

# When Love Has Grown

Roberta Flack

When love has grown  
Up to the point of love  
When the tears that are cried  
Are not the sweet tears of joy  
You know the sun has surely made its final dawning  
When love has died  
Instead of growing on

When love can grow  
Up to the point of love  
When the tears that are cried  
Can be the sweet tears of joy  
Then we'll have days that are filled with days and nights  
Of loving, you & me  
Then love will ever be growing on

When love can grow  
Up to the point of love  
Mmmm, when the tears that are cried  
Can be the sweet tears of joy  
Then we'll have days that are filled with days and nights  
Of loving, you & me  
Then love will ever be growing on

Growing on, growing on  
Growing on, growing on  
Growing  
Growing, growing, growing, growing, growing on