Andrea Bocelli, Because

Because you come to me with naught save love
And hold my hand and lift mine eyes above
A wider world of hope and joy I see
Because you come to me
Because you speak to me in accent sweet
I find the roses waking around my feet
And I am led through tears and joy to thee
Because you speak to me
Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee
Through light and darkness through all time to be
And pray his love may make our love divine
Because God made thee mine