

Byzantine

"A Matter Of A Wonder"

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I turn it over every minute, every day,
When I recall those loving words you used to say
You made a fool of me, you hurt me, but it's true
This broken heart of mine, will keep a line on you.

The chandeliers of gold, a chalice for champagne,
All stupefied that precious night and so insane.
You took me home and whispered soft words in my
ear,
When I recall those words, you seem to be so near.

It's the price of love and worldly wisdom, can't you
See,
To grow away from all your green and salad days.

It's a matter of a wonder,
My love grows stronger.
When you're out of sight, every lonely night is so much
Longer.
A matter of a wonder,
You're always on my mind,
Although you turned away your eyes.
But I was blind.

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