

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