

Chris Rea, Giverny

Deep inside these old dusty walls
There's a sacred heart, I'd know this garden anywhere
She was warm, she was deep summertime
She was love itself and she was standing there
Standing close, so close to me
I closed my eyes and I could see
Giverny

And in this strange and holy place
I looked for love and found it everywhere
It was what you saw she came to see
Because of you she was standing there
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Books may burn and rain may fall
But what is here I know will last forever more
Colours change, there are no defines
She was love itself and I thank you for giving me
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