

Touch of Your Hand

The touch of your hand reaching into my heart,
the look in your eyes that sets you apart;
the soft whispered words, as I lie asleep,
moving my soul in the blue velvet deep.

And all of it says, in so many ways,
that you love me,
that you love me.

When we're out with friends, and the party's great,
we don't see the clock, though it's getting late.

Turning to leave you, I see in your eyes,
love that is smould'ring, then I realise
that all of it says, in so many ways,
that you love me,
that you love me.

The life that we're building, the path that we take,
the places we go, the choices we make,
all of them say, like the touch of your hand,
'Love you forever', then I understand,
that all of it says, in so many ways,
that you love me,
that you love me.

If we are together, alone or apart,
the touch of your hand still reaches my heart.
the look in your eyes, the smile on your face,
the love-light that time will never erase.

Then all I can say, in so many ways,
is I love you.

Yes, I love you.

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