

Chris Rea, Still Beautiful

I see a million torn up moments
of the rarest happiness
Each one a dancing snowflake
A piece of memory

It's the ghost of days gone by
Lay them tight across this old town
In the silence of your smiling face
You move to me

And you are still beautiful
You are still beautiful
In this cold white night
Still shining bright
Still beautiful

Regrets the cold wind that I know
and it will not let me be
and hopes your smiling face
can still can set me free

And you are still beautiful
You are still beautiful
In this cold white night
Still shining bright
Still beautiful