

Johnny Mathis, All The Time

If the hand of time
Were hand that I could hold
I'd keep them warm.
And in my hand
They'd not turn cold.
Hand in hand
We'd 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 innocence
Of leaves in spring
But most of all
The moment when love touched me.
All the happy days
We've never learned to fly
Until the hands of time
Would choose the wave goodbye.