

Secret Garden

"The Things You Are To Me"

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If I held in my hand,
Every grain of sand
Since time first began to me
Still I could never count,
Measure the amount;
Of all the things you are to me

If I paint the sky,
Hang it up to dry
I would want the sky to be
Oh, such a grand design
An everlasting sign
Of all the things you are to me

You are the sun that comes on summer winds
You are the falling year that autumn brings
You are the wonder and the mystery
In everything I see, the things you are to me

Sometimes I wake at night
And suddenly takes fright
You're my vaguest fantasy
But then you reach for me
And once again I see
All the things you are to me

You are the sun that comes on summer winds
You are the falling year that autumn brings
You are the wonder and the mystery
In everything I see, the things you are to me

You are the sun that comes on summer winds
You are the falling year that autumn brings
You are the wonder and the mystery
In everything I see, the things you are to me

All the things you are, to me

