Spare a thought for me, my love, while you stare at the distance; for the spark that was born in your eyes lit my senses. Dream of me, my dear; press my song on your temples. Let my voice draw away all your fears and embrace you. As the night extends over the daylight please remember that for a glimpse of your smile I'd give my everything: smiles and secrets, hopes and fears; tears and wishes, words and dreams. Spare a thought for me, my love, when you wake from your slumber. To the spark that was born in your eyes I surrender.