

Jon Secada, Who Will Take Care Of My

Who will take care of me
When you are gone away
I will have nothing left
But your memory.

And I wish that we could say
The things we want to say when we are far, so far
Away, dear.

I don't want anything without you.

Night comes, the night is here
My thoughts are clear now
But, who will take care of me
When you are gone away.

You took away my fears
The tears are gone now
But who will take care of me
When you are gone away.