

Margo Hennebach**"After All"**

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These hands can hear you
They tell your story
These hands could find you in a crowded room
And listen to you still

These lips can hold you
They've tasted sadness
These lips could wake you in the morning dew
And chase the darkness

'Cause after all, what are lips for
After all, what are hands for
After all, what is it all for?
To bring you to your senses

These feet can tango
They know fandango
These feet could dance their way to the Northern lights
And still not run away

These eyes adore you
Like none adore you
These eyes have seen stars on the black of night
And none compare to you

'Cause after all, what are eyes for
After all, what are feet for
After all, what is it all for?
To bring you to your senses

These hands can hear you
These lips can hold you
These feet can tango
These eyes adore you
These eyes adore you
