

Jerry Rivera

"Till"

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You....
Are my reason to live,
All I own I would give,
Just to have you adore me.

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.

Be mine.

Be mine.

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