

Tom Jones, All Mine

All the stars may shine bright
All the clouds may be white
But when you smile whoa how I feel so good
That I can hardly wait to hold you
Enfold you; never enough render your heart to me
All mine
You have to be
From that cloud, number nine, danger starts
That sharp incline and such sad regrets
Oh as these starry skies
As they swiftly fall, make no mistake
You shant escape, tethered and tied
There's nowhere to hide from me
All mine
You have to be
So don't resist
We shall exist
Until the day
Until the day I die
All mine
All you have to be
All mine
Yes, you have to be
Whoa you have to be
All mine