Little girl so young and tender braids are thrown upon her back in the pages of her book the world is white and black

She is wearing heavy glasses far from who she dreamt to be little one, her father tells her, close your eyes and see...

The eyes of love
don't know your name
don't see the color of your skin
the eyes of love
don't know where you've been
the eyes of love
don't know your age
don't see the lines you try to hide
the eye of love
see only what's inside

Little girl has grown and flowered glasses tiny, in her eyes she can see a lot more clearly, still at night she cries

Never happy with the mirror she will shun all who adore little one her father tells her open up your door...

The eyes of love...

The light shining bright from your heart..