

Bette Midler, Let Me Just Follow Behind

Oh, to have you walking so near.
You're an angel, my dear,
and you ease my mind.
I'll not kiss or hold you, my dear.
Would you let me just follow behind.

Now, I have loved me many fine men.
Oh, so many fine men
had a bed to share.
I would trade these lovers gladly, my friend,
for a glimpse of you standing there.

How will I know when I reach heaven's door?
In your eyes I've seen it before.

If I never, never, never, never see you again,
though the path it may bend
and be filled with strife;
though the years may come and go without end,
I will think of you all of my life.

How will I know when I reach heaven's door?
In your eyes I've seen heaven before.

Oh, to have you walking so near.
You're an angel, my dear,
and you ease my mind.
I'll not kiss and hold you, my dear.
Would you let me just follow behind?

Hmm, hmhhh. Mm hmhhh, mm hmhhh.
Would you let me just follow behind?