

The Hands Of Time

Perry Como

If the hands of time were hands that I could hold,
I'd keep them warm and in my hands,
They'd not turn cold!

Hand in hand we'd choose the moments that should last,
The lovely moments that should have no future and no past!

The summer from the top of a swing,
The comfort and the sound of a lullaby,
The innocence of leaves in the spring,
But most of the moment when love first touched me!

All the happy days would never learn to fly,
Until the hands of time would choose to wave good-bye!

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