

Spare a thought  
for me, my love,  
while you stare at the distance;  
for the spark that was born in your eyes  
lit my senses.  
Dream of me, my dear;  
press my song on your temples.  
Let my voice draw away all your fears  
and embrace you.  
As the night extends over the daylight  
please remember  
that for a glimpse of your smile I'd give  
my everything:  
smiles and secrets, hopes and fears;  
tears and wishes, words and dreams.  
Spare a thought  
for me, my love,  
when you wake from your slumber.  
To the spark that was born in your eyes  
I surrender.