

It Could Happen To You

Julie London

Hide your heart from sight,
Lock your dreams at night,
It could happen to you.
Don't count stars
Or you might stumble,
Someone drops a sigh
And down you tumble,
Keep an eye on spring,
Run when church bells ring.
All I did was wonder
How your arms would be
And it happened to me

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How your arms would be
And it happened to me