

Till

Shirley Bassey

Till the moon deserts the sky
Till all the seas run dry
Till then I'll worship you

Till the tropic sun grows cold
Till this young world grows old
My darling, I'll adore you

You are my reason to live
All I own I would give
Just to have you adore me

Till the rivers flow upstream
Till lovers cease to dream
Till then I'm yours, be mine

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