

A Love Of My Own

Carla Thomas

I look at the mountain
I look at the sun
I look at everything
Mother Nature has done

Then I wanna know
Why can't I find a love of my own
(Love of my own)

I look at the skyline
I look at the trees
I look at the moonlight
I feel the soft breeze

Then I wanna know
Why can't I find a love
Of my own (my own)

Love, how I've waited for you
But it looks like you'll never come
So I sit down, sit down
And think the thing over
Is it something I've done

I look at the flowers
In fullest bloom
I should be happy
But I'm filled with gloom

Cause I wanna know
Why can't I find a love of my own
(Love of my own)

Cause I wanna know
Why can't I find a love of my own