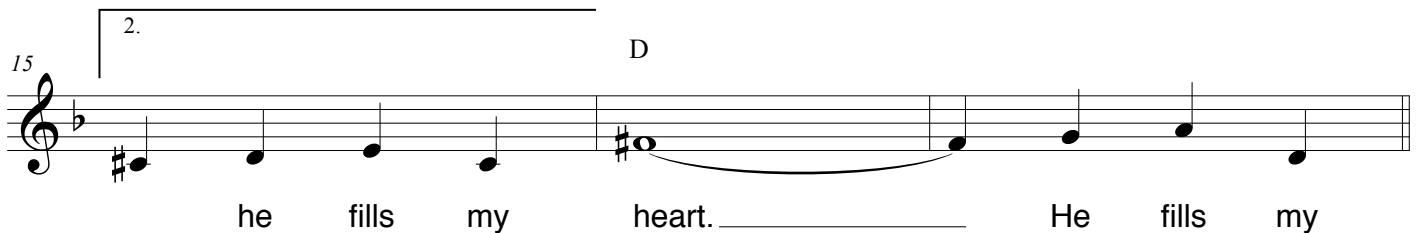
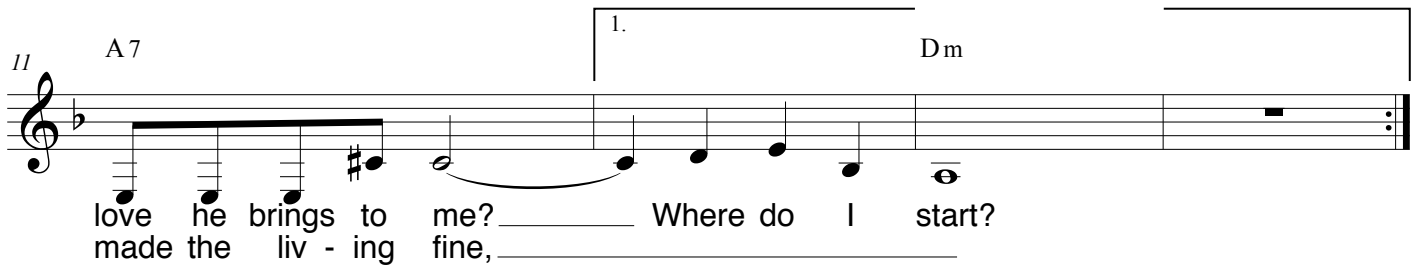
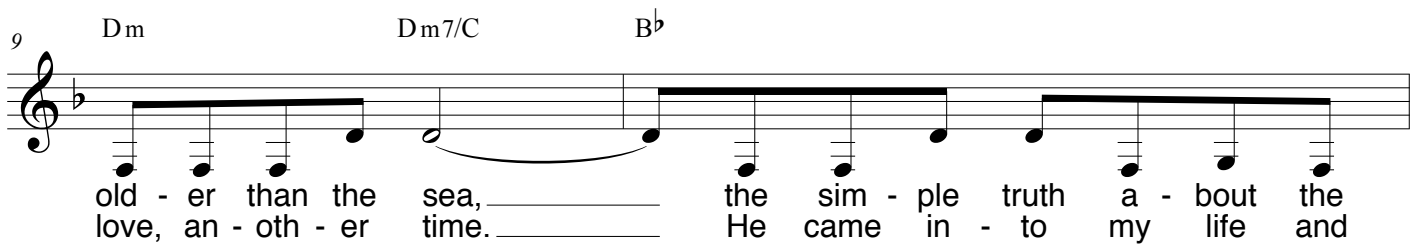
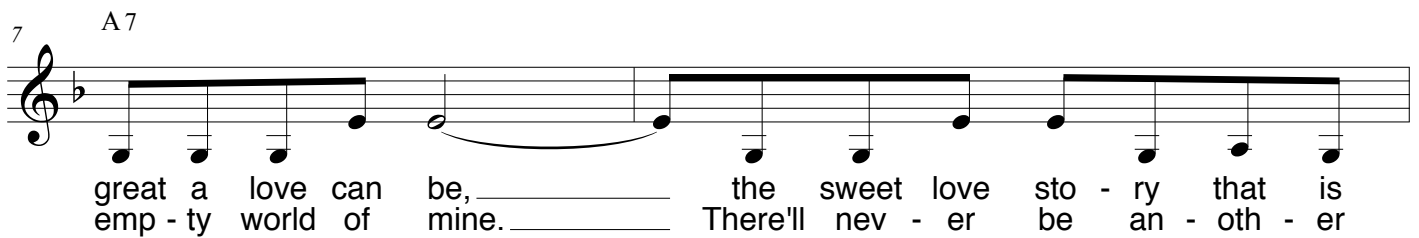
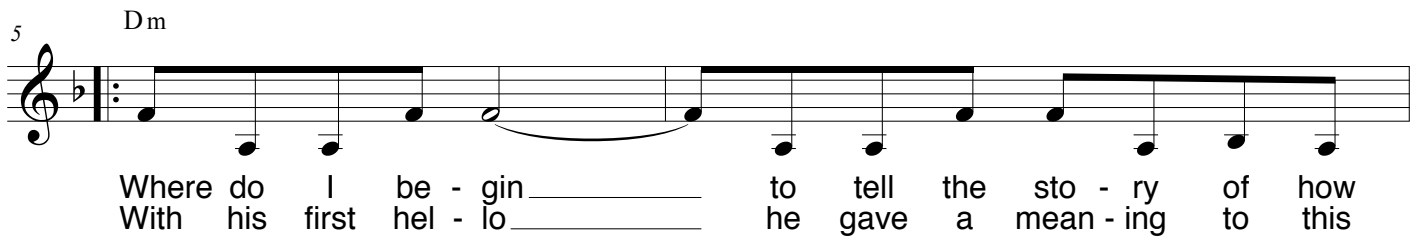
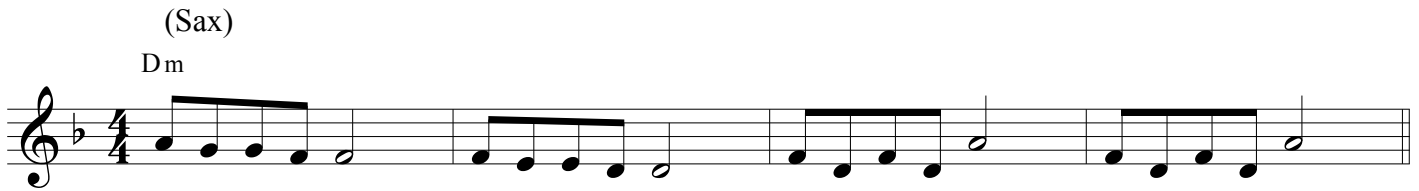
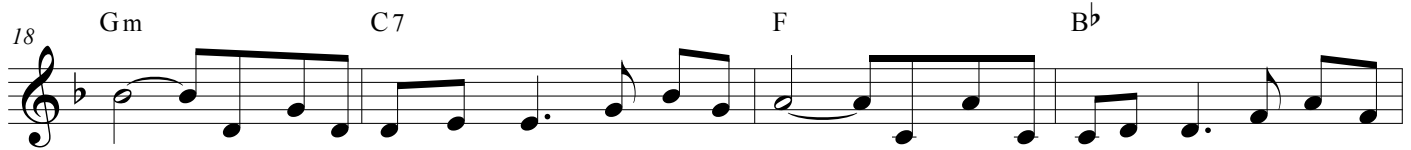


