

Lea Salonga

"Brian's Song"

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If the hands of time
Were hands that I could hold
I'd keep them warm and in my hands
They'd not turn cold

Hand in hand we choose
The moment that should last
The lovely moment
That should have no future and no past

The summer from the top of the swing
The comfort in the sound of a lullabye
The innocence of leaves in the spring
But most of all the moment when love first touch me

All the happy days
Would never learn to fly
Until the hands of time would choose to wave goodbye

The summer from the top of the swing
The comfort in the sound of a lullabye
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