

Never Too Late For Love

Jonatha Brooke

These are the sounds of the town where you were born
Where you grew up, where you were married
Where you'll probably die
That's the way we do things they will tell you
When you want to know why

Church bells ring at odd hours
But dinner's always ready at 8
And the jasmine floats in from the mountains to our window
And it's never too late

For love, love
Maybe I've been fighting for the wrong things all along
You know it always seems I come to just about everything late
But you bring me flowers in the morning and
I know it's worth the wait

Church bells ring at odd hours
But dinner's always ready at 8
And the jasmine floats in from the mountains to our window
And it's never too late

For love, love

'Cuz these are the sounds this is the town
You are the man
This is the only place I've ever found where I can stand still
And all I need is you here with me and I know I always will
Love, love, love
You