

for felicity

i love you 'flis, i love you more than i can tell  
well, with eyes that match your hair i couldn't bear the thought of never  
knowing you  
and knowing you a little while i have to say  
let's go to amsterdam and paris as soon as you can get away

from paintings in the galleries to mozart and his symphonies  
and meditating peacefully, i'll love you 'til the sun burns out and dies  
from tequila in carol's to dom perignon in annabel's  
and dreams of wishing wells, i'll love you 'til the wishes run them dry  
i'll love you through the cricket games, i'll love you through the gammon  
games  
and through the driving cornish rain, along the muddy country lanes  
through a thousand photo frames  
i'll love you through all of this and so much more

come over here and sit by me my little one  
come, unless you're close to me i really cannot see that life will be worthwhile  
being with you a little while i have to say  
you are countless blessings on a bright and sunny, sunny day

from patrick and his jealousy to frederick and his purity  
and cathy and her secrecy, i'll love you through them all and throughout time  
from ludwig beethoven to rachmaninoff and cohen  
picasso's pictures woven, right into the art of lichtenstein  
i'll love you through these autumn days, and through the drifting summer  
haze  
through your sweet and gentle ways, 'til all that is left to say  
on another dazzling day  
is i'll love you through all of this and so much more

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