

# Paul Potts, Cavatina

She was beautiful,  
Beautiful to my eyes  
From the moment I saw her,  
The sun filled the sky

She was so, so beautiful,  
Beautiful just to hold  
In my dreams she was spring time  
Winter was cold

How could I tell her  
What I so clearly could see  
Though I longed for her  
I never trusted her completely,  
So I never could be free

It was so, so beautiful  
Knowing now that she cared  
I will always remember  
Moments that we shared

For it was beautiful, beautiful,  
Beautiful to be loved