

Come With Me

Graham Nash

Fine lines intersecting, knowing they're going to touch.
Let them be, sets us free, come with me.

Old tree reaching upward, closer to the sky.
Touch your face, saving grace, come with me.

Love never dies, it lies deeper and deeper.
With my hand on my heart we'll go on and on.

Love never dies it lies deeper and deeper.
With my hand on my heart we'll go on and on.

With our open arms intertwining, loving you so much.
Let us be, honestly, come with me.