

Bill Miller, This Kind Of Love

You speak to me through a broken window
You are alive in an old oak tree
You hold me close when the winter wind blows
I hear your footsteps on the street

I feel your presence in the early mornin'
I dream of you in the darkest nite
You call to me without a warning
I see your face in the fire's light

This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love it has no shame
This kind of love is never old
This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love you cannot tame

You found a way through all my secrets
And made my proud defences fall
This kind of love it has no distance
This kind of love it knows no walls

This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love it has no shame
This kind of love is never old
This kind of love you cannot hold
This kind of love you cannot tame

Repeat:
This kind of love is without blame