

# I Know How To Love

VAST

She was a ballerina, until her feet gave up  
She spends her summers in the north and winters in the south  
I met her through an accident, but you could call it fate  
I may not have that much to give, but I know how to love

Save me from this empty life, save me from this place  
She wants to go to Paris, she want to go to Spain  
and she can buy the ticket, it wont put her out  
I may not have that much to give, but I know how to love

I know how to love yeah  
I know how to love  
I know how to love yeah  
I know how to love

I know how to love x12