

This Kind Of Love

Bill Miller

You speak to me through a broken window
You are alive in an old oak tree
You hold me close when the winter wind blows
I hear your footsteps on the street

I feel your presence in the early mornin'
I dream of you in the darkest night
You call to me without a warning
I see your face in the fires lite

This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love it has no shame
This kind of love is never old
This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love you cannot tame

You found a way through all my secrets
And made my proud defenses fall

This kind of love it has no distance
This kind of love it knows no walls
This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love it has no shame
This kind of love is never old
This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love you cannot tame

Repeat:

This kind of love is without blame