

# Without You

Ilse DeLange

The smell of the roses  
Out in the garden without you  
The first day of spring  
The birds they don't sing, without you  
The little child, who's young and wild, and free  
He knows your name, but it's not the same, without you

And every morning  
One cup of coffee, not two  
I start to cry, but I always try, not too  
Cause I know, you see me when I long for you  
Now there's just one left of us not two.

I can hear you talking  
I can feel you still  
Alone now I am walking  
Can't see past the hill  
A part of me says I should be with you  
A part of me, has learned to be, without you.

I still wear the ring  
It's one of those things from you  
And your old radio  
Plays songs that I know from you  
We danced until we felt the morning dew  
And I'm thinking off, how I learned love, from you

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