

Tenholder

"You Mean The World To Me"

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Frozen windows, glass of icicles
Melt into her eyes
She's growing up, she;s moving on
You know it's no surprises
A mother clutches her daughter's hand
And wishes upon a star
She holds her close and whispers softly
Don't you go to far

You mean the world to me

Open doors, her world of innocence
You knew it wouldn't last
She's growing up, she's moving on
You hope its not too fast
A mother clutches her daughter's hand
And the panic is oh so strong
She holds close and tells her softly
Don't be gone too long

You mean the world to me

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