

Linda Eder, The Bells Of St. Paul

One Christmas in London
December air
red busses, snow angels, Trafalgar Square
and now the 2 two of us are walking there
remember how it used to be
You never told me how to love you
We never spoke of it at all
but Christmas Day when you passed my way
we heard the Bells of St. Paul
All season, and New Years
they rang for me
that winter, was more then
a dream could be
and every morning what i woke to find
would in the evening still be there?
We never talked about forever
we were in love and through it all
our hearts would sing, every time they'd ring
the ancient Bells of St. Paul
i searched for a thousand hours
through the town
and all the places we knew
past grand old castles and Gothic towers
hoping they would lead me to you
You never told me how to find you
I had to try first and fall
but all is grand
when you take my hand
we'll find the love we recall
and hear the Bells of St. Paul