

Michael Bolton, At Last

At last
My love has come along
My lonely days are over
And life is like a song

Ooh at last, at last
The skies above are blue
My heart was wrapped up in clover
The night I looked at you

I found a dream
That I could speak to
A dream that I could call my own
I found a thrill
To press my cheek to
A thrill that I have never known

You smile
You smile
And then the spell was cast
And here we are in heaven
For you are mine at last

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That I could speak to
A dream that I
Can call my own
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