

Nana Mouskouri, Nights In White Satin

Nights in white satin
never reaching the end.
Letters I've written
never meaning to send.
Beauty I'd always missed
with these eyes before.
Just what the truth is
I can't say anymore
'Cause I love you,
yes I love you,
oh, how I love you.

Gazing at people
some hand in hand
just what I'm going though
they can't understand.
Some try to tell me
thoughts they cannot defend
just what you want to be
you'll be in the end.
And I love you,
yes I love you,
oh, how I love you.