

The Things You Are To Me

Secret Garden

If I held in my hand
Every grain of sand
Since time first began to be
Still, I could never count
Measure the amount
Of all the things you are to me

If I could paint the sky
Hang it out to dry
I would want the sky to be
Oh, such a grand design
An everlasting sign
Of all the things you are to me

You are the sun
That comes on summer winds
You are the falling year
That autumn brings
You are the wonder and the mystery
In everything I see
The things you are to me

Sometimes I wake at night
And suddenly take fright
You might be just fantasy
But then you reach for me
And once again I see
All the things you are to me

You are the sun
That comes on summer winds
You are the falling year
That autumn brings
You are the wonder and the mystery
In everything I see
The things you are to me

All the things you are... to me