

There's a girl somewhere under the moon
with her heart made of love
and soul made of truth
with a spark in her eyes
and spirit so bright
that I can't sleep at night.

She's the angel that makes flowers grow.
As she sings with her smile,
the whole Earth starts to glow
and there's something inside of my bones
when I'm with her, I know that I'm home.
Now I'm so proud to say that she's mine.

I wish I could take back the pain that I've caused
but I can't learn to walk if I don't trip and fall.
You're the only one who's ever held my hand for this long
and to you, I will always be long (and to you, I will always be
long)