

Almost You

Chesney Hawkes

Seven lonely Sundays,
Come and gone too slow.
It's easy to forgive you,

When I'm not alone.
If you really want to ask me,
If you really want to know.

Well we're so together now,
But you know there's a part,
Of the love you say is inside of me,
Of the man I could never be,
But I know she could be a part of me,
There's anyway I can see she could be
Almost you...
Almost you...

So much more to ask you,
So much less to gain.
Too much past to haunt you,
No one left to blame.

Oh, we're so together now.
But you know there's a part,
Of the love you say is inside of me,
Of the man I could never be,
But I know she could be a part of me,
Any way, I can see, she could be--
Almost you...

Anyway, I can see, she could be--
Anyway, I can see, she could be--
Almost you...
Almost you...