



VERSE 2:

You say you'll give me eyes in a moon of blindness,
A river in a time of dryness,
A harbor in the tempest,
But all the promises we make from the cradle to the grave,
When all I want is you.

VERSE 3:

You say you want diamonds and a ring of gold, Your story to remain untold, Your love not to grow cold, All the promises we make from the cradle to the grave, When all I want is vou.

GERARD ADRIANO LAO www.ellipsismusic.com