

# Sarah Brightman, So Many Things

And so many things I'd forgotten,  
In a world that we shared,  
With so many things for the asking.  
Never asked for the madness there.  
Strange how I find myself  
So often on a distant shore.

There's only one thing that's confusing.  
Was it you? Was it me?  
With so many questions unanswered  
Or was that part of your mystery?  
Strange how I find myself  
So often on a distant shore.

So many things I'd forgotten.

So many things for the asking.

Strange how I find myself  
So often on a distant shore.  
How I find myself  
So often on a distant shore