

# Seeing Is Believing

Nana Mouskouri

Yesterday started  
No different than  
A hundred days before  
He reached out and touched me  
Before my feet could touch  
The cold wood floor

As I lay beside him  
And the thoughts of the moment  
Filled my mind  
Little did I know  
That I was loving him  
For my last time

But seeing is believing  
And believing is the feeling  
That you feel  
When the loving feeling's gone  
Everything we've ever been  
Or anything will be again  
Packed up his bags  
And moved along

He had everything I need  
He knew exactly how to feed  
The hunger that lives inside of me  
He controlled the way I feel  
Each day he touched me where I live  
It's hard to believe his memory

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