

## True Love

Anne Murray

Sometimes wind blows  
a new moon moves at last alone  
feeling far above her  
oh how lucky we are

While I give to you  
would you give to me  
true love, true love  
So on and on it will always be  
true love, true love

For you and I have a guardian angel  
on high with nothing to do  
but to give to you and to give to me  
love forever true

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