Slow Bossa Nova

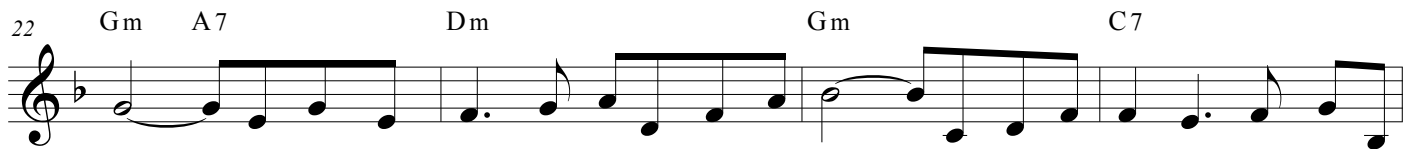
Where Do I Begin?

F
 Keyboard


2



heart with ver-y spec-ial things, with an-gel songs, with wild im - a-gin-ings. He fills my



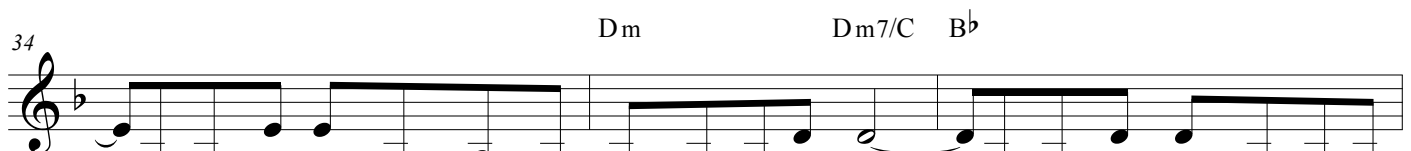
soul___ with so much love that an-y where I go,___ I'm nev-er lone-ly with him a-



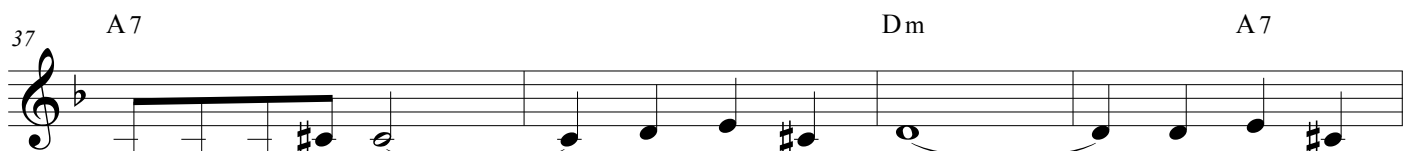
long. Who could be lone-ly? I reach for his hand, it's al-ways there.____



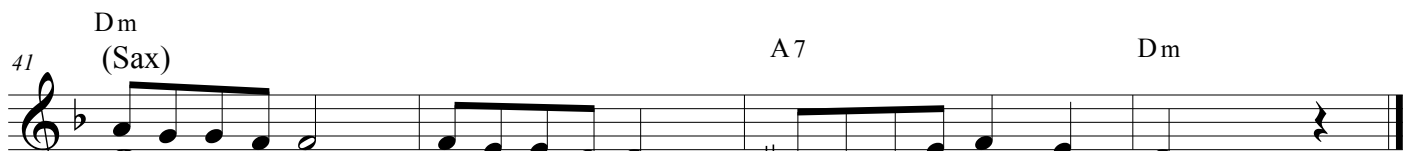
How long does it last?___ Can love be meas-ured by the hours in a day?



___ I have no an-swears now, but this much I can say:___ I know I'll need him 'til the



stars all burn a - way,___ and he'll be there,___ and he'll be__



there.