

Sarah Brightman, So Many Things

And so many things I'd forgotten,
In a world that we shared,
With so many things for the asking.
Never asked for the madness there.
Strange how I find myself
So often on a distant shore.

There's only one thing that's confusing.
Was it you? Was it me?
With so many questions unanswered
Or was that part of your mystery?
Strange how I find myself
So often on a distant shore.

So many things I'd forgotten.

So many things for the asking.

Strange how I find myself
So often on a distant shore.
How I find myself
So often on a distant shore