

It Was Almost Like a Song

Dionne Warwick

Once in every life, someone comes along.
And you came to me, it was almost like a song.
You were in my arms, right where you belong.
And we were so in love, it was almost like a song.

January through December, we had such a perfect year.
But then the flame became a dying ember, all at once,
You weren't here.

Now my broken heart, cries for you each night.
And it was almost like a song, but it's much too sad to write.

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And it was almost like a song, but it's much too sad to write.
It's too sad to write.