

# The Things You Are To Me

Secret Garden

If I held in my hand  
Every grain of sand  
Since time first began to be  
Still, I could never count  
Measure the amount  
Of all the things you are to me

If I could paint the sky  
Hang it out to dry  
I would want the sky to be  
Oh, such a grand design  
An everlasting sign  
Of all the things you are to me

You are the sun  
That comes on summer winds  
You are the falling year  
That autumn brings  
You are the wonder and the mystery  
In everything I see  
The things you are to me

Sometimes I wake at night  
And suddenly take fright  
You might be just fantasy  
But then you reach for me  
And once again I see  
All the things you are to me

You are the sun  
That comes on summer winds  
You are the falling year  
That autumn brings  
You are the wonder and the mystery  
In everything I see  
The things you are to me

All the things you are... to me