

# Not The One

Celtic Thunder

She is young, and oh! So pretty,  
With a twinkle in her eyes  
And just the kind of features  
To make a young man sigh.  
She is sweet and she is sunny,  
Just like a morn in May,  
She's just the kind of creature  
Who could steal your heart away...  
But...

She's not the one that's meant for me,  
The one that Heaven-sent for me.  
I know, although I haven't found her yet,  
She's not the one, she's not the one  
She's not the one that I'll care for,  
The one I'll always be there for.  
Don't ask the why or the wherefore...  
I know...  
She's not the one, she's not the one

Can her smile light up the morning?  
Can her laughter lift the night?  
Can she hold you when you're troubled,  
And make everything alright?  
Can she fill each waking moment?  
Who knows? Perhaps she can,  
And yes, I realize  
She'd be a prize for any man  
But...

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The one that Heaven-sent for me.  
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