

Christine McVie, You Are

Tell me the whole thing isn't a dream
I have opened my eyes and truly seen
The colour of the eyes
The feel of your lips on mine
It took me a thousand years
To discover love is fine

You are
Everything to me
The touch of your hand is like a blind man
That now can see
The colour of your eyes
The feel of your lips on mine
It took me a thousand years
To discover love is fine

When you slow down
Won't you give me some time
I wait endlessly
There's no reason or rhyme
For the joy and pain your bring me
I guess it's not a crime
Well if it is then you're guilty
But somehow we will be fine

You are
Everything to me
The touch of your hand is like a blind man
That now can see
The colour of your eyes
The feel of your lips on mine
It took me a thousand years
To discover love is fine

Everything you are
Everything you feel
Belongs in a little way to me
Like a spinning wheel

You know
You know
You know
You know