

Tenderness

Jill Barber

Held with the care of a delicate thing
Soft like the touch of a butterfly wing
Light as my heart when the nightingale sings

Under the moonlight
Under the starlight

Felt in the air like the promise of spring
Echoed through streets like bells when they ring
Of all these things fair, still none can compare
To the tenderness that he brings

For in a world of wonder, where things are as they seem
Don't wake me from my slumber
Stuck in between, lost in a dream

Pricking like needles and walking on pins
Drawn out romances and quick summer flings
Of all these things fair, still none can compare
To the tenderness that he brings