## Johnny Mathis, All The Time

If the hand of time Were hand that I could hold Id keep them warm. And in my hand They d not turn cold. Hand in hand Wed choose The moments that should last. **Timeless moments** That have no future And no past. The summer From the top of a swing The comfort In the sound of a laughter. The innocense Of leaves in spring But most of all The moment when love touched me. All the happy days Weve never learned to fly Until the hands of time

Would choose the wave goodbye.