

Younger than springtime

Nancy Sinatra

I touch your hand,
And my arms grow strong,
Like a pair of birds
That burst with song.
My eyes look down
At your lovely face,
And I hold the world
In my embrace.

Younger than springtime are you,
Softer than starlight are you;
Warmer than winds of June are the gentle lips you gave me.
Gayer than laughter are you,
Sweeter than music are you;
Angel and lover, heaven and earth,
Are you to me.

And when your youth and joy invade my arms
And fill my heart, as now they do,
Then younger than springtime am I,
Gayer than laughter am I,
Angel and lover, heaven and earth,
Am I with you.