Michael Jackson, All The Things You Are

(Oscar Hammerstein / Jerome Kern)

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song

You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are

Some day my happy arms will hold you
And some day I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

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