

Nana Mouskouri

"Seeing Is Believing"

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Yesterday started no different than
A hundred days before
He reached out and touched me
Before my feet could touch the cold wood floor

As I lay beside him and the thoughts of the moment
Filled my mind
Little did I know that I was loving him
For my last time

But seeing is believing
And believing is the feeling that you feel
When the loving feeling's gone
Everything we've ever been or anything will be again
Packed up his bags and moved along

He had everything I need, he knew exactly how to feed
The hunger that lives inside of me
He controlled the way I feel
Each day he touched me where I live
It's hard to believe his memory

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And believing is the feeling that you feel
When the loving feeling's gone
Everything we've ever been or anything will be again
Packed up his bags and moved along

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