

# Brandtson, Circa 1991

with her there's no pretending to feel the way i feel  
i'd never second guess myself if everything was real  
she could keep a secret  
she could make the plans  
she would miss me when i'm gone  
but she would understand  
i wonder when i'll meet her, i wonder when i see her, will i know?  
another day without her  
another holiday i'll spend alone  
if ever i might need to hear her voice a while i could call from far away  
and she would make me smile  
are you really out there waiting around for me?  
i know i'll be here for you  
if this is meant to be  
one day i know i'll find her  
i wonder when she sees me will she know?  
and on that day i find her  
we'll be the two to never let it go