

# Roger Miller, Tolivar

Love has wings and flies through windows opening an open doors  
Sending light to darken corners left by loneliness before  
But love is just a word for feelin' there's where we're movin' from  
And because our love was special we called our love Tolivar  
Tolivar Tolivar we would shocked to every wind  
Really knowing it was going places we'd not seen nor been  
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