

John Mellencamp, Yours Forever

Here we are in the grays of winter,
Here we are just me and you,
Hold my hand,
Lets face tomorrow,
Tomorrow still holds out its hands to you

This precious time we've only borrowed,
The autumn winds have blown on through,
A quiet thought will tell our story,
Tomorrow still holds out its hands to you
Yes tomorrow still holds out its hands to you

Here some wings,
There yours forever,
And heres some dreams,
That will come true,
Take these tears, to wash away your sorrows,
Tomorrow still holds out its hands to you,
Yes tomorrow still holds out its to you,
Yes tomorrow still holds out its hands to you