

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